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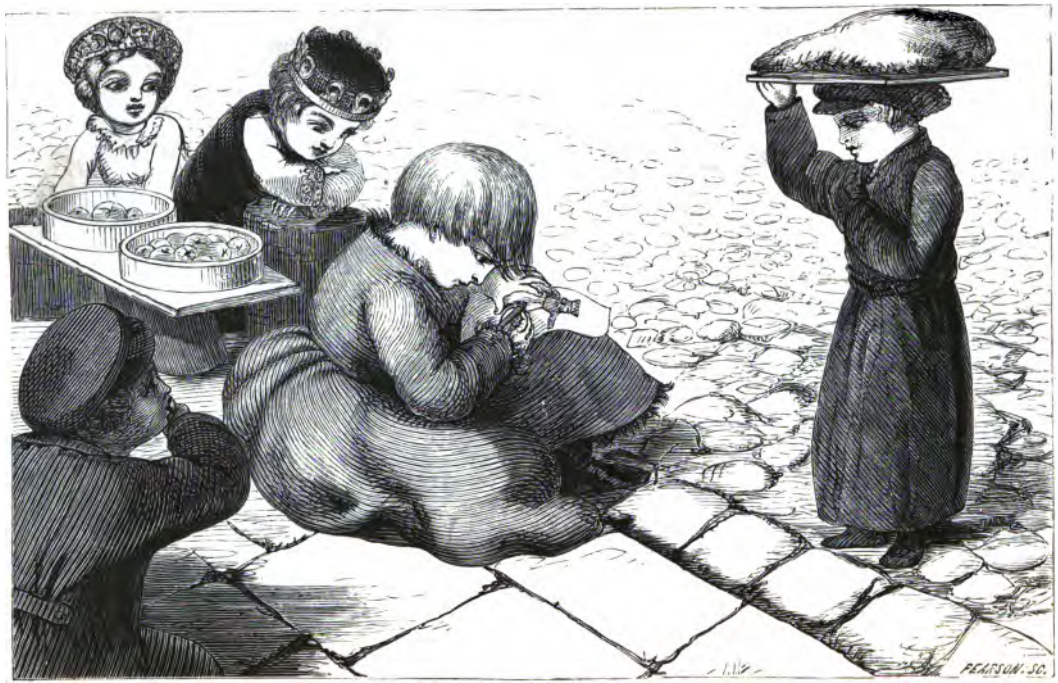

C. P. S. del.

AN EMBRYO ARTIST UNMINDFUL OF HIS APPLE-STALL.

See Vol. II. [illegible]

LONDON:
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1862.

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ARTIST UNM[illegible] OF HIS APPLE-STALL.

THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.

BY

PROFESSOR C. PIAZZI SMYTH, F.R.SS.L.&E.,

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Illustrated with Maps and Wood-Engravings.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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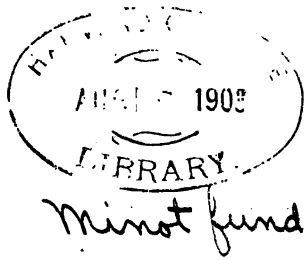

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"It is a feature of tyranny to keep a country always in a state of agitation; for tyrants make their own safety out of the discord, and mutual oppositions of the people. But it belongs to royalty to preserve undisturbed the peace of a community; because, in the safety and prosperity of their subjects, is placed the fulcrum of the power of Kings."—*Epistle of Photius, to Michael, King of the Bulgarians*, A.D. 869.

GEOLO

GE

OF THE OLD &

AFTER MURCH

THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.

PART II. MOSKVA.

(CONTINUED.)

"The language of the heavens is floating through the sky, and encompassing the city with its glorious hymn."—*Mouravieff*.

G. S. EDWARDS.

THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.

PART II. MOSKVA.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

A CLIMATE CHANGE.

September 5th and 6th.

The morning of the 5th, strangely contrasting with every other since we had arrived in Moskva, broke dull and sombre; and on going forth at an early hour, we were met by a great black coach drawn by four black horses, and accompanied by bare-headed men in black robes. No human being was inside, but on the seat of honour there reposed the picture of the Iverskaya Mother, and it was being taken, we were informed, to a sick and dying person.

We had carried out our camera on this occasion, in order to photograph the belfry and upper crosses of the church of "the birth of the Virgin Mary;" but had to retreat presently under cover of an arch-

way on account of sudden rain. Heavily and more heavily it poured,—in so far, not an unpleasant following after the recent trying heats, but in a few minutes the water-pipes from all the neighbouring houses began to manifest themselves. Inconceivably impudent things that these were! Those of St. Petersburg had been bad enough, gushing out at about a foot or fifteen inches from the ground, but those of Moskva, shot forth their charge, from round four-inch mouths, at a height of three and a half feet! A pretty sop they would have made of a lady's dress, had she endeavoured to walk any distance along the pavement, unceasingly running the gauntlet of these envious spouts.

After we had watched these cascades for a time, growing in fuss and fury with any increasing intensity of the rain, and ever as it slackened, decreasing and only bubbling and draining downward; or then once more tumbling out with headlong haste under the influence of a new shower,—we presently remarked, that, fed by many such side-streams a perfect little rivulet was now flowing along the middle of the street, with something like mill-race waves, several mouzhiks were at work in the distance, and diverting the water from bursting into a garden. (See Plate 3, Vol. II.)

Near them, however, were two water-pipes much worse than any yet seen, for they discharged at a

height of about seven feet from the ground, right over and upon the heads of many passengers; and the plumbers of Moskva, funny fellows we suppose in private, had slit up the mouth of each pipe on its either side with a wavy opening, making it look like a crocodile's opening jaw; and then just behind and above the upper corner of the said mouth, they had soldered on a couple of angular bits of tin like heraldic dragons' ears, bent backwards and implying a deal of vice. And when you saw the volumes of water these mouths were shooting, occasionally even into innocent pedestrians' faces, you could not but think that the ears told too true a tale.

About the middle of the day we repaired again, according to the Astronomer's kind invitation, to the Moskva Observatory, and were most agreeably entertained by his amiable family and himself up to a late hour, though the rainy, misty weather continued all the time. We were conducted after the early dinner into the instrument-room, to discuss any peculiarities of arrangement there, and their director called our attention to an unpretending yet effective scheme for enabling the fine spider-lines of his meridian circle, to be seen fiducially by reflection in a trough of mercury.

"Ah! if only I could accomplish that," once sighed a now deceased, but in his day, most eminent, Continental astronomer, "how accurately could I

adjust my large telescopes!" But though his theoretical knowledge enabled him to perceive what the consequences would be, his want of practical invention prevented him from bringing the optical feat about. The acute Dr. Steinheil of Munich, however, soon constructed him a special eye-piece for the purpose; and almost every optician and every astronomer has since had his own particular form of, what is now generally called "the collimating eye-piece;" some of them not a little cumbrous, and almost all requiring the ordinary astronomical or star-observing eye-piece to be removed, whenever the collimating one is used.

But it was reserved for Professor Schweitzer to show, that a little film of "Russian glass," *i.e.* talc, if only a few grains in weight, held for the moment diagonally over any ordinary eye-piece, enables it to be used as effectually as most of those specially constructed to that end.

Another work in which our host had been engaged, and here with many assistants, was an inquiry into the latitude of Moskva, under the influence of local attraction. This local attraction is a new and rather strange matter, which has only been brought to light of late years with the increased accuracy of modern observation, and its explanation probably lies in causes which affect equally geographical astronomy and geology.

Hitherto, it had been always assumed, that, as long as you were out of the immediate reach of the attraction of visible mountains on the plumb-line, there was no other irregular action to be feared; and consequently, the plumb-line direction, compared with the stars by astronomical observation, would always truly show the latitude of the place. But when this was differentially tested, as in the English arc of the meridian, by comparing the observed latitudes of each of a number of stations, with the mean of the whole, through the agency of linear measure along the surface of the ground conjoined with calculation, —lo! there were found errors so large at some particular stations, that the only conclusion which could be drawn, was, that the plumb-line was permanently deflected in its true downward direction at such spot, by some cause, or causes beneath the surface.

An efficient and very likely cause, is always easy to suggest; viz. that a large mass of trap rock, or heavy metal ore, has been exuded from the central regions of the earth, into the specifically lighter upper strata, in some abnormal manner as regards that special station. But the suggestion is not very satisfactory, for even its approximate proof would entail such extraordinary labour in observing, that it has never yet been accomplished thoroughly anywhere; and it must in any practical case be very indeterminate. Hence there is not much to encou-

rage observers, amongst us at all events; for in a country so replete as Great Britain is, with extravasations of trap on the surface, what wonder would it be to find out, after untold scientific labour, that there was a high probability of something of the same kind existing under the surface too!

In Russia, however, the case appeared different. Its strata are nearly level, as well as its plains; and are almost entirely made up of undisturbed neptunian formations. Here, then, seemed the country of all others, where latitude observations should experience no anomalies; and doubtless the founders of the Moskva Observatory never dreamt that there was anything to be said against the physics of the situation they had chosen. Yet, on its observed latitude, supposed to be accurate to one-tenth of a second, being compared, through trigonometrical measurement, with the latitudes of other well observed places at a distance, a difference of actually twelve seconds was found.

This set the Astronomer and the surveying officers actively at work, and they have now a network of nearly sixty stations in and about Moskva, at each of which the latitude, or what is equivalent to the downward direction of the plumb-line, has been most carefully measured by numerous observations on stars, repeated sometimes by two or three independent observers; while they are all (the stations) connected

with each other and with distant stations by surface linear measures.

What, then, has been the result? Why, that the larger proportion of the stations are all of them sensibly deflected, but not one of them so much as the very Observatory of Moskva itself!

And what is the conclusion as to the cause? There the Professor was not able to speak so positively as he hoped in a few months more to be able to do. But he adventured so far as this, that whereas he first tried the supposition of a subterranean mass of extra specific gravity, he had now given that up in favour of a void and hollow space, in a different direction under the surface, and felt pretty confident that that would be borne out by the facts.

"*Un vide,*" as he expressed it, long rang in our ears; for, could this be an instance of Von Buch's commencing "craters of elevation"? Russia cannot expect, for ever in the world's history, to be exempt from those volcanic commotions that have so raised and utterly altered almost every other part of the earth. So we inquired if any of those preliminary signals of plutonic activity had been felt, viz. *earthquakes,* in this part of the country?

"Well, they are rarely or never felt in Russia; but history does record a most remarkable and violent one underneath Moskva itself."

"And are there any notable trap 'dykes' to be

seen in or across the horizontal strata that form the neighbourhood?"

"No,"—not that our host knew of; but there was a place close by, where, from his description, we judged that the elsewhere soft, water-formed limestone must have been turned by heat into almost a crystalline marble in the very place where it stood.*

Our hair now all but stood on end when hearing these successive particulars; for, putting them all together, there does really seem to have been here at one period something like a commencement for

* A Russian friend, writing under date September, 1861, gives some further magnetic and comparative particulars; his whole communication is as follows:—

"I passed several days in Moskva with our friend Professor Schweitzer, Director of the Astronomical Observatory. We made observations of the splendid comet in July, and I saw it again pretty clearly on my return to Moskva in September. The Observatory is now on every account in a superior condition. A great and very excellent refractor is placed in a movable turret, solidly on a cast-iron support. This instrument is one of the most perfect refracting telescopes, and has been found to fulfil very satisfactorily Mr. Schweitzer's expectations.

"In the environs of Moskva, interesting researches are being made concerning local deviations of the direction of gravity, exceeding even those deviations which are found in Scotland near the Mount Schehallien.

"Although about Moskva, as you may have remarked, the ground is level, there being no hills of any consequence, the said deviations exist and must be ascribed to local subterranean causes. It is remarkable that many disturbances in the direction of the compass are found in the same places."

a "crater of elevation," viz. an extensive, though gentle hollow swelling-up, or blistering, under nearly horizontal neptunian strata, they at the time becoming plastic with subterranean heat; the same heat which from yet lower strata distilled the gases at high pressure to form the said hollow, the distillation being accompanied by those quakings of the crust which will occur immediately over and around any place where internal volcanoes are in activity.

Had, then, this growth of symptoms proceeded from a given early age with that degree of rapidity which a littoral, as an Andean, or a Javan position might have encouraged,—who can say but that the swelling up might not have gone on rapidly increasing, until the elasticity of the strata should at length have been overpassed. Then must have commenced a rupture of the rock, with an escape of the condensed gases and a falling in of the unsupported roof of the previous air-vault, giving rise thereby to an enormous pit, with precipitous internal sides and gently sloping outside. And if with that, a permanent communication should have been established between the atmosphere and the internal sources of heat, then there would have been an active volcano on the present site of Moskva, and Russia would from that moment have begun to experience roastings and hardenings of her old strata, and those intrusions or

overflows of lavas and greenstone of which she has never yet had her proper geological share.*

Happily, however, for the Russian nation, their entire country has been for ages slowly but so extensively raised above the sea-level, that Moskva is now at a distance inland, at which modern volcanic action must be all but paralyzed, and countless ages will elapse before her Cambrian, Silurian, and Permian strata exhibit the same hardened, crystallized, and tormented aspect that those of our own country do wherever we meet with them.

On leaving the Observatory that evening about eight P.M., we were startled at the sudden coldness of the air; and as we drove homeward, the wind blew both without pity and through and through all our woollen garments, keen, constant, and icy cold. We had no sheepskin coats, like the happy driver, and our whole stock of animal heat, reduced to the lowest ebb, would have been dissipated and destroyed altogether had the journey lasted much longer than it did. A *private* droshky in Moskva, we have since

* "Russia in Europe constitutes but one huge depository basin."
"Enormously wide horizontal deposits."
"The tranquilly-formed deposits of Russia."
"Vast regions in which there never has been the smallest eruption of plutonic or volcanic matter."
"This great Russian basin, void of all traces of eruptive rock."
Murchison, Verneuil, and Keyserling

heard, never goes any distance, at any season, without a supply of furs to meet occasions the like of this; and verily the Russians show great skill as well as hardy constitutions in dealing with their inveterate climate.

The next morning was clear and dry, but a bitter north-east wind was blowing, in which even the golden domes of the Kremle looked cold and steely. And better proof still, in our first walk after breakfast, we chanced to pass an oil-shop, where we had noticed on previous days their huge glass bottles, three feet high, filled with limpid oil, but to-day each one of them was a mass of hard opaque fat, frozen in a night!

At a neighbouring shop-window was a large and well-detailed Russian map of the city; this we scrutinized closely, and by supplementing its teachings to those of the skeleton indication in the Albemarle red-book, and adding thereto a deal of brisk walking, rendered all the brisker by the unexpected cold, we got before long a tolerably clear idea of the symmetrical arrangement of the city,—and a very different sort of symmetry, too, from what prevails in St. Petersburg, or any of the modern Russian towns and villages. In these, grand straight lines are the main features. But in Moskva, a central Kremle, wrapped round and round with curvilinear envelopes, like the germ of a plant lying coiled up and protected in the

midst of its seed-leaves, is the ruling principle. (See Map No. 2, Vol. I.)

In the precise place of such a botanical germ was here of course the Kremle; but it did not constitute the whole of it, nor indeed the larger part; for it seems from its shape and size to have been pushed up into a corner, and compressed into a somewhat triangular figure by the greater bulk and strong vitality of its twin sister the "Kitai Gorod;" Chinese or Commercial city some translate it, though most Russian historians say that the name of "Kitai" was given by Helena Glenskaiya, the mother of Ivan the Terrible, in honour of the place of her birth, a city of Podolsk.

A goodly collection of many-domed golden churches has the Kitai Gorod; old battlemented walls too, strengthened at intervals by towers of defence, and pierced by ornamental gateways, quite in the Kremle style, but they are of a lower and broader build generally; and in the space which they enclose, about four times as large as the holy citadel, are to be found shops and habitations of citizens closely packed together, all the chief merchants' stores with places of exchange or sale, and lastly the Gostinoi Dvor, that perpetual fair of all nations. In fact, it was into this Kitai Gorod that we had entered, through the medieval barbican, the first day of our walking in search of the Kremle; and no wonder we

came on such a scene of unseemly crowding and unblushing overtures to enter into mercantile transactions.

Here, historically, in the Kitai Gorod, was to be found the people; there, in the Kremle, the sovereign; and neither one nor the other at any time in the progress of Russia was supposed to form in itself, essentially or entirely, either the government or the nation. They were co-equal in origin and in estimation; or, if one was intrinsically the brighter, the other made up for that by greater extent, and practically neither could exist without the other.

These two enclosures then, the Kremle and the Kitai Gorod, having been taken in their duality to represent the national germ, had been at an early age protected through the maternal care of national instinct, with the nearly circular envelope of the Beloi Gorod, or White City. This would have formed a complete ring round the other two, but for the river which occupies its place to the south, through about one-fifth of the circle.

In the Beloi Gorod we found the habitations of citizens, and institutions of a more advanced kind in the mental life of a young people; and still further progress of the same kind is found in the Zemlianoi Gorod, a circular envelope external to the Beloi Gorod, and it is complete in figure, for it crosses the river and encloses both the precious nucleus and the

Beloi Gorod, on the south, as well as on every other side.

"*Zemlianoi*" means the "Earthen" town, and is derived from a rampart of that material with which the then outward bounds of the city were surrounded in 1618, by Michael Phedorovitch, the first of the Romanov soverigns; but there had been previously on the same site a wooden palisading, erected by Phedor Ivanovitch in 1591, after the recent invasion of Moskva by the Tahtars of the Krimea, the last expiring effort of those once dread Asiatics. (See Map No. 3, Vol. I.)

Between these two dates, what a whirlwind of troubles in the history of Russia! With Phedor Ivanovitch, the country was still ruled by the lineal heirs of Rurik. Under them it had thrown off the Tahtar yoke, and seen the Tahtar power crumble into dust before its armies. The mercantile nations of the West had then rushed in to claim them as men and brothers, and a happy era of peace and prosperity seemed beaming,—when suddenly Phedor died, and his young brother, the last of his line, was murdered under the regency of Boris Godunov, a connection only by marriage.

The nation was utterly confounded at the blow, and unable to conclude what to do. The free people, had themselves, in early times voluntarily called in the lately reigning line, under Rurik, and established

him and his descendants kings over them, standing ever by them firmly through bad and through good fortune as long as they remained to rule; so now, that family having ended, it was theirs, the people's duty once more to decide what should be done. By means of statecraft and a powerful army, Boris hoped to make the country his own, and thought he was succeeding when he was really only barely tolerated by a people disinclined to needless political confusion. And this he found, when the pretender Otrepiev, calling himself the supposed murdered Dmitrii, appeared; for though when this man came into the country from Poland with a large army from thence to support his claims to the Russian throne, the Russians met and overthrew him, him Otrepiev and his army too, and sent it flying back; yet the moment Otrepiev dropped his nationally obnoxious allies the Poles, and rested his claims solely upon the pretence of being the real Dmitrii, the Russians flocked overwhelmingly to his standard, Boris and his short-reigned son Phedor perishing from before him.

This occurred in 1605; but long before the year 1606, it had also come to an end; for though one telling public scene had been got up, wherein the mother of Dmitrii confessed to recognize her long-lost son in the usurper man; and acknowledged that she had been compelled by force at the time of the supposed murder at Uglitch to own the corpse of

another boy, as that of her son,—yet the unmistakeable instinctive feeling of a great people now told them, that they had got a successful pretender on their throne, and they discovered too surely that to the very fibres of his heart-strings, he was Polish, or the perfect antithesis of Russian.

As yet, though, they knew not where to look for another Rurik; and the usurper would have held a longer life of grace had not the nobles, who had something more immediately to gain, as well as to revenge, organized a hasty insurrection which led to Otrepiev's overthrow and death, and seated Prince Shuiskii on the throne. But that did not please the other nobles, and one got up an insurrection in one part of the country, and another in another. The land became divided against itself, as in the pre-Tahtar period, the Poles invaded Russia on the west and took Moskva, causing the death of Shuiskii and plundering the city cruelly;* while the Swedes ad-

* "This single case," says Levesque (vol. iv. p. 16), "will suffice to show the immense booty which was made by the Poles. They pillaged in the principal churches of Moskva the statues of Jesus Christ and the twelve Apostles, as large as life and cast in gold: a great number of tables silver-gilt, of ornaments, and of vases enriched with pearls and diamonds. The treasure of the Tsars was carried away, dispersed, and given to the soldiers, who had been without pay. These treasures, amassed through so many centuries, acquired by commerce or bought at the price of much blood, became the prey of those who tore the state to pieces in these later troubles."

vanced into the provinces of the north-west, taking the ancient city of Novgorod; and the Teutonic knights of the sword were delighted at an opportunity of making inroads once again upon a paralyzed people.

In fact, had there not been a mass of true nationality amongst the lower orders of the people, Russia must have tumbled to pieces and become annihilated in this period—from 1610 to 1613; with their reigning line cut short, their nobles and educated classes going altogether wrong, their Western enemies invading them and profiting by the national treason and distress, and all their chief cities, including holy Mother Moskva, in the hands of the domineering soldiery of Poland.

The scenes, the agonies, and the struggles compressed into those few years, must have been more than enough to make angels weep. Here for instance are two days only of them, as described by an author, Chopin, who is neither Pole nor Russian.

"On Tuesday of the Holy Week, there is a rumour of fighting in the Kitai Gorod: Gossevski (the Polish general in command of Moskva; the King of Poland, Sigismund, was at the time with another large army besieging Smolensk) issues from the Kremle; he tries in vain to stop the carnage: the Poles pillage and kill: the Strelitz resist at the Tverskaya gate, while Pojarskii defends himself with courage in the Stretenka, and often repulses the Poles. There

were nearly one against ten: they struggle with courage but give way. All of a sudden the Captain Marzheret, who had served faithfully Godunov and the false Dmitrii; and whom the Hetman had received into the guard of the Polish king, sallies forth from the Kremle, reanimates the Poles by his intrepidity, and makes a great carnage of the Russians. However, numbers are on the point of bearing him down, when an incendiary fire broke out at many points: a violent wind carried the flame against the Muscovites, and blinded them by the thick smoke. A great number of Russians quitted the combat to go and save their dwellings. Night put an end to the slaughter: all the city was in the greatest agitation, with the exception of the Kitai Gorod, where the enemy had entrenched himself, supported behind by the Kremle.

"There they held still the pretence of a council: and decided at it that they would sacrifice Moskva to save the Poles. The next morning two thousand Germans set fire to different places, chasing the people from street to street. At the same instant two chiefs, Strouss, captain in the service of the Polish king, and Pléchtchéef, of the party of Liapounof, approached the burning city: the first overcame the Russians and entered Moskva, still defended by the valiant Pojarskii; who, exhausted and covered with wounds, was then conveyed by his men to the

Troitza Monastery. Moskva burned during two days: and this unfortunate capital, so often ruined by the Tahtars, hardly offered anything more than a mass of cinders."

But Russia has always shown an astonishing elasticity in rising from every blow, and invariably "improving the occasion" of each calamity; and hence it was precisely this most woful state of the country which presently called up those patriotic energies of hers that had always existed in the peasant class, though they had slumbered somewhat, so long as they were under the trusted guardianship of their legal Tsars. But now they manifested themselves, and in Nizhni-Novgorod, on the banks of the Volga, a city much more modern that its western namesake on the Volchov, but inhabited by a truly "Great-Russian" population, — the citizens were called together by Kozma Minin one of themselves, and by his inspiring eloquence induced to rise and combine for the preservation of their common country. Even more self-denying than Washington, Minin, with all the surrounding cities sending their sons to serve under him, and contributing their wealth to his growing war,—had no other object in view than to re-establish the royal line in its nearest branch on the throne; and thereby bring back a government, under which he or any other mere citizen-trader could never wield much power.

With these particular views, Minin conducted everything in perfect order; and, successfully repressing the intense feeling of hatred that his countrymen bore to the Poles when they were dominant in sacred Moskva, from hurrying them into lawless bandit reprisals,—he sought out that true old warrior Prince Pojarskii to take military command of the force. Nobly did Pojarskii answer the call, though not only aged but still suffering from wounds received in former fights with the Polish army. With rapid advances he now moved forward with Minin's collected army, and continued supplies of every kind; and, after many skirmishes, Minin always acting under him as his valorous lieutenant, defeated and almost exterminated the enemy under the very gates of Moskva.

Then, true and loyal as another Minin, Pojarskii surrendered his command to an assembly of the people; or to clergy, nobility, and citizens, combined in the Krasnaya Plostchad of the Kitai Gorod. His resignation received, there followed all the oratorical harangues necessary to an open-air meeting of thousands of persons still outside the Kremle, for no loyal Russian would enter there yet; and finally came the choice of Michael Phedorovitch Romanov, a collateral branch of the house of Rurik, and one that had suffered much persecution both from Boris Godunov and the Poles,—to ascend the vacant throne.

The invitation was sent by deputation of citizens to Michael at Kostroma. After much doubt it was accepted, and hence, ever since, has flowed the imperial line of Russia's Romanov sovereigns; so that that grand movement, begun at the propitious instant by simple citizen Minin, resulted, and even still results, in the most extensive and permanent constitutional benefit to his country.

In fashionable circles, one fears that the memory of Minin and Pojarskii was little cultivated, until the rude shake which the country experienced in 1812, and which recalled its patriotic story; for soon after that, a large monument to these two heroes was designed by M. Martos and carried out at the expense of the Russian Government. It stands now in the Krasnaya Plostchad of Moskva; and consists of a colossal group in bronze, fourteen feet high, standing on a granite pedestal, also fourteen feet in height and eighteen feet long.

The weight of the bronze-work being 239,000 pounds, and that of the granite block 420,000 pounds, there was some difficulty in sending it straight from its place of origin, St. Petersburg, to its destination Moskva; and it was actually found easier to send it the long round of internal water-communication by the Neva to Lake Ladoga, and thence to the Volga, and so round by the Oka to the Moskva; much as some railway company in London, wishing to loan

their grand Royal carriage to another company, also in London, found it cheaper to send it down to Peterborough, and then by a cross line bring it back to London by the other company's road; or, incur a journey of a hundred and fifty miles by rail, rather than five or six miles only through London streets.

In the longer circuit of the Minin and Pojarskii monument however, there was the interesting episode of its passing by Minin's city of Nizhni-Novgorod some two centuries after his death, and then came the demonstration of the poor peasant people, for they had never forgotten him.

The sculptor's group appeared to our earnest but untutored gaze, a fine massive composition, in something of Roman and Michael-Angelesque style; Minin on foot, exciting Pojarskii who is seated, to rise and liberate his country; and Pojarskii,—with the *verum icon*, or *veronica*, "head of our Saviour not made with hands," on his shield,—still somewhat in doubt whether the right moment be arrived, and if they may hope to have a blessing from Heaven on their great emprise.

While we stood there admiring and drinking in the story told by the colossal bronze in the almost shades of evening, my better-half wanted me to read out to her Bowring's translation of the Russian poet

Dmitriev's version of the same events. But I did not scruple to argue—"No, no, if you please, not in this cold east wind; let us rather go and see about some dinner, and after that is accomplished, we can in some warm corner hear what the Moskvaite with his lyre may have to say or sing."

Now our dinner this day, it had been already arranged, was to be in itself the solution of a sort of Russian problem; for you must know, O long-suffering reader, that we had effected a little discovery at breakfast only that very morning, and wished to follow it up further to its grandest development. We had previously heard and read, as doubtless you have also, a great deal of the *trahtiers*, or tea-shops, of Moskva, and soon made acquaintance with some of the more extensive ones in the Beloi Gorod, looking out pleasantly as they did on the western side of the Kremle, and the gardens of the old Neglinaya. At once we recognized their superior size and equipment over the establishments of the same name in St. Petersburg, for there they were little private houses, but here in Moskva the trahtiers were evidently national institutions, showing fronts with twenty windows in a row; and it was plain that the innumerable merchants, after tiring themselves with bargaining through the live-long day in the Kitai Gorod, trooped down here in thousands to refresh. But never had we yet seen anything more than tea, un-

less it was the little vase of *vodka* in place of cream, demanded by some of them.

Two or three times we had pertinaciously entered by their public staircase, and passed through their large public rooms, in order to observe all the varieties of entertainment that might be going on, although we knew that the moment a lady was seen in company, one of the white-tunicked, red-belted waiters would instantly rush up and show us into a private room. But still we never witnessed anything more than tea-drinking going on; and in a sort of office which we got a passing view of, there were several hundreds of porcelain tea-pots, white and gold, ranged on shelves like a library, and little else.

Tea was accordingly always brought us, and in excellent style, when we were once enclosed in our especial apartment; it was moreover always stronger tea than in the northern capital, and to economize, as well as prolong, its heat, the small tea-pot with the tea-leaves therein was always mounted on the mouth of a larger one with hot water. So with good cream, as well as sugar and lemon, a porcelain cup and saucer for the lady, and a glass tumbler and saucer for the gentleman, what more could be desired in the way of tea-drinking? On this morning, however, being not a little peckish with the freezing cold of the air, and spying behind the door a large printed sheet of paper, in Russian, we studied it

hard, and presently its cabalistic-looking letters were interpreted to indicate that it was a "Price-current" of provisions at the house; and from the long list of articles set down, it did appear probable that, spite of the little variety we had seen in vogue as yet, something more could or should be had. So straightway we called the big, broad-shouldered, dark-bearded man in the white tunic and red sash, and on asking him for хлѣбъ съ масломъ, or bread and butter, he set both before us in less than a minute. Two plates of bread too; both of them fresh and first-rate, but one wheaten and white, the other rye, and therefore of a rich dark chocolate-brown in colour, most certainly not *black*, as Russian soldiers' bread has been generally stigmatized by those who have not tasted it. This first trial answered so well that we next asked, though with some trepidation, for яйца, or eggs, but the man was not at all astonished or taken aback, and simply went and fetched us eggs; and when we examined, after he had retired, the basin he had so quickly set before us, it was found to contain the exact number of twelve eggs,—all hot, and as far as we went into them, fresh, well-flavoured, and boiled exactly to a turn.

This then was the house, nominally a tea-shop, where we were now, at near six P.M., inclined to try, with the assistance of a dictionary, if we could not get a dinner also. So away we went through the

Krasnaya Plostchad, and out of the Kitai Gorod by the Voznesenskii Gates into the Beloi Gorod, stopping there however for a few minutes to witness over again the still continuous streams of worshippers coming to the Iverskaya chapel. Sometimes military officers, sometimes poor isvostchiks and carpenters; and sometimes, in strange antique family coaches, came a whole household of squirearchy from the country; and there were great furnishings of wax candles from neighbouring shops perpetually going on, for devotees to light up at the sacred shrine. You could buy these candles of all sizes and of all degrees of decoration, either plain white wax or completely gilded, or with stars and spirals only in gold: and all the while there were flocks of beautiful doves footing about amongst the worshippers, tame, quiet, and fearless both of man and his horse companion.

Arrived at length, and duly conducted to our inevitable private room at the tea-house, an unusually good, self-acting barrel-organ ten feet high was set to play some not bad tunes for our edification, while we were laying our plans of conspiracy and dinner. In charity we did wish that we had had enough of Russian language to have cautioned and prepared the innocent-looking, bearded waiting-man for the unprecedented demand we were plotting to make both on him and his establishment; but not having the gift, and he evidently expecting some order, I just asked him plump for some щи.

"What! cabbage soup!" said the lady; "oh, no, I never can touch that! Are you not duly advised and warned in the guide-book against it, and certified moreover that it is a dreadful composition of rank cabbage and *kvas*, or sour beer? Well, if you will try the experiment, let me have something else, —say a little телятина."

No sooner were the words uttered than off went the waiter, and before we had fairly deciphered anything more in the "Price-current," he set the required portions before us. We were thunderstruck! the instantaneous manner in which we were served, and with precisely what we asked for, so exactly in the fully hot and perfectly prepared condition, was equal to anything in a Parisian restaurant; and then, what portions they were,—regular Benjamin's messes that they brought us in the Moskva tea-shop!

The щи, too; how improperly translated for the benefit of Englishmen into "cabbage soup"! Cabbage, no doubt, there was; but, floating on the top of the rich-coloured, meaty fluid, what you first saw was a very fine sausage or two, and when you then dived downwards with your spoon, up came thick slices of ham and veal with small mushrooms, while on a side plate you were furnished with *pirogas*, or little tasty models of crab and fish pies, to be taken up with thumb and finger. But then the soup part,

the main portion of the whole composition, what shall we say for that? Patience, if you please, for three minutes, and you shall have some data for an opinion. At an equestrian circus in Paris many years ago we saw a clever French rider go through, as he stood on the back of a horse galloping at full speed, all the process of a young conscript acquiring the several successive stages of the military character, and being turned out at last a finished example of a complete Guardsman, in the style of the Old Guard under the first Empire. *The* Empire, we might say, for at that period there was simply Mister President Louis Napoleon, who was sending the French troops by thousands, each night, to behold theatrical performances at the expense of the peaceful citizens, whose throats they were so soon after to cut. That particular feature, however, is neither here nor there in the present matter; but what does concern us is this, that one part of the equestrian performance consisted in the soldier-actor illustrating the camp process of making soup,—he, all the while on the back of a flying steed circling round the arena. Accordingly a little camp-kettle was fixed to the bow of his saddle, a fire was made believe to be got up under it, various materials were supposed to be put in, and especially something apparently very valuable out of a highly-cherished cloth bag. But when he pretended to taste the compound with a large

spoon, the horse campaigner's face assumed a most vinegary aspect; he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, and plainly his first brewing wouldn't do. So he emptied more, much more, of the bag's contents into the pot, blew up the fictitious fire again, and tasted once more; but it was wretched, for he stamped his foot on the poor horse's back with indignation, and then in his fury not only emptied into the pot the whole contents of his bag, even to turning it inside out, but concluded with ramming the bag in too, and stirred it well round and round with the butt-end of his big spoon, blowing the fire well every now and then to make it bubble, bubble. Then, after awhile, he tasted again, and oh! the difference of his countenance. Now "such soup"! he seemed rejoicingly to say, as he drained the spoon down his eager mouth, and with the left hand complimented his interior on getting such an epicurean living, and he continued this typifying of intense satisfaction during three rounds of the circus, while his two thousand soldier-auditors cheered him with thunders of applause.

That man was no doubt a good judge of soup as it is in France, and there it is not bad; but had he been tried at that moment with our Moskva щи, we do believe it would have so far transcended anything he had ever before tasted, that he would have been transfixed speechless with astonishment and admira-

tion; and "La Belle France" would inevitably have fallen into the background for once.

"Do just let me taste a quarter of a spoonful,—not more, mind," presently said a certain lady, "for I never can touch," she went on to explain, "a particle of cabbage at home, without being made ill by it for a month." And then, having made that experiment successfully, the same lady next asked for a whole spoonful, and then sent up her plate to be supplied direct out of the basin, and tried a *piroga* too. And the basin proved so capacious that we could hardly afterwards, though both assisted, get through her portion of телятина, or veal, huge block of solid meat that it was with vegetables accompanying; we therefore merely ordered further a bottle of Moskva beer, excellent and brisk, and found the final charge for the whole to amount only to one ruble. Truly we had been well dined, and good dinner was never furnished more quickly or economically in the Palais Royal, and never one tenth part as substantial.

"Then being so admirably fortified," said a fair critic, "suppose you do me the favour now of reading Dmitriev and his 'Moskva Rescued'!" Whereupon I held forth obediently from Sir John Bowring's "handy" little book, as follows:—

"Receive the minstrel wanderer
Within thy glades, thou shadowy wood!
No idle tone of joy be here;
Nor let e'en Venus' song intrude!

Fair Moskva's smile my vision fills—
Her fields, her waters,—towering high,
And, seated on her throne of hills,
A glorious pile of days gone by."

That's good, surely? And this also; only listen:—

"O Moskva, many a nation's mother,
How bright thy glances beam on me!
Where, like to thee,—where stands another,—
Where, Russia's daughter, like to thee?
As pearls thy thousand crowns appear,
Thy hands a diamond sceptre hold;"
etc. etc. etc.

So it goes on through many lines of praise and renown, and then we come to the Polish invasion:—

"But war has spread its terrors o'er thee,
And thou wert once in ashes laid;
Thy throne seemed tottering then before thee,
Thy sceptre feeble as thy blade.
Sarmatian fraud and force, o'er-raging
The humbled world, have reached thy gate;
Thy faith with flattering smiles engaging,
Now threatening daggers on thee wait—
And they were drawn—thy temples sank—
Thy virgins led with fettered clank—
Thy sons' blood streaming to the skies."

Thus proceeds the poet with what an accountant would call the "charge." Now we come to the patriotic "discharge."—

"And where is Russia's saviour—where?—
Stand up—arouse thee—in thy might!
Moskva alarmed—surrounded there
And clouded, as a winter's night.

Look! she awakes—she knows no fear,
And young and old, and prince and slave,
Their daggers flash like boreal light,
They crowd—they crowd them to the fight.

"But who is that with snowy hair—
The first—that stern old man?—the tide
Of heroes he leads onward there!
Pojarskii—Russia's strength and pride!
What transport tunes my lyre!—my lays
Seem glowing with celestial fire:
O! I will sing that old man's praise;
Shout loudly now, thou heavenly choir!

"I hear—I hear the armour's sound;
The dust-clouds round the pillars rise—
See! Russia's children gather round,
Pojarskii o'er the city flies,
And from death's stillness he awakes
The very life of valour.—Lo!
'Midst the stars' light and sunny glow,
He forms the firm, courageous row.
Here—there: hope, joy, again appear;
The burghers gather round him there,
And range them for the combat now."

Then follows the consternation of the Polish usurpers in "Kremle's royal halls," the hurried gathering of their forces, and the rushing forth to the great battle "round walls and gates." The battle is a long one, it begins terrifically, and has many scenes, but its conclusion must come.

"And thrice the day hath seen the strife,
And thrice hath dawned Aurora blithe;
The battle-demon sports with life,
Death waves untired his murderous scythe,

Pojarskii's thunder still is heard;
He speeds him like the eagle-bird
Following his prey—destroying—crushing,—
Then on the Poles with fury rushing,
He scatters them like flying sands,—
That giant of the hundred hands.
On! on!—What transports of delight!
'Hurrah! Pojarskii wins the fight!'
The city joins the ecstasy—
'O yes! our Moskva now is free!'

. . . . . .

"Where is the hero?—where is he
Who led our sons to victory?
List to that cry of eloquence—
What—what shall be his recompense?
Look!—He who made the invaders bleed,
And Moskva and his country freed;
He—modest as courageous—he
Takes the bright garland from his brow,
And to a youth he bends him now—
He bends his old and hero-knee.
'Thou art of royal blood,' he said,
'Thy father is in foeman's hand;
Wear thou that garland on thy head,
And bless, oh, bless our father-land!'"

"What!" exclaimed the lady listener, "is it possible? The poem finished, and no mention of poor Minin in it from first to last; nor of the citizens of Nizhni-Novgorod, who were so ready to raise the banner and contribute supplies; or of the peasants of Yaroslav, who rushed forward at the first call to form the chief bulk of the army; those men of Yaroslav, whom dear old M. Свѣнзкн told us only the

other day, are still the finest types of true Russian peasants. Why you would think the citizens of Moskva had done it all themselves. But that's just the way with townspeople all the world over, they're so proud and conceited; the country-people come and help them out of their difficulties, and are immediately forgotten and ignored for their pains."

"Nay, be not so very sweeping," I suggested, "against all Moskvarenians, merely because one of their number has written in this style. He lived in the present century, two hundred years after the events he records; and it was his destiny to be highly educated, in imitation of the West; hence his needless allusion to Venus as Venus, and 'Aurora blithe,' in a Russian story: and his 'Sarmatians' for Polovski, a word that all the poorest of his countrymen would have instantly understood, and joined him in with

> 'Death for death, and hate for hate,
> And curses on the traitors.' *

A student of nothing except classical books; a frequent translator of poems from the Latin; what could he do, but after the approved classical models? and there, such a hero as Minin would be quite inadmissible."

"And why so, I should just like you to tell me?"

* Bowring's Zhukovsky.

came the ready reply, "was he not a right good man and a real patriot; one who came forth nobly at the time of his country's calamity, and set on foot and organized all the grand measures which eventually wrought out her safety?"

"That may be most true," I was sorrowfully compelled to acknowledge; "but then Minin had the misfortune to be by trade—a butcher! as the English Dr. Clarke took good care to set forth in his polite volumes; and the politely educated among the rich Russians, oh! didn't they writhe under the rebuke."*

"Did they?" said my incorrigible spouse, "then I'd rather that we spent our holidays amongst the poor, uneducated, Yaroslavian peasantry; and I am sure, with excellent M. Свѣнзкн's assistance, if he would be so kind, we should pick up a great deal of good moral philosophy, and genuine patriotic feeling, with no little poetry, touching and original, amongst them."

* We much suspect that after all, Minin was not a butcher in the English sense of the word; for being called in another work, "a cattle-dealer," that name, conjoined to the style of broad-spreading country he lived in, recalls to our mind the South African idea of "a butcher," viz. one who carries on a sort of mercantile business from end to end of a large colony, and even across its frontiers with independent native tribes beyond; drawing thereby supplies of cattle and sheep from distant regions, and having, at one and the same time, to arrange for the safety, and secure the honesty of his many detached parties travelling with valuable property over mountains and across extensive plains.

CHAPTER VII.

MONASTERIES.

September 7.

By both foes and friends, and by sects of nearly every denomination, the clergy of the Anglican Church have been allowed the great praise of possessing a degree of moderation in feeling, temperance in language, and considerate charity in judgment, which the world has rarely seen combined to an equal degree in any dominant Church. Yet there is one subject whereon it is not safe to try them. For, if you would see a sage and venerable English Doctor of Divinity suddenly turn ungovernably choleric, ask him what he thinks of the monastic system.

Thus will he answer.

"The notion of making the height of virtue, and the perfection of human nature to consist in solitude and contemplation, is the most extravagant of all the unreasonable doctrines fanaticism and ignorance

have ever conceived. A doctrine the most absurd in speculation, and productive of the greatest evils in practice. A doctrine repugnant to the frame and constitution of man, subversive of every relative duty, destructive to human society, and contradictory to the first great law of God. And, therefore, if an angel from heaven had taught that doctrine, we might boldly say with St. Paul, 'let him be accursed.' A theorist, who consulted only the principles of reason and nature, might well think it impossible that such an error could be propagated among a race of beings like men, where the endowments and qualifications, the wants and imperfections of each individual, strongly demonstrate that they were made mutually to assist, and to be assisted by each other. Yet has the contagion spread over the face of the earth. Every monastery erected by a piety founded on this maxim, that man was made for contemplation alone, is a monument of the madness of mankind."

When so utterly condemnatory was the opinion enunciated by a learned divine, educated in an English university, and taught in learned halls to discuss intricate and enfolded questions with theological acumen and logical refinement, selecting and discriminating with subtlety a minute grain of truth from its entangling maze of error, we could hardly expect much nicety when the same question came

to be handled by one, who has been described by Bishop Burnet, as "eminently and blunderingly boorish," viz. the Russian Emperor and ship-carpenter, Peter the Great.

Yet Peter approached this subject with all the gravity and respect it deserves; employed more than half his reign in informing himself of all the particulars; and then finally came out with his edict of improvement, which is something more than a state paper.

He begins by setting forth what is, has been, and should be the monastic system, by reference first to the only truly binding authority, the New Testament. Therein he finds no example, and no inculcation of the tenets, but, on the contrary, much that is nearly incompatible with them. Monasticism is therefore, with him, no divine institution for Christians, but a human invention; originally with very good intentions, he allows; yet notoriously commenced in an age far subsequent to the apostolic, and at a time when many other institutions of heathen nations were being borrowed from, to add to the supposed lustre or required display of faith in Christ.

This he thinks an important ground to lay down clearly; because man is thereupon to be allowed, from time to time, to examine the work of his own hands, and ascertain how far it fulfils its original intention. Now the early idea of monks seemed to

arise in truly conscientious, though extreme endeavours on the part of very devoutly disposed persons to work out their own salvation before anything else; and misled by contracted views of certain special paragraphs in the New Testament, they rushed away singly into the wilderness, to live perfectly apart from all mankind. Hence they were truly called monks, from μονος; hermits, or eremites, from ερημος; anchorites, or anachorites, from αναχωρηται; and stylites, from the pillar on whose top there was certainly not room for more than one to stand.

Now this sort of thing was all very well, says the monarch of ice-girt Russia, in the South, where a man needs little of either clothing or food, beyond what the earth will spontaneously afford him; but in the North, he, the Tsar, gives us his *ipse dixit*, that men must combine into a community and work hard amongst themselves, to get up the means of keeping body and soul together; and as long as they do lead such simple and self-supporting lives, in mountains and desert plains he has nothing to say against them. But the point where he had his difference with them was,—when they brought their communities out of the wilderness, and planted them in the neighbourhood of large and populous cities, seeking to live in ease, idleness, and plenty, on the unwise gifts or forced labour of other men. "This,"

says Peter, "was a great cause of the decline of the Greek Empire at Constantinople; for the cunning, lazy priests, got about the weak-minded women, the Emperor's wives, and from them obtained gifts of lands and money, that were quite absurd in their extravagance."

"Why!" exclaims the indignant essayist, "the monasteries were so multiplied by this hot-house cultivation, that there were above thirty of them on the banks of the canal of that single city; and the whole extent is not much above thirty versts, from the Black Sea to Constantinople. And so extensively did the abuse spread, through every province of the great empire, that when the Turks came before the walls, the Emperor could only raise six thousand men for their defence."

This was a monstrous iniquity in the eyes of so warlike a sovereign as the Great Peter; and therefore, while he allowed his Russian monks, on account of the vehemence of a northern climate, to live together in large communities, he deprived them of the large territories they had by degrees acquired; and of any power either of holding more lands which might be given or bequeathed to them, or even of retaining any species of wealth which new members might bring with them. "If," said he, "there are men who have a decided call to the state, it is proper that we keep the monasteries open to

receive them; but let them leave their wealth behind in the world."

A modicum of support was certainly allowed by his government; and if assisted by labour on the part of the priest, it just sufficed to keep the establishment going; but more than this, Peter was very jealous of; and much he liked to insist, in all their integrity on the keeping of the old rules of St. Basil, who "rejected the vain pretences of those, who would only be employed in singing psalms." These were the idlers before Peter; and after considering in detail their objections to ordinary labour; he finally comes out with, "but there is a kind of labour which they may perform, agreeable to God, and honourable in the eyes of men.—They shall receive into their convents invalid soldiers, those who have been dismissed the service, and are not able to work, and other truly necessitous persons, and shall provide hospitals for them." And again he severely ordains, "It shall be rigorously prohibited to monks to go out of their convents, except the superior, the steward, and the treasurer. Great care is to be taken that the other monks do not go out. In short, since they have quitted the world, it is not fit that they should go into it again."

With this preliminary information, we were not inclined to be at all captious on the head of monastic luxury, or *gourmand* conventualism, when we set

forth on Wednesday morning, to visit several of the principal monasteries to the south of Moskva. The weather, moreover, was warm once again, the sky blue, the sun bright; and a thermometrical observation taken at the oilman's shop as we passed, showed the contents of his great bottles nearly two-thirds returned from their tallowy state, and resolved into their original amber-coloured oil. Away therefore we drove merrily and briskly enough, past the north-east corner of the Kitai Gorod, and then cutting obliquely through the Beloi Gorod, and the Zemlianoi Gorod, entered the more extensive, but equally complete envelope of the Slobodii, or suburbs, which are further surrounded by a rampart whose circumference measures forty versts. Not however entirely with actual town is filled all this vast space; for we came here and there to large bare tracts; where, on the roadside-mounds, lay creeping roots of grass that had long since died away; and in the road, was deep dry sand, looking very like a strip of the Sahara itself.

Splendidly did the horse come out at this difficult part; he was one of those powerful-barrelled, fine-legged Russian horses, with both tail and mane sweeping the ground; and though he sank half up to his knees at every step, he continued such an active, long-stepped walk, as made the droshky's wheels hiss again in dividing the arenaceous sea. Happy

though, we were, when the driver was enabled to turn out of this so-called road, enter a sort of open piece of common grass-land, and then after passing through a scattered grove of Siberian cedars, bring us full in view of the Simeonovskii Monastery.

A tall tower, a golden-headed and cross-crested giant of one hundred and seventy feet high, rising above the gateway of a strong-walled enclosure, the walls garnished at intervals with strange-looking anti-Tahtar towers of defence, with steep conical roofs and gilded angel-weathercocks, and enclosing in a large interior space, many golden-domed churches with walls much painted,—was the general picture that met the eye.

The tall tower was white, and in good architecture, arranged with five arch-adorned stories, in decreasing breadth but increasing height, as they ascended. We advanced and knocked at the metal doors, but as no one would hear, went presently on foot round the wall; and at the south-west angle, coming to a small open gate, we entered there, and passing through the half-gardens, half-graveyards, made straight for the principal church, which exhibits rather violent painting on its outside walls. Inside, were the grand old decorations of ikonostas and royal doors; sacred pictures almost covered with gold and silver plating and jewels; candles and candlesticks innumerable; and a faint dim light streaming down with difficulty from the loop-hole

windows in the turrets of the domes. Through this church we entered a side chapel, where a service had just been concluded for a particular family; and the priest, who was in the act of retiring with a sort of primitive hand-broom, stopped short on seeing us, and putting the instrument again with both hands into a large basin on one side of him, asked if he should give us of holy water; and seemed to imply so kindly that he could in a moment asperse us from head to foot, and with no sort of trouble, but rather pleasure, to himself,—that we were quite pained at having to signify a negative to the worthy man's obliging proposition.

After this, we wandered about for a long time without meeting a soul; and had to try to make out for ourselves which was the "Church of the Assumption," founded in 1404, or that of "St. Sergii the Miracle-worker," or of the "Discovery of the Cross;" of "Ksenophont and his Society;" of the "Descent of the Holy Ghost;" and of "Prodigies of the Most Holy Mother of God." For if a priest was seen anywhere in the grounds, he was sure to be going quickly about some occupation which did not allow him any spare time. There were here, evidently, no professional sight-showers, each trying to make you believe that he is showing you something more than he ever exhibits to ordinary visitors; and there were no idlers about. At last chancing to observe a

certain Father called out of his house to speak to a few rustics, we went and stood near to indicate our desire for an interview also; and when the country-people were disposed of, the old gentleman came straight up to us, shook hands very warmly, but not being able to speak a word of anything except Russ, he only taught us again the lesson which we had been slowly learning ever since our first arrival in the country; viz. that spite of what you hear elsewhere of French and German being so universally spoken by well educated Russians; yet the smallest portion of their own tongue, would be of infinitely greater service to a traveller desiring to get at the minds of the people, than both those other languages put together, with English and Dutch added to them besides.

The kindly priest however soon came to understand one of our wants; and straightway sent a man to unlock the door of the grand bell-tower, in order that we might judge of the reputed "finest view of Moskva," from its galleries. Up therefore we climbed, high up amongst the bells, and to where large flocks of holy doves do, unfortunately for cleanliness, love to congregate and make their nightly abode. The view though was not satisfactory. It began well with a perspective scene of the river coming down from the city; but then appeared two powder-magazines, and ugly barracks, and after them were some horrid, black-smoking, factory chim-

neys only half a mile off and right in front of the fairylike Kremle in the extreme distance, with its brilliant white towers, and flashing points of gold.

From here therefore we drove north-westward; crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and then after having driven nearly due west for a mile along the Zemlianoi boulevard, again struck due southward, down long straight streets of small houses in the suburbs, nor stopped until we were landed at an open gateway in the fortified wall of the still more celebrated Donskoi Monastery.

All the monks of Russia are of one and the same order, on the rules of Basil the Great; though they have several degrees of advance or proficiency amongst themselves; and the names of their monasteries are as various, as are often their characteristics and uses. The Donskoi, so called from still containing the picture of the Donskaya Mother of God,—the picture taken to Dmitrii's great battle of Koulikov on the Don, in 1380, by the Kozaks of that region, and again appealed to by Phedor Ivanovitch, in 1591, during an invasion of the country about Moskva by the Krimean Tahtars:—note to how recent a date poor Russia was exposed without Western assistance to Asiatic inroads,—seems now to have its chief fame as a place of sepulture; the most holy too and reputed in Russia, next to the Imperial cemeteries themselves.

That the Tsars who have deceased since Peter Veliki, in St. Petersburg, should there be buried within the walls of a fortress, has struck some persons with astonishment; but it is not an exceptional case in Russia, for what is the Kremle of Moskva, in which are buried the pre-Peter Tsars, but a fortress of the period, as painters would say; and what is the Donskoi, and many another Russian monastery, but a species of fortification quite strong enough to resist the lighter clouds of Tahtar horsemen in their day, and therefore able to secure the sacred relics of the dead, from many a profanation. Hence every country convent, being rudely fortified, becomes thereby a place more or less desired for burial; and the Donskoi ranks above all others, on account of its religious connection with the great medieval battle from which the freedom of Russia has flowed. Religious connection we say advisedly, for though the outward and visible symbol in this case, be only a picture, yet deep are the inward and spiritual feelings, evoked by it in the heart of every true Russian, noble or peasant; and hard as they and their forefathers may have fought with their hands and swords against the enemy, they believe in special providences, and gladly give to God all the glory of their success.

The prices now paid for the narrowest grave within the Donskoi walls, are said to amount to one

thousand rubles; and not even the noblest families, such as the Galitsins, Dolgorukies, Stcherbatovs, Trubetskois, Tolstois, Narishkins, Mestcherkiis, and others, whose names are connected with the greatest events in their country's history, are allowed to monopolize much space. Hence the monuments are generally rather small and modest; closely packed together, and almost always exhibiting some choice design in granite or marble; but yet allowing numerous shadowing trees to spread their arms kindly over the prostrate forms below.

The air was at this time still, and the sunlight intensely bright, yet withal deeply oppressive and solemn; hardly a single human being appeared anywhere, and not a sound was heard, as we threaded respectfully each narrow pathway amongst the frequent memorials of the dead. Amidst such a scene, it must have been, that a nameless Russian poet wrote so expressive a four-line composition :—

> "What is man's history? born,—living,—dying,—
> Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave,—
> Struggling with storm-winds, over shipwrecks flying,
> And casting anchor in the silent grave."*

The sentiment of the last line, appeared to us with all its pathos, something of a halting between the old national Russian idea of death, and the views of it imported into the higher literature, by the

* Bowring's Russian Poets.

forced cultivation of Western languages among the richer classes.

Generally, the Russian has no fear of death, he is too religious in his way for that, yet he does not court it; and the statistics of his large cities, show less suicides, it is averred, than almost any other people's. But, on a great occasion and in defence of his country, he still remembers and acts upon that fine saying of Svatoslav Igorevitch, when leading his countrymen against the outnumbering hosts of the Greek Emperor, "There's no disgrace in dying." No disgrace indeed still echo the heroic mouzhiks, but a something rather ineffably sweet at the conclusion of a hard-working well-spent career. Even when painting the happy married life of a pair of pastoral lovers who had long been kept apart, a national song concludes with this stanza:—

"Tears and sorrow, if they come,
Shall not wear the garb of gloom;
Life with thee is crown'd with beauty—
Beautiful is death!"*

And in Old Russia every native mind is so attuned and prepared with holy feeling, that there is nothing to them jarring against their earthly joy in this introduction of the end.

But in other circles, unhappily, at the chief time when Russian scholars were instructed to take the

* Bowring's Russian Poets.

Western nations for their literary models, there was a dreary infidelity growing up in both Germany and France, while in England, even on tombs erected in Christian churches, the paganism was customarily committed of representing death, visibly as a sinewy skeleton; or an ogre-looking savage, sticking mortals through and through with a big dart; or carrying off some weeping mother, amidst the wild consternation, and from the furious muscular efforts of both husband and children.

This new teaching being compelled by authority, soon began to manifest itself in the University and city poets of St. Petersburg; and hence, from one of the best of them, such lines as these :—

"Ah! that funereal toll! loud tongue of time!
What woes are centred in that frightful sound!
My life's first footsteps are midst yawning graves;
A pale, teeth-clattering spectre passes nigh;
A scythe of lightning that pale spectre waves,
Mows down man's days like grass, and hurries by.

"Nought his untired rapacity can cloy;
Monarchs and slaves are all the earthworm's food;
. . . . . .
Death knows no sympathy; he tramples on
All tenderness—extinguishes the stars—
Tears from the firmament the glowing sun,
And blots out worlds in his gigantic wars.
. . . . . .
He wets his scythe with trophies such as these."

* Bowring's Russian Poets.

Not bad poetry; yet only think how happy in their national heart of hearts such Russian authors in spite of their educated selves will be, when they learn, that ideas in England are now greatly advanced and purified; and that the chiefest living poet amongst us has very recently published the following:—

> "Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain;
> And sweet is death who puts an end to pain;
> I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

With so high an authority before them, Russian writers will now perceive that such thoughts as their peasants have been accustomed to think, even with their characteristic iteration, may safely be introduced into polite compositions without transgressing the present canons of English verse; and we shall have no more therefore from them in books about a bony teeth-clattering spectre, hour-glass, and barbéd dart all complete; or in the Donskoi cemetery, another such dreadful group, as appears on a tomb-stone there; in close imitation, we believe, of one of the many marble monuments which so shock devotional feeling in Westminster Abbey.

Again,—after the camera had done its duty on the exterior towers and battlements of this picturesque enclosure, whose walls are thirty feet high,—we mounted our droshky, and drove away right northwards, with the horse's five-foot tresses of black shining hair streaming out behind him.

Thus we soon reached again the Zemlianoi boulevard, crossed the Moskva river by another wooden bridge, had a magnificent view of the golden glories of the Kremle, here seen almost reflected in the water; and then, after some further coursing along westward, turned down south-south-west into a long open tract, once green, and rejoicing in the title of the *Devitchei Foll*, or Virgin's Field; and forming the approach to the Devitchei convent, with which we were to conclude our day.

It could hardly have been, that there were any crumbs still left over this large area, from the present Emperor's coronation feast, which was given here agreeably with ancient precedent, and at tables collectively eight miles long; but the number of big birds upon it was as extraordinary as their tameness, for they allowed us to drive amongst, and through their numbers without being at all disconcerted. First there were large collections of doves; those sacred favourites of Russia, and the most beautiful birds in creation, complete in everything, we thought, —until we met jackdaws walking about amongst them; and what clever bipeds they were, sharp-eyed and big-brained, yet withal so impudent and confident in themselves. By the side of these jackdaws,—the doves looked soft effeminate creatures, with diminutive heads and little sense, indulging in a constant ease that neither thought nor care ever troubled; but

contrasted with the doves,—the jackdaws looked very walking incarnations of intellectuality. Or, did they require anything else to set them off, we turned to the crows, which, had they been by themselves, we might have fancied able birds, types in fact of a bird; but in this company they were degraded at once amongst feathered tribes, as being evidently made merely for digging; nay, with their coarse big beaks, their small brain-pans, rudely strong legs, and broad humpy feet, they were mere born navvies, doomed for life to the coarsest of earthwork.

Many magnificent palaces are seen bordering this field, on either hand; and to the left, besides extensive barracks, are the Galitsin Hospital, an establishment most generously founded for the poor by a Prince of that name, and kept up by his successors at an outlay of 80,000 rubles a year; and further beyond still, the once residence of Count Orlov-Chesmenskii. It is well described as it existed in 1783, by Archdeacon Coxe; and he, a thorough gentleman and scholar, leaves on our minds a very agreeable impression of the innate power of attaching men of all nations to his loyal leadership and fortunes which must have been possessed by the noble Count; the same man who in the first visit ever made by a Russian fleet to Mediterranean waters by way of the Atlantic, led it also to victory.

That this noble lived in a wooden house grates

strangely on British ears, though it had a thousand feet of frontage; but in Moskva, and perhaps very generally over Russia, wooden houses are thought more wholesome to dwell in than those made of stone, particularly when new. A house of wood, they also say, is ready to dwell in the moment that it is erected, and both rich and poor still intrinsically prefer it, if their property and the police regulations combined, admit of the adoption.

As in Moskva there are separate markets for nearly everything needed by man, so you may be sure there is a "wooden house market," where you see whole houses, or sample parts thereof, ready to put up; and if you are pleased with one, it is either carried bodily to your plot of ground, and you shut yourself up in your castle that same night; or it is taken over piecemeal and re-erected almost as quickly by the hosts of carpenters, or plotniks, with whom the city abounds. These men, though mere peasants from the neighbouring villages, and with no more special education for their trade than every Russian mouzhik acquires naturally almost, and with no other tools than an axe, chisel, and sometimes a saw; yet, according to Haxthausen, "have admirable dexterity and skill, a true feeling for all proportion, a practical talent for suitable arrangement, and finally the ability not only to help themselves with simple instruments and slender expedients on emergencies, but

also to execute some great and substantial work. ... The plotniks of Moskva constitute a complete and well-organized community, with connecting links and sections, household arrangements in common, and with leaders chosen by themselves, to whom implicit obedience is shown. The order and discipline which prevail are exemplary, and all this has been effected not by regulations and laws on the part of government, but has sprung from the necessities and natural sympathies and love of order among the people themselves."*

On an equally grand scale with the size, were still the general arrangements of the Count's house, when in 1816, long after his death, and then under his daughter's rule, it was described by Lyall. The Countess Orlov-Chesmenskii was not, it would appear, very fond of over-large or showy parties, but kept open table every day for all her late father's old friends and relations; yet, even at those smaller entertainments, as a daily rule, a band of thirty to forty musicians played during the meal, and each guest had two or three lacqueys to attend upon him,—no difficult matter to accomplish in a dwelling which, though of wood, numbered its six hundred men-servants. Many of these were doubtless attendants on the horses, for the Countess was passionately fond of riding,—as who would not be, who had the com-

* Robert Farie's 'Haxthausen's Russia.'

mand of many of these long-maned, graceful, and fine-eyed steeds of Russia? The pomp of circumstance connected too with their employment must have been something remarkable, for you read that, "when the weather is indifferent, or too cold for exercise out-of-doors, the Countess Orlov-Chesmenskii frequently amuses herself in the *manége*, which is heated in winter, and in a very imposing Eastern style. A band of musicians take their station in the gallery, and continue their many performances as long as the Countess prolongs her exercise. She is generally accompanied by her companion, Miss Porter, and by her equerry. The *manége* is sometimes lighted up, or even illuminated for the same purpose."

A grand abode externally, though in a very different style, is the Devitchei Nunnery, as you approach it from the Foll. Red brick, artistically set forth with decorations of white, is its chief constituent, and makes its colossal walls of enclosure and numerous mural watch-towers dark, yet effective. The bell-tower, nearly two hundred feet high, is quite an example of what successes may be achieved in brick by an architect of genius; for through all its six diminishing stories it is a wonder of decorated archways, enriched windows, balustraded passages, and houses for bells, while the whole is surmounted by a gracious golden dome, and that by the "honourable cross."

The Russians add to the praises of the general edifice, that it is delightfully situated on a fine eminence, whence it overlooks so and so, and so and so, and perhaps the inhabitants of the Pampas might agree with them; but to the perceptions of any ordinary mortals, not skilled in discovering almost intuitively a variation of a foot or two in the level of a wide country, it seems established on the flattest of plains. Nor most assuredly has the alleged height or the hypsometric variation of the site been of much service to its drainage, for on entering within the walls we found all the pathways from church to church, and to the several cottage dwellings of the nuns, and through and amongst the several cemeteries, all planked and trussed up, as if the place must be at some seasons a vasty bath of mud.

This convent was founded in 1524 by Vassilii Ivanovitch, on the spot whereunto one of his predecessors, Vassilii Vassilievitch, had in 1396 accompanied a holy procession returning to Poland, after receiving a special gift in the Kremle. Its principal church—for there are nine of them, and three chapels—is much in the manner of the Uspenski Sobore; viz. a tall cubic mass of white building, with many Scripture paintings on its walls exposed to rain and snow; and five golden domes with crosses accompanying. In this church, entered by covered flights of stairs curiously arched in, are deposited the

mortal remains of divers of the Tsarinas and Grand-Duchesses of the Russian Imperial line, while in the surrounding cemeteries are the tombs of ladies of many noble families, as well as of former nuns. White marble, red and grey granite, cast-iron and bronze in ornamental Gothic tracery, were the usual materials of the monuments, adorned with paintings as well as sculpture, and always with the "honourable cross" on the summit.

In the cathedral we found the service performing by nuns alone, under the supervision of their hegumena seated in state; and we thought, with sympathy for them, of the invading French in 1812 taking possession of and fortifying this same convent, sixty poor resident nuns notwithstanding; stabling their horses in the church, stripping off gold from ikonostas and altar, mounting their cannon on the walls, levelling and clearing away buildings outside, including the church of St. John the Precursor, and making themselves perfectly safe and satisfactorily comfortable in a military sense, as Frenchmen in all their campaigns so well understand how to do.

Our attention, however, was presently drawn off to a sound of wheels and furious galloping, and lo! there was our isvostchik driving straight away from us through the convent's outer gates, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. As our camera picture was still progressing under a very small aperture, we

waited quietly, and before it was finished the man returned. His horse, it seemed, would not stand still, and had in its impatience trod on its master's foot, while he, the master, was inattentively eating some bread which we had furnished him with the means of procuring when last he drove through the Zemlianoi Gorod. So on receiving such an annoying provocation he straightway took the horse, *golubtchik* though it might be, into the deep sand outside the convent, and there worked off that too intense spirit, which, like the vapour in a steamship's boiler, had accumulated to a dangerous extent during a stoppage of half an hour, though towards the close of this long day of exceeding toil and sun.

CHAPTER VIII.

GUNS AND BELLS.

September.

Our last complete day in Moskva! Oh, how much is to be done! The sun shines gloriously again, and the air is genially warm; it must be fully warmer, too, we said, for the three-foot bottles of oil in the shop near the trahtiers are now resolved back entirely from their so recently frozen, into their normal limpid, condition.

By the way, what sort of oil was it? and what is it used for? For we do not see such shops at home, viz. shops rather showy than otherwise, yet selling nothing but oil, and holding their whole stock of it in clean glass bottles; and this, whether you want a vessel holding a gill or one of twenty gallons. Be sure then, when so much care is expended in keeping a material in the cleanest possible condition, and so much expense incurred to prove that it is so, it must be intended for the service

of that consumer, whom man does so proverbially nourish and cherish, viz. his own body; *i. e.* it is for eating or drinking in some way or other. Practice and native shrewdness had long ago taught the Russian peasant the importance of large quantities of soft carbon being taken into his animal system; important against the cold of that climate, and still more important as a corrective of the large quantity of plain bread he delights to consume; three pounds a day generally, and five pounds during harvest, over and above his *kasha*, or boiled millet, eggs, milk, salted cucumber, mushrooms, cabbage, and not unfrequently supplies of beef. The sort of bread he prefers is rye, and prefers it for the same reason that the acute Scottish ploughman clings to his oaten cake and discerned long before the days of Liebig, that it was chemically more strengthening to muscular fibre than expensive wheaten flour. So here, having his dear "black" bread, as well as most other articles of his food, fried up in abundance of rich linseed oil, or on high days and holidays with sunflower oil, the hardy denizen of the woods of Archangel, or the roamer over the steppes of Tamboy, is able to prosecute his work through all seasons of the year in spite of even Siberian weather.

Just at this point of our walk our attention was attracted to a little boy selling apples on the edge of the pavement; at least, that was what his parents

must have sent him there for; and he had, accordingly, two wooden trays full, placed on a broad board mounted upon one of the Jehu stone posts, close beside him; but, blessings on his innocent head! he had at that moment no more thought about his trays and their contents, than if they had been miles away. He was engaged in drawing; and under such peculiar difficulties. He had no hat or cap, and as he sat there on the curb-stone, his long and glossy flaxen hair was constantly falling between his eyes and the paper; and this paper he was holding on his knee with one hand, while with the other he was working away with a black-lead pencil, drawing some proud *gospodin* of his native land; but his chief trouble seemed to be in bending his arms, for he was dressed in a long sheep-skin coat, wool inside, and his little arms looked as if they were encased in roly-poly puddings: but he took it all so sweetly, and was so utterly oblivious of all the other children congregating about him; and of everything except realizing on the miserable bit of paper on his knee, the artistical idea that was in his mind, that we immediately sketched him into our own tablets, as one of the most interesting instances we had seen of innate genius, under difficulties, struggling to develope itself. (See Plate 1, Vol. II.)

From this scene, and the oil-shops, and through the arid Neglinaya garden, we next passed on with

camera on shoulder, and entering the Kremle at the Tverskaya Gates, were soon in front of the western end of the Museum, or Treasury; perhaps the latter name is more expressive, for it is a museum of crowns and sceptres, thrones set with jewels innumerable, and all the costly paraphernalia of royalty in a score of kingdoms that have been; while outside are many antique cannon on carriages of bronze, rejoicing in decorations of Eugene and Marlborough's day or even of an earlier time still; with flames for the spokes of the wheels, dolphins for the trunnion-covers, and hippogriffs prancing amongst vegetable spirals for the main supports.

We set the camera opposite one of the most remarkable of these pieces, a long thin gun, like an old navy "bow-chaser," and the impression of the picture was going on very famously, when, to our trepidation, we saw certain suspicious movements going forward in an office close by. Some of the clerks looked out, and then gave information inside; whereupon two or three more advanced officials came forth, and gazed and discussed with growing earnestness, until at last one stern old man, with grey hair, spectacles, and in uniform, left the group, and advanced straight to us. Oh! then what fear possessed our souls, lest the camera would have to be closed before the picture's exposure was half completed! for had we not perhaps gone rather

too far? and who had told us that we might come actually into the very fort of Moskva, and picture even its most sacred cannon? and have we not seen civilian visitors turned neck and heels out of certain batteries in Edinburgh Castle for far less presumption? What then must befall us, and more than ourselves, the embryo actinic impression, before the advancing genius of Russian bureaucracy. The stern old chief came up; he scanned our arrangements closely, two tubular brass cameras on mahogany stand, asked what it was all about, and then on hearing the potent word фотографія, departed as quietly as he had advanced.

We should have been sorry too, to have lost the picture, for this gun was the gun Yedinorog, one of the eight great guns of Moskva, having a length of twenty feet, and a weight of 28,000 pounds. It was cast in the year 1662, in the reign of Alexei-Michaelovitch, the father of Peter the Great.

To the east of the museum was a still larger gun, the gun Drobovik, usually known as *the* great gun of Moskva, with a bore three feet in diameter, and a weight of 86,400 pounds; and informing those who can read Russian (according to Dr. Lyall) that, "By the orthodox and Christian Tsar, and Great-Duke Phedor Ivanovitch, Gosudar and Autocrat of all Russia, in the time of the most pious and Christian Tsarina, and Great-Duchess Irina, this cannon

was cast in the distinguished capital Moskva, in the year of the world 7094 (1586 A.D.) by the ordnance-founder Andrei Chochov."

Between the founding of these two guns, though only seventy-six years, what a world of troubles and sea of change had not Russia passed through! Drobovik saw her still under the direct descendants of Rurik, who had guided her without a break for seven hundred years; but Yedinorog found that line at an end, and the country, after intestine revolutions, invasions, and foreign dominations, returned to order once more, and about to enter a new career of a novel and imposing, westward-pointing civilization, under Romanov chiefs.

How well the heads of that house have pioneered their country through difficult as well as glorious times, other great guns, taken from Turks and Swedes, lend no small testimony; though the best proofs of all, are the 874 brass field-pieces taken from the French invading army in 1812. The ranks, and rows, and heaps of rows which this number forms around the Arsenal, a building lying to the north of the Museum, is one of the most remarkable and soul-stirring sights in its way, that Russia, or any other country in the world can show. Though connected with war, yet may these trophies be viewed without any of those compunctions which the deeds of earthly conquerors too often bring with

them; for here, it was no case, on the Russian's side, of a pagan goddess called Glory; nor was it lust of conquest with them either; but it was simply standing up in defence of their country, their wives, and families, to preserve them from men calling themselves followers of the religion of Christ, or pioneers of intellectual enlightenment, yet bringing with them all those fearful guns to murder Russians in a more wholesale manner than ever Tahtar invaders in the dark ages had succeeded in doing. One might almost have expected that so immense a reverse as this loss of 874 guns implies, would have taught the French nation to be less fond of invading others, and less prone to allow itself to be lured through meretricious paths into final disaster, by the seductions of Napoleonic genius: but after half a century has passed, we find them again under the same direction, and struggling at every nerve to make up another "grand army;" and by special attention to its field-pieces, commissariat, and transport, to make it a portable, *i.e.* eminently an invading army. They have not quite reached the full numbers of their first Emperor's gathering of the spring of 1812, but they have more native French soldiers now than were under arms at that former period; for his 550,000 men were drawn from many diverse nations; and by what sort of compulsion, let the following names, indelibly inscribed on the

guns at Moskva, mostly by their former owners, testify to the world.

BRASS PIECES OF ORDNANCE.

French	488
Austrian	188
Neapolitan	40
Bavarian	34
Westphalian	1
Saxonian	12
Hanoverian	1
Italian	70
Wurtembergian	5
Spanish	8
Polish	5
Dutch	22

A strange tell-tale list is this, as well in what it conceals as what it shows. For where is Prussia? She was with Bonaparte in 1812, as long as his fortune was prosperous; and that country, which in spite of the boasted deep thought, and patriotic love of her sons, could be overthrown in a Jena campaign by the French in a fortnight, was not likely to succeed in carrying *all* its guns safely out of hostile Russian soil. Nor were they so saved, for Prussian guns were brought in triumph to Moskva, as well as those of other invading peoples; but family feelings at court, combined with some distant diplomatic ideas, are said to have caused an edict to be issued in 1818, ordering the Prussian section of these trophies to be merged into the Austrian. Hence

that very large number which stands second on the list to the French.

Astounding as are the expenditures of bronze in the Kremle for guns, those in the shape of bells, are even larger. The great bell of Moskva, the Tsar Kolokol, or King of Bells, has passed into a proverb, and worthily, for though it is not exactly the mountain of metal which a too literal traveller had expected to find it, from descriptions he had read, yet does it exceedingly transcend all other bells we know of. Three hundred and sixty thousand pounds is its weight; that is, nearly eleven times the weight of our unfortunate Big Ben of the New Palace of Westminster, and thirty times the weight of the great bell of St. Paul's; while encyclopædias may be consulted to ascertain how many times larger than the biggest bells of France or China.

Oh, grossly barbarous idea, says the genius of the West! mere bigness! just as a savage African chieftain aspires to the title of "Elephant"; and knows of nothing higher.

Nay, not so, we would expostulate, after having heard some of the larger of the Russian bells; for the tones, oh! the exquisite tones which they give forth, and which nothing else can equal, are ravishing to the inmost soul. The Tsar bell to be sure has been mute ever since its fall and the burning of its belfry in 1737; but there are still the—

Bolshoi Kolokol . . .	weighing	144,000 lbs.
Reut	„	70,000 „
Vsednevnoi	„	35,595 „
Semisotnoi	„	27,930 „
Medved	„	15,750 „
Lebed	„	15,575 „
Novgorodskoi	„	14,700 „

and many others of smaller calibre, but all of them gifted with the most musical utterances. When the larger of these sound forth at particular seasons of the year, and announce the anniversary of either the death of our Lord, his Cross and Passion, or some of his many acts of devotion to the will of his Father in Heaven, and the undeserved sufferings which attended his sacrifice for the children of men, —then every peasant who, miles away from the capital, hears coming down to him apparently from the clouds the inexpressibly beautiful yet saddening vibrations in the air, immediately bethinks him, how for him too the Lord suffered, and bore meekly the taunts and buffets of wicked men. So acting instantly on the holy thought and sound combined, the humbled mouzhik hastens up to Moskva to join in the universal prayer and penitence, praise and thanksgiving, with every earnest endeavour in his soul to live for the future a life of love and brotherhood with all mankind.

In fact the Russian peasant finds that for his peculiar constitution of mind, the sound of the

mighty music of great bells in the open air, awakes more of devotional feeling, as it is traced out for us in the New Testament, than painted glass windows in either a Gothic or Grecian temple. These therefore they comparatively neglect, and the others they prosecute with an earnestness intense in the extreme. The size of the bells they care little for, except in so far as certain noble notes are only producible by a large size; but every bell is tested for its note, and at the chief private manufactories at Moskva, numbers of bells are kept constantly suspended in order that purchasers may try them by the sound they give out. If this be not satisfactory to a refined ear, no time is lost in recasting the bell; and it is extraordinary how exacting the Russian popular opinion is, so frequently requiring even long established bells to be taken down and recast. Hence few of the larger bells of Moskva have escaped being cast over and over again; and in tracing their history, it is not only necessary to ascertain its particulars as cast by its founder, *i.e.* first founder, but what was done to it by its last founder.

Thus the Tsar bell was first cast in 1654, in the reign of Alexei-Michaelovitch, with the weight of 288,000 lbs. It began to announce divine service in 1659, and continued to announce it until 19th June, 1700, when a great fire occurring in the Kremle it was damaged. Till the year 1731 it re-

mained mute, but then, "by order of the most pious and most potent, and great Gosudarinya, the Empress Anna Ivanovna, Autocratress of all Russia, in glory of God and the acknowledged Trinity, and in honour of the Most Holy Mother of God, this bell was cast (recast) for the chief cathedral of her famous Assumption, from the 288,000 lbs. of copper of the former bell that was injured by fire, with the addition of 72,000 lbs., in the year 1734."

How soon after this period it was re-erected for use, and whether it actually was used, is not recorded; only that in 1737, another fire destroyed its supports, and either the fall, or water poured both on it, and the burning building at the same time, caused a large piece to break out of the rim.

Such an effect of fire and water was shown purposely on the Bolshoi Kolokol in 1817; when this bell,—which had first been cast under the Empress Elizabeth in 1760, of the weight of 127,984 lbs., and recast under the Empress Catherine, and had subsequently been injured by the French in 1812,—was ordered to be recast once again of the weight of 144,000 lbs., and as a preliminary it was broken into pieces by being first heated, and then having water thrown upon it.

From time immemorial Russia appears to have been celebrated for bells; Herodotus mentions a huge brazen vessel of the sort in possession of the

King of Scythia; and when, after two thousand years, the light of Christianity had assisted in revealing that land once more to Western observation, behold the people with a finer taste, and deeper feeling than ever for these tongues of bronze. When therefore Alexei-Michaelovitch cast the great bell, he was developing a true endowment and a peculiar attribute of his people; and his son Peter might have done worse than follow in the same line, instead of showing his usual contempt for any traditions of the lower Slavonic orders. But the old bell-talent and inclination thereto in the peasantry were not to be extinguished; and have since then saved the honour of their country; for, if the British Parliament, even backed up by Cambridge science, has failed twice with a 33,000 lb. bell,—we may be sure that a mere official edict in Russia in 1817, would not of itself have produced the immediate success which was there obtained in a bell of more than four times the weight of the English one. Nor perhaps would even an Imperial mandate at any time since; but in 1817, the reaction after French invasion called forth much of the native spirit of the people in mighty efforts after their kind, and bell-construction was one of these.

The re-erection then of the Bolshoi Kolokol, served as a remarkable national opportunity; and the people present at the founding, threw in abundantly of their gold, silver, plate, and rings.

Nearly two years then elapsed, much of the time being probably spent in annealing before the bell was removed from the furnace where it had been cast. And then we read in Lyall, that, "On the 23rd of February, 1819, this bell was removed on a great oaken sledge from the foundry, Te Deum being previously celebrated. In front of the bell was erected a kind of stage, on which Mr. Bogdanov (the founder) and others stood. The Imperial flag was displayed, and the motions of the machinery were regulated by the sound of the small bells suspended over the great bell. Ropes or cables were given to the crowd, who disputed the honour, not to say service, of the transportation. At a signal given, all was in motion. The sledge-road being good, they proceeded at a gentle steady pace, by the *Stretenka*, the Blacksmith's Bridge, in descending to which the sledge was retained by the crowd behind; by the *Makovaya* where they stopped opposite the *Voskresenskiya Vorotŭi*, or Resurrection Gates, and worshipped before the image of Iverskaya Mother of God, with the pious feeling of Christians. The Borovitskiya Gates having been previously enlarged, by taking down a small part of the wall, the bell was drawn uphill, and soon lodged at the foot of Ivan Velikii. Te Deum was again celebrated; after which the crowd threw themselves upon Mr. Bogdanov, and kissed his cheeks, his breast, his hands,

his clothes, to testify their approbation of his knowledge of his art, and their content at seeing such a fine bell once more within the precincts of the Kremle. Mr. Bogdanov then ascended the bell, and bowed three times to each side, amidst the huzzas of the multitude."

Here then we may surely recognize much of the same deep religious feeling and national fervour, with which the mediæval Italians were animated, as long as art was progressing among them, or was still employed for ennobling purposes. Her painters and her architects then worked at their professions, as though they thought only of the glory of God; and what successes they used then to achieve! Similar success too have the Russians obtained in their line, and will undoubtedly obtain still; for their faith is strong within them, and their national ideas are about to have a fuller opportunity of display, than at any time during many centuries past. A Western critic may, we fear, be inclined to deride the notion of putting a mere bell on the same footing with a picture or an architectural utterance; but, viewed æsthetically, what are the two latter, even in their highest examples, other than a fine-art language adapted to the eye; and if the bell expresses artistical thought, and conveys meaning with pleasure to the ear, why it is a mere case of eye *versus* ear. Which is the nobler organ? Are our minds and

souls improved more by what we hear, or what we see? Is the man of sharp sight of finer intellectual temperament than him of quick hearing, or *vice versâ?* Whichever way the case may be settled in dilettanti circles, there is the broad statistical fact of one group of nations in the West who evidently prefer their æsthetical public works to be erected for the sake of the eye mainly; and there is a single nation in the east of Europe, but a giant nation, which, while by no means neglecting the eye, considers the ear, in an abstract point of view, as an organ of just as noble a character, capable of communicating as much intellectual pleasure and as high instruction, and therefore equally worthy of having great national erections for its benefit and delectation.

Hence have originated the magnificent bells of Russia, which only a nation of refined hearing would have thought of, of peculiar mechanical and chemical skill would have invented the methods of constructing, and of powerful, long-continued centralizing energy would have completely succeeded in producing; and hence too, as a consequence, the belfries of Russia, the most original and beautiful points in her architecture.

In all the older churches of Russia, and still in all those to which the mass of the people adhere, the belfry is separate from the church, and is generally a taller fabric; in the latter feature reminding one of

the round-towers of Ireland and Scotland, so frequently placed in close proximity to abbey or cathedral; and in the former feature, indicating a probability of the early monks having on their arrival in Russia found bells much used in the pagan worship of the land (ages before they were re-invented at Nola of Campania in Italy), and then allowing them to remain to assist at, but not join in, the purer worship of a Christian Church.

The holy and national cathedrals of the Kremle, therefore, we may be quite sure, have their belfry apart; and as this Ivan belfry serves the whole of them, we may depend on finding it an exemplary structure. It is in, or for, it accordingly that all those large bells we have spoken of are to be found, or were prepared; and the building is not unworthy.

The chief feature is the Ivan Velikii tower; but it is only a feature, not the whole of the Ivanovskaya Kolokolnya; neither is its name, Ivan the Great, derived from the Sovereign so entitled; for the Velikii is merely added to show the superior height of the structure, two hundred and seventy feet, and was so called after a very humble but hard-working sacred scribe, Ivan, the writer of the "Stair," *i.e.* "a collection of *stepeni*, or steps, describing in Slavonian the progress of a good life to complete virtue." The tower is the earliest existing part of the building, and was erected "by the will of the Holy Trinity,

and by order of the Tsar and Great-Duke Boris Godunov, in the year 1600," on the site, doubtless, of a much older structure. The lower part is massive, octagonal, loopholed, and then come bells; next rises above them a second portion, of smaller diameter, octagonal, loopholed, and then circling arches of bells; again a decrease of diameter, and the tower shoots up for a third time, octagonal, and with bells; but above these last it becomes cylindric, with elegant *basso-rilievo* ornamentation, then pierced by a ring of thin loopholes, then enclosed by three rows of gilded and painted inscription one over the other, while above them flashes the pure golden dome of exquisite form and symmetry, surmounted with a cross eighteen feet high.

From all sides and at all distances we ever admired this golden dome, so exquisitely proportioned, and, by means of these three rows of writing so admirably blended into the substance and material of the walls, and rendered an appropriate and necessary part of the whole. Its full and elate figure, as it were, was enhanced by comparison with the gilded dome of the second portion of the building, the kolokolnya proper; a lower and broader pile, with columns and small windows below in place of cyclopean panelling and loopholes; and above, over the open archwork of huge and many bells, a richly-ornamented but less aspiring tower, whose dome, flattened down to a rich

elliptical curve, might claim to rival that of Ivan Velikii in beauty and yet contrast most powerfully in figure. This part of the belfry was erected long after the troubled reign of Boris and his son, or the scenes they gave rise to with the false Dmitrii and the Poles; as was also the third portion, bearing bells still, like the others, but crowned and adorned by pinnacles and conical green roofs bearing gilded stars to the sky, and a cross on the final summit.

"Erected was this," says the inscription, "by the grace of God, by order of the most pious and Christian Sovereign Tsar, Great-Duke, and Autocrat of all Russia, Michael Phedorovitch, by the benediction and by the council of, by carnal birth his Royal Father, and by spiritual rank his Father and Patron the great Gospodin, the Most Holy Patriarch of Moskva, and of all Russia, Philaretes Nikitich."

Yet was not this belfry, in all its beauty and all its innocence, safe from Napoleonic treatment. Maddened at the Russians depriving him of their own winter quarters by burning the habitable houses of Moskva, and calling them barbarians for so doing, the great Bonaparte set bravely to work to blow up and destroy the most cherished of their sacred edifices. So the Ivanovskaya Kolokolnya was doomed, mined, and blown up; as we may presume will be Westminster Abbey, if the English people, after having been suddenly invaded some unexpected day, were to rally

and compel a French Emperor to retreat from London; or, as both English and Russians certainly did not do toward Notre Dame in Paris. By this proceeding the second and third portions of the Ivan building were destroyed, and the tower itself got a dreadful shake, having been rent from top to bottom, and somewhat thrown out of the vertical.

So well though have the Russians repaired all such damage that we should never have suspected, by eyesight alone, when we were beholding the matchless form of this building in September, 1859, that any such calamities had ever happened. Indeed, as we looked up then to the successive bell-galleries of the great Ivan, we thought, not of the Soltikov swivels which the French having mounted thereon, were accustomed to fire in order to communicate intelligence to the different divisions of their army in and around the city,—but we thought of the stereoscopic and bird's-eye photographs of Moskva which we should be able to procure, were our camera once safely established at the height. This proved to be not quite so easy a feat to accomplish, for at the entrance-door we were met and resisted by the same set of disreputable and noisy young ruffians in black, who had denied us admittance the previous evening, unless we paid them some preposterous number of rubles.

To-day they were again as clamorous, and inclined to be insulting; and as they seemed to tenant the

whole interior of the building and held the keys, there was no prevailing against them.

Quietly we deposited the photographic apparatus by the great bell, and began to sketch. After a while so spent, one of the black-frocked youths, in a somewhat milder and less excited tone than before, intimated that for about one-third fewer rubles than what he had before demanded, we might ascend with our traps.

"No, my dear good young man," we answered, "have we not arranged to catch you this day, and is not our friend of Brigadier rank to be here within a quarter of an hour; and will he not enable us to ascend on our peaceful errand without being indebted anything to you? We shall see, depend upon it; for verily it is for his arrival alone that we are now waiting before you."

CHAPTER IX.

ADIEU TO MOSKVA.

September.

To one whom business or appointment obliges to spend any length of time within Moskva's sainted Kremle enclosure, its walls and towers stand forth pre-eminently as objects of extraordinary interest. Walls twelve to sixteen feet thick and thirty feet high, though unadapted to modern warfare, must surely have been capable of defence in a former day. But then they are so rich in ornament, is the answer, and so full of fairylike open work and delicate architectural fancies.

True, no doubt, but observe that such work is always high up; the lower part of every structure is invariably solid to a degree, and writers are now pretty sure that they were all erected, much as we see them, on the ruins of Dmitrii Donskoi's old walls by Ivan Vasilievitch I. in 1485. That was a brilliant

period for the nation; and one of the earliest employments of the freed people was, most prudently and necessarily, to build themselves good walls around their churches and palaces; strong ones, because sudden Tahtar incursions might still be expected; and ornamental, because Russians are dearly fond of decorating that which they truly love. The reign of Ivan was still the day of bow-and-arrow warfare; so towers and loopholes and tall walls were what were chiefly needed,—not the angular bastions of modern fortification, which Coxe, otherwise so correct, introduces into his large map of Moskva under the Empress Catherine the Great. At present, and to our ideas, the gateways with their tasteful surmountings, look more like Gothic churches than forts, and they now do bear the name simply of *vorotui*, or gates; but at the time of their erection they were called "strelnitsi," *i.e.* towers for archers, as recorded in certain inscriptions still to be read, and testifying how from 1485 to 1492 sundry Italian architects, acting we may suppose under pretty strong compulsion to suit their western Gothic to a Russian air, erected the several "strelnitsi," and completed different lengths of the wall. Being only of brick, it is not at all improbable that these works have undergone extensive repairs and renovations since they were first erected, but happily always in the olden style, unadulterated; and one of the towers in par-

ticular which we admired perhaps more than many others, and thought quite a miracle of architectural sculpturesque in mere brick, viz. the south-west tower, "the Tower of the Waters" by name, is the very one of all the wall-circle which the French, notwithstanding the hurry of their turning out from the Kremle, found time to mine and blow up; *i.e.* the prototype of the present erection, for they succeeded in their destructive purposes only too well.

A fearful thing truly is a French invasion; and though a philosophic historian, calmly judging of events long past, may come to the conclusion that the mission of the ancient Romans was to destroy and trample down and kill; "and how well they performed their part, too!" he adds; yet in our own time, and for our own benefit, we cannot so quietly contemplate this mantle of Augustan Romans descending on the shoulders of Bonaparte princes; especially when these appear on the scene with half a million of eager Gallic soldiers at their backs, all brought up in the belief that the sword is a civilizing agent, and that the ruin of neighbouring countries, is the only means of making Frenchmen happy or contented at home.

We drove out that evening, after we had had some little settlement with the young gentlemen in black, "*élèves* of the church," they were said to be, in the Ivan belfry,—to the Vorobéevya Gora, or

Sparrow Hills; and for miles and miles passed through old scenes of the burnings of 1812. Bonaparte had made his public entrance on the 14th of September, "and in a few hours, thousands of merchants' shops were broken open, plundered, and set on fire." These doings of their own men, the French officers described merely as a few slight indiscretions, which were of no consequence at all. But the stern Russian people did not regard them in that light; and on the very next day they began to destroy by fire that which they determined these wholesale brigands should never, never enjoy. Not much preparation was necessary, for at this season of the year, every Russian householder will have laid in his winter's supply of wood, and made every house, as it were, its own arsenal and magazine. So for a month the burnings went on, till more than three-fourths of this immense city were destroyed.

Harrowing descriptions have been given of the fearful spectacles that occurred during the period of the fire; but more touching still, and more convincing of the extent of the destruction, the picture which Mr. James draws two years after. The repairs of the city were begun almost the moment the French had left in the end of October, 1812; but still in 1814, James could write, "In making these various excursions, it was lamentable to behold, in whatever direction we passed, similar scenes of

wreck and havoc were constantly before us. It is not difficult to picture to one's mind the appearances of an ordinary town reduced to a state of ruin; but to traverse a place of thirty-five versts in circumference, and find everywhere the same features, was a display of horror that far exceeds the utmost limits of fancy. The citizens had been diligent in repairs, it is true, though little indeed could the labour of two years produce in a city of such dimensions. The few habitations that were reserved showed but as spots in the wide waste, and seemed scarce to diversify this universal scene of desolation."

On and on drove our droshky, through the now well-repaired streets; passed through the whole breadth of the Zemlianoi Gorod, and then through several miles of the Slobodii, or suburbs, due southwards, until, before we were very definitely aware of it, the ramparts were past, and we were in the true open country, toiling up a gentle ascent by deep sandy roads. Gradually these tended more and more westward, disclosing our position on the edge of the table-land that comes right away from Smolensk and Poland, to break down in a steep slope of three hundred feet deep, to the bed of the Moskva river, and command a map-like view of the alluvial flat beyond. The scene was becoming more intelligible every moment, and at length when

we had passed a humble church, with a few log-built houses about, and arrived at rather a flattened and artificial part of the escarpment,—there and then was the whole thing before us, as complete and well appointed as if every part had been duly prepared by man.

On either side, the hill curved forward like the walls of a colossal amphitheatre; the river below, a huge serpent of blue, followed this bend; and then, with the solar orb, as it was just at that instant, exactly behind our backs, there in front lay the bright white city of Moskva, stretching along seven miles of the horizon, glittering, twinkling, and flashing with all its myriad domes of gold. The near parts of the view were full of greenery, the hill-steep was densely clothed with shrubs, and the vast flats beyond the river were dotted here and there by fine clumps of tall trees, which corrected the too uniform tints of strongly cultivated cabbage, and other garden-produce, fields; varied also were these by an occasional church or monastery, and especially the great Devitchei, spreading abroad its turreted lines like a fortified encampment of the middle ages. Beyond this region, buildings multiplied amazingly; then came a charming bend of the river, bearing many boats on its breast; and round about and away from that stretched the sea of towers and domes, and brilliant white architecture, which

announced "Holy Mother Moskva." Not for seven miles only, but for more nearly twelve, along the northern horizon were golden-domed buildings frequent; and we wondered more than ever at the extent and beauty of the great city we had been living in. Distance here, combined with the brilliant solar illumination, completely annihilated the special colours of particular edifices, and they seemed each and all now cut out of the purest alabaster, creations of exquisite light, yet bland and subdued, except where a surface of gold lent vigour to the reflected beams.

The Kremle was conspicuous, with its multitudinous domes, and the graceful form of the Ivan Velikii; the Pokrovskoi Sobore, and many another cathedral could be identified, but the chief beauty of the whole from this point, was the new church of our Lord and Saviour, situated in the southern parts of the city. It is a huge erection of fair white stone, by a native artist, Tonn, and though not yet quite completed in its architecture, exhibits a magnificent effect of electro-plated gold, on its large central dome, and four smaller cupolas. Not only too is the scale gigantic, but the art is admirable, first of gathering in the dome after a manner below, and then expanding it again, thus making it appear an essential part of the building; secondly, so shaping its conical surface in angles, and with vertical ribs,

and where these join towards the summit, interlacing them with other forms, as to produce not only a pleasing architectural effect to gazers close by, but an optical effect also at the distance of the Sparrow Hills, which was to us perfectly ravishing. There, the very portion of the building, *i.e.* the great dome, which under a Western architect would have been gloomy even to blackness with oxidized sheet lead, was most startling in its splendour, and that splendour was endued with a deep meaning suitable to the high purpose of the building; for while the body of the dome gave forth a steady glow of light, as of the Sun of Righteousness, the minuter corrugations of its upper constituent parts were reflecting a thousand smaller lights, which, twinkling hither and thither with never-ceasing activity, gave to the summit an appearance of living tongues of lambent, ethereal flame, that testified to the zeal and burning faith of the Christian believers within.

This new church is specially connected with the French invasion. The French army did not see it, but what they did see of the city without this additional decoration was glorious enough; for they arrived on the last edge of the hill just about that most witching hour of the afternoon, when the sun is behind a spectator, and shines full on the wide-spreading city before him. Then it was that they all grounded their muskets without order, and

gazed silently enraptured after their manner, and overcome with admiration at the bountiful feast of expected riot and plunder which the genius of their chief had prepared for them. This was one of those surpassing rewards of which they had flattered themselves there was henceforth to be a never-ending supply, when the bells and guns of Paris had proclaimed a year before that there was a young Napoleon born; for in him and his future line they saw nothing else, and in their minds there could be nothing more holy than an illimitable perspective of European campaigns, with accompaniments of French soldiers enjoying themselves in every capital of Europe. "What more cheering sight is there," said an officer in Paris to us a few years since, "than to see some thousands of young men sallying forth to make war? Their equipage is brilliant, their clothing gay; they conquer to themselves in a moment and enjoy at pleasure, whatever the industry of another country has been toiling for years to accumulate; and when they return to their own land they are favoured by the wealthy and the fair, with more ovations than all the philosophers who ever lived, have together obtained."

As long as these sort of warlike proceedings go on prosperously, every plan of prosecuting them is thought fair by their perpetrators; and the early French Generals merely laughed at Austrian com-

plaints of their, the revolutionary captains, not following the orthodox rules of war. But when the said French Generals and their great chief, at a maturer age, came to Russia and eventually suffered disasters dire, "Oh," then, "it was not fair what the Russians did. He, Napoleon Bonaparte, was perfectly ready to fight them anywhere on plain ground, and was certain he would beat them; but he could not be expected to battle against cold and hunger and flame."

This is evidently only the old, old story, of those who take the sword perishing by the sword; and the gay nation which fought for glory and riches, even during peace transcending its neighbours in many fine and peculiar qualities, had to discover that there are men in the world who can conduct war on a sterner footing than is agreeable to French genius; and have more lasting principles as well as better motives for exertion.

A bitter foreboding of doom would it be for Europe, were the Russian armies as prone to offensive war, as they are reliable in defensive, and were their religion very easily convertible into a deification of military renown. But so far from that, their first proceedings after the expulsion of their invaders, were eminently peaceful; the re-building of Moskva, the furnishing homes and employments to the multitude of distressed, and then the erection of a mag-

nificent temple to God their Saviour. The commencement of this solemn building was made in 1817, on this very part of the Sparrow Hill, but the site was subsequently transferred to the southern quarter of the city, or the spot whereon we now observe those matchless domes of gold, crowned with their ethereal living flame of light.

Of the spirit which actuated the Russian people in this dedication, some idea may be gathered from the following portions of an inaugural address by the acting Metropolitan, on occasion of laying the foundation-stone.*

"What do we? Do we wish to erect pyramids in honour of our compatriots who, by immovable fidelity to the Tsar, by burning love to their country, by their praiseworthy combats on the field of battle, have joined their names to those worthy of our eternal benediction? Oh, no! What is man without God? God, the Lord of the wise; God, having ordained his undertakings, gives reason and wisdom. The Lord of Sabaoth girds the impotent with strength, and renders futile the bow of the strong. Then, what do we? In the sight of heaven and earth,—confessing the unspeakable mercy and benevolence which the Supreme Lord of the world has been pleased to extend over us—attributing to Him alone all the success, all the glory of the late wars,—

* Lyall's 'Travels in Russia,' vol. ii. p. 490.

we lay the foundation of a temple, consecrated to our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"O God, with our eyes we have seen who accomplished these things in our days; therefore not by our humble sword elevated over the enemy, our own power did not save us! Thou alone savedst us from those who despitefully fell upon us, and put them to confusion. O let us praise God all the day long, and sing of His name through eternity."

"Thou, the capital, particularly bearest upon thyself the stamp of the wonders of God; among thy ruins was broken the terrible power of the destroyer; the flames exterminating thee, also destroyed his strength; it inflamed the hearts of the Russians, and of other nations, for the return of peace and tranquillity. Therefore let us exalt the Lord our God, and standing on the bank of this, His holy hill, worship Him in spirit and in truth."

With such sentiments ruling the general proceedings of this nation, civilization need by no means be alarmed on seeing that people's development towards being one of the greatest powers of the earth: not only in territory as it is already beyond compare, but in population and acts, wealth and influence.

Thinking thus over what the future might unroll, we wandered for an hour in the solemnity of night over the Krasnaya Plostchad of the Kitai Gorod, with the groves of golden crosses of the Kremle between our eyes and the moon's pale crescent.

How quiet was the scene! You might at times have fancied that it was all a dream of a departed nation, of a people who having already worked out the ends designed for them by Providence, are gone to their final account. But next morning, when the whole arena was once more filled with interminable crowds and streams of a busy, commercial and manufacturing population, you recognized how the previous quiet had been the healthy refreshing sleep of a strong man; yea, even of a giant, and a strong one, who is only now beginning to run his victorious race in the world.

By noon of that next day we had taken our places once again in the railway train to return to St. Petersburg, and away sped the carriages over the undulating environs of the older capital. When at length some thirty miles away, black clouds were observed to the north-east, and presently a little country village was seen on fire, church and wooden houses and everything except the poor peasants themselves. We never before saw smoke so dreadfully black, or flames so awfully red. There was immense excitement in our long carriage, for every one crowded towards the windows on that side, and the great tongues of flame could be heard to crackle, and the black funereal volumes of smoke were now rolling over our heads. Suddenly, and while this was

precisely at its height, the train passed us in front of a little platform where stood a soldier-guard signalling the usual order of safety along the line; and there he stood with outstretched arm like a statue, immoveable, while close behind him were the crimson flames leaping upon and devouring his homestead and his resident village; but he, like a true soldier of his nation, "inaccessible to fear, and incapable of treason," had received his orders, and therefore undeviatingly performed them to the uttermost, like the Roman legionaries overwhelmed on guard in the gates of Pompeii. All this we saw as an exquisite and telling picture in one moment, and at the next we were plunged into the trough of a deep railway cutting.

It was not a very long one, but there were high banks beyond, and then tall trees, and before we could again look easily in the direction of either soldier or village, we seemed to have arrived in a completely different part of the country; and in truth we could never learn a word further of the fate of either the one or the other.

A sprinkling of military with civilians of various degrees occupied the carriage we were in, and amongst the latter there were many famous John-Bull kind of countenances, and one example amongst them we specially noted as being so utterly un-French, un-German, un-Italian,—unlike any nationality except Great Britain in general, and in particular a late lamented

Lord of Session in Edinburgh, who was in his earlier years "the greatest advocate that ever appeared in Parliament-house." There was the same commanding high-souled eye, which could be stern to blackness, and haughty beyond all approach, and yet again could be sweet as summer in his private life, beaming with generosity, or sparkling with radiant wit; the same, or almost the same height and breadth of forehead with length of head, but united with a rather stronger form of body and ruder tone of health; such, therefore, as the great Scottish lawyer would perhaps have been had fate determined that his days should be spent in the capacity of a country squire, rather than in studying black-letter law, and burning midnight oil over tangled cases of legal dispute and subtile verbal difficulty. Something of the squire species, or rather a noble living on his property "after six or seven years spent in the service," the Russian gentleman proved to be; and he was now bringing up one of his sons to join the Diplomatic College in St. Petersburg.

This youth presently took the opportunity of a vacant place on the seat before us, to enter into a long conversation, and in such excellent or rather perfect English that we could scarcely believe he had never been out of Russia. Yet so it was; and he ran on for a long time with a deal of information about the growth of the manufactures in Moskva and its

suburbs. The numerous beautiful iron castings, which as open-work staircases were now becoming so general all over the city, owed their origin to an Englishman. He had arrived a poor workman, had made some invention for which the authorities paid him handsomely, and was now worth a million and a half of rubles. But the chief manufacturing interests about Moskva are those of the nobles. They had to retrieve their fortunes after the burning of the city; so having first joined the army and assisted in beating the cruel enemy back all through Europe to his own country, they found themselves, before they were aware of it, made acquainted with the system of modern manufactures,—the source of the wealth of the West. On their return, therefore, each nobleman, in place of rebuilding his former large palace and keeping five hundred or a thousand footmen, erected a manufactory, and made his numerous "Jeameses" work therein. By degrees it was found that forced labour is very slow, and that it was more profitable for the nobleman mill-master to hire workmen than to use his own serfs. Now the workmen he hired were generally serfs to some other lord, who also had found it most profitable to allow his legal servants to hire themselves out as freemen. And thus in a short time many of the old feudal households of the ancient Russian nobility were broken up. But when this was done, both lords

and ladies found themselves better served at home with a few dozen hired servants, than by hosts of their own serfs; while large profits soon began to be derived from the various mills.

"Here," said the young man, "we are at Tver; and there," he added laughing, "is a row of the mills wherewith our government is going to ruin England. Tver is a promising site for general manufactures, situated, as well as Moskva, on the coal strata, and besides that on the noble Volga stream. Not only are there here many Imperial and nobles' manufactories, but all the peasants of the region are so impregnated with manufacturing notions, as well as infused with the principles of organization and regulation, that they club together, one village, or two or three villages, to build a great cotton-mill, or a samovar manufactory, for themselves; and the affairs of the mill are conducted so skilfully by a council of their old 'whiteheads,' that they run the profits of the noble's or merchant's manufactory hard by, very close; and have the satisfaction of dividing all the profits among themselves. These notions of the inhabitants of a village managing their own affairs for themselves are of very old date."

So far the juvenile diplomate had been most communicative; but when we unfortunately asked him further particulars about the origin of those customs of his country, he grew suddenly very retired, and

answered only that they (the Russians) did not like their early history to be known by other nations.

Why or wherefore we could not extract, only that it is so.

At the next station, when the train stopped, a spiritless lump of a military officer in the huge grey cloak and two-foot cape of a Muscovite entered, and must needs drop down into the vacant place of the lively and well-informed diplomatic cadet; so he, when he entered from the refreshment-room where he had been satisfying a growing lad's appetite, was compelled to move to a distant part of the carriage, and we had no more talk with him. But much we ruminated on what he had said of real early Russian history not having yet been published, and the people themselves disliking it to go out of their own keeping.

"Is it so good, or is it so bad?" we wondered; and as we now saw on looking out of the carriage windows, that the train was once again dashing through a country of cold marsh and grass and wood, or in other words had reached the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg,—we determined to try, on a second visit there, to look into things in general a little more deeply than before.

THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.

PART III.

ST. PETERSBURG REVIEWED.

"He comes—the Lord of Victory!
A thousand bolts his hand sends forth,
He rules the South, he guides the North,
The Crescent and the Lion flee."

Dmitriev: BOWRING.

PART III.

ST. PETERSBURG REVIEWED.

CHAPTER I.

THE EMPEROR'S NAME-DAY.

September.

On the morning of the 10th of September, we were once again in the Nevski Prospekt of St. Petersburg; but the scene was unusual; the populace were crowded on either side of that most lengthy street, and both military and police were present in considerable numbers. The sky was gloomily grey, and the air more than autumn cold. Suddenly there stalked up to us the tolerably well-known figure of a radical and untoward Celt. In general, he was accustomed on meeting us to lay down the law on everything; and in pretty nearly everything, we used to find out afterwards that he had been completely mistaken; but now he came up actually inquiringly.

"Do you know," he vouchsafed to ask, "what all this is about? I've been to my club, but no one can tell me, or at least they dare not. The country

is in a very uneasy state, I can assure you; and the police most iniquitously active, carrying off educated men by fifties; where to? no one knows. Why only yesterday I asked a Russian friend of mine a question, and before he would answer me, he looked round about to see if there was any one within earshot, and then he took me into another room, and would there only tell me in a whisper. Yet it was a perfectly innocent matter after all. Oh! I can prove to you that every man here is in constant danger of his neighbour; and they are all fearing a general explosion. This great gathering of the people forebodes no good. I've been talking about many things to my man Petrushka,—he's a serf on *obrok; i.e.* he pays his master so much a year for leave to come into town and push his fortune,—and I said to him one evening, 'Petrushka, don't you think the Emperor is a long time in giving you your promised freedom?' Well, he did not answer anything, but I could see clearly enough that he didn't like it. So then, as there was a little water still in the samovar, I made him a cup of tea; and after that I said to him, 'Petrushka, how hard you must have to work, to make up all that obrok you've got to pay to your master!' And then didn't his teeth grind together. And there's been very bad news from some of the country districts; the serfs have been rising and the military have been mowing them down with grape-

shot. The Government tries to keep it all secret, but the truth will out; and I dare say its some rumour of that sort which is making such a conspiring here just now."

"Nay, indeed," we succeeded at last in putting in, "it's merely the worthy Petersburgers gathering to see their Emperor in his transit to the shrine of Alexander Nevski. This is the especial fête-day of that saint who is the name-father of the Emperor; so it is, to the religiously disposed, a more important occasion than even the Emperor's own birthday. There was a young diplomate in the railway carriage coming from Moskva who told us all about it, and it is by his advice that we have come here to see."

"Oh! you can't believe a word that those young fellows in uniform tell you. They're a bad lot, the whole of them," returned our pertinacious alarmist. "There's a great deal more in it than what he let out, I can warrant you. Just look at some of those sinister countenances; and see how almost entirely the crowd is made up of men. In fact, I'm sure there's a revolution coming on, and I'll go and hear what poor Petrushka has to say about it."

So off he went, and we being free again, pushed our way forward, up that long straight street, the Nevski Prospekt, hoping for some decrease in the continual crowd of people that lined either pavement. But past all the bridges we went, and yet there was no

clear view of the central roadway. Windows and balconies of public buildings were filled, some gaily, some strangely; at one of the latter was a row of conical-hatted and long-robed Armenian priests, and no small variety of costume on the pavement. At length, however, when we had nearly traversed half the long line between the Winter Palace at one end of the Prospekt, and Alexander Nevski's cathedral at the other, and were beginning to fear that the procession would pass us unseen, the crowd thinned out in a very broad part of the street, and we immediately obtained foremost places.

Then we perceived that nearly the whole breadth of the roadway was preserved intact by isolated police sentries, each many yards from the other; and the middle of it was laid down with a series of platforms, that made a continuous planken carriage-path over all the pebbly portions of the pavement. The spectators must have been waiting long, and very patiently; but just as some symptoms seemed to come floating upon the breeze telling that the procession was actually beginning its march lower down, then the notion took first one individual, and then another, that if they had previously been content with being on the left side of the street, they must now run across to the right or they would see nothing; and similarly those on the right, thought just at the last moment that there was no place to be

at so good as the left. But by-and-by the police interfered, and one man was stopped in the middle of his rapid passage across the street, and told to go back. On his refusing, the policeman prepared to make him return; and almost by magic four or more policemen were concentrated on the spot in a moment. Then while they were palavering and conducting the refractory spectator back to his own side, lots of people above or below that particular point, took the opportunity to make a quick run of it, some from right to left, and just about as many from left to right. The great body of spectators, though, did not seem much to like this exhibition of unequal fortune, if not partial justice, so far as that one compulsory case was concerned; yet they quieted when the galloping hoofs of a horse were heard, and strained their eyes and stretched their necks Winter-Palace-wards to see what was coming. On came the sounds nearer and nearer, and presently there passed before us a liveried servant of the palace, riding away apparently on some message to Alexander Nevski Cathedral. Riding undoubtedly he was, but on such a horse! It was the only sorry horse we had seen or were to see in Russia. Oh! the lamentable spectacle, for it was the most miserable hack you can imagine, of a broken-down Rozinante, forced to go against its will into a sort of rocking-horse canter. No one seemed to know what to

think of it until a stray black dog, as shrewd and witty as a Skye terrier but about twice the size, scampered out into the open, past the policemen, ran impudently after the Palace messenger, barked in good honest loud tones of contempt at the horse's heels for a few paces, and then,—turning about, stood still conceitedly in the very middle of the street, wagging his tail to either pavement, and seeming to call for approbation to his gallant deed; and he called for it in a manner that at once elicited cheers and laughter from all beholders.

Shortly after things were thus made pleasant again, deep-voiced "ourrahs" were heard apparently running up the sides of the street; and in a brilliant cavalcade, came the Emperor, and officers of staff splendidly mounted; then a golden coach drawn by eight black horses, a groom in cloth-of-gold by every horse's head, and an enormously fat coachman, a prodigy of bulk, in similar costume on the box. The Empress and heir apparent were inside the coach in court dress, and bowing to the people through the very large plate-glass windows. Then followed another similar coach with six horses and six grooms and fat coachman all in cloth-of-gold. After this came another and another bearing ladies of the Court; in all, there were twelve golden coaches, and none of them drawn by fewer than six magnificently caparisoned horses. These passed on, and

were followed by detachments of all the cavalry regiments in the garrison, Circassians in armour of silver and steel, Persians in conical fur caps and garments striped with yellow and brown, true Kozaks of the Don, and Russian Imperial Guards in a variety of more Western uniforms.

Thus they all passed by on their way to the Emperor's shrine of worship, while the crowd behind them began to break up, and its component members to pursue their own several avocations and destinations. These were in most cases to some one or other of the many golden-domed churches: and in one at least, the Semenovski, we found an extra portion of the service usual in any Russian church, in the shape of preparing sacred water through means of the "Office of the Lesser Sanctification." Not that the sanctification itself is less, but only that a smaller quantity of water is concerned; for the "Greater Sanctification" refers to that grand January display, where at a large opening made through the ice, the whole waters of the Neva are blessed at once, in presence of the Court, the military, and the people; and when vast quantities of the fluid are carried away in bottles to every household, to serve during a whole twelvemonth "in curing diseases and driving away evil spirits."

On the present occasion, there was merely to be a modicum prepared for baptismal purposes; but the

crowded congregation who had assisted at the ceremony, all strove at its conclusion to obtain some material advantage; and immense and long-continued was the pressure towards the doors where one priest held a crucifix-adorned Bible to be kissed, and another asperged the kisser by sprinkling him with the "basilke," or bunch of basil-plant wet with the sacred water.

Never before had we observed so clear a proof, though in a small way, that with all the splendour of the priesthood's appointment, and the high organization of their system, Russia is not a priest-ridden country. The priests and their offices are rather a function of the will of the people; and the people are present everywhere, in season and out of season, to see that they get a due performance of all they consider meet and proper. Sometimes, no doubt, this may lead to undue restraint by ignorant zeal over learned theology; but it is at all times potent in preventing gross abuses, and ensures the future advance and general spread of true religion in this nation for many generations to come. Here, as it appeared to us, the people were evidently rather hard on the priests, for though these were tired out with their long standing services and could scarcely support themselves,—still pressed on towards them hosts and hosts of fresh devotees to kiss the sacred book and receive aspersion. Overstrained human

nature at last grew rebellious, and after fixed determined looks and misanthropic frowns, the priests, in despair of their trial ever coming to an end, began to push out the rasp-like surface of the ornamented book rather rudely against the humble lips; and we saw one old gentleman get such an amount of asperging that it was quite a caution, and he had some trouble in getting rid of the overplus. A hint indeed it proved, for soon after that the applicants had diminished to such an extent that the priests were enabled to retire and rest them after their many hours of labour. Then hastened up to and about a large font the devout remainder of the people; some to drink the water with eagerness into their inmost souls, and others having had a few drops poured into their hands from a sacred cup, to rub it upon some rheumatic joint or any other afflicted member of their body.

The zeal and ardour with which these works were performed, indicated pretty plainly that it is not on every Sunday that such waters can be obtained here; for the Russian Church does not make that constant use of holy-water which the Roman Catholic does. Their (the Roman) rite is said to be descended from the ancient custom of placing plain water at the entrance of a church, or even a heathen temple, to enable the poor to wash their hands and faces, and make themselves decently and respectably clean, before entering to pay their devotions; but the Russian

feeling does not seem to hinge so much on traditional usages sanctified by Church authority, as on New-Testament maxims, and the belief they inculcate in the efficacy of prayer; for, before attempting to touch any of the water, every Russian prays that it may be sanctified "by the virtue, operation, and descent of the Holy Ghost; that it may become the gift of sanctification and the forgiveness of sins; that it may be a well springing up unto eternal life."

Other prayers of a more materialist character follow; and many persons object to the military forces being paraded so largely during a religious ceremony, and to a salute of big guns being fired at the completion of the whole. No doubt this has to be explained; but so does also the very similar grand display which takes place in Edinburgh on the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It is strange enough then to see the quantity of cavalry and infantry brought into play; but when the Royal Artillery drive up to the very church doors, not only in their best clothes, but with their new Armstrong cannon and steel-bound carriages, accompanied by ammunition-waggons, shot and shell, fuses and spare wheels, it passes the comprehension of many!

After the whole of the Church services of the Nevski-name-day are fully completed, and the Emperor may be supposed to have returned to his palace, then begins a new demonstration by his loyal

people; for they rush to the bakers' shops and demand the cakes due to their Tsar's name-day, and called, we believe, after his name-saint, "Alexander Nevski cakes." Whereupon the bakers furnish the public, at a price often of many rubles, with an ornamental and delicate composition, which is really a dish fit to set before both an empress and an emperor.

A peculiar St. Petersburg art, it would seem to be, the making of these lordly and favourite "cakes." They are round and flat, about two inches thick, and from two to three feet in diameter,—exhibiting thus a capacious surface; where, on a fair white ground of gently solidified rich creamy material, large initial letters are emblazoned with heraldic ornamentations, which they construct in the richest quintessence of variously preserved fruits of divers brilliant colours. You cut with ease into this delicious work of art, and then find its interior all a happy agglomeration of honey and cream, with conserve of greengage and peach, but imbued more or less throughout with the materials of Savoy biscuits, and jelly of the rarest pine-apple; and, in conclusion, how it blends with and promotes all the finest flavour of a glass of genuine Russian tea!

Oh! that Rome would always do such things as these, and then, what stranger is there within her gates, who would not gladly assimilate himself to every one of her customs!

CHAPTER II.

PALACES AND HEROES.

RETURNED once again to the now well-accustomed external look of the Admiralty Quarters of St. Petersburg, we could not long delay to profit by those two Palace tickets which we had had the felicity of receiving at the hands of a Russian lady, high-minded and enthusiastic for the glory of her country; though we still preferred, as to order of visitation, to pass by the "Winter Palace" and pay our duties first at the so-called "Hermitage." The latter building adjoins the former on the eastern side, is nearly as extensive a pile; and, after the miles of great plaster erections in the neighbourhood, is a notable relief to the eye; by dint of not only a solid and worked-stone construction, but its admirable decoration to the very utmost extent by good statues; above, below, and wherever classical precedent allows a statue to appear, whether in bronze, marble, or granite.

In the last-mentioned material, the most noticeable figures are a series of colossal Atlas men, upholding with Herculean power the roof of an entering portico. They are all cut out of the hardest the hard grey granite of Ladoga, which has here been worked and polished as admirably into artistic forms as, in the previously mentioned chapel on the Nikolayevski bridge (see Plate 3, Vol. II.), it has been made to assume more rigid mechanical shapes and stiff masonic ornaments. Such minute features too, as the starting veins and sinews in the feet of these giant Telamones of the North, are given as fully in their way as any of the bulky muscles of their thighs, arms, or breasts; and if only there had been some centuries' proof of the permanence of the present glossy surface of the whole, why then the Russian claim to have succeeded to the granite-empire of ancient Egypt would really be well established.

But we may not idle here on the threshold of such a palace as the Hermitage; for see, within the folding doors of glass, there are a dozen servitors already waiting, prepared to divest us of top-coat, goloshes, and whatever else St. Petersburg etiquette debars from entry, as well into a government office as a lady's private drawing-room.

Once conformed however to the reigning usage, it seemed as if we were made agreeably free of the whole place, though we were soon joined in the first

sculpture gallery by a respectful and not too obtrusive attendant. He was perhaps rather desirous occasionally of pointing out a few special subjects to notice, but did not show any indisposition to our choosing our own favourites and taking our own time to them. This latter sort of thing though at last brought its own cure, for we were evidently now in something approaching to a British Museum-full of antique marbles, with an equal number of modern ones added thereto; and hence, as we traversed room after room of well mounted and exposed statues, busts, bas-reliefs, and groups, we found ourselves inevitably arriving at that hardened and unimpressionable frame of mind which mere museum-walking is too apt to produce. Producing such state too, we fear, not only in individuals, but in nations as well; for when their time of prosperity has arrived, when a nation's fine-art galleries are numerous and filled with works of great masters, how generally do its sons from that moment cease to think originally, to observe nature for themselves, and to invent or produce anything new!

So now having already become, in spite of ourselves, negligent and supercilious, and, out of the sheer abundance spread around on every side, grown sadly deadened to the attractions of any single thing of beauty,—we passed on to other and others such with increasing unconcern, until all the statuary rooms

were gone through. Then came gracefully, Grecian and Etruscan pottery, amid an architecture though, which was all too massive for them, we thought; though nothing could be so for the occasionally interspersed gigantic pateræ of Siberian ore, serpentine, or jasper. One of these creations, fit certainly to be a goblet for the nations, being some sixteen to nineteen feet in mean diameter, and of elegant elliptic form, was most remarkable for its exquisite workmanship; still more so was another of a taller figure and of a veined and rose-coloured marble.

Then we entered the room of the Crimean antiquities, where much from that region, both in classic vases and golden ornaments, was exhibited; but where the city of Kertch should have had a place there was a melancholy blank, by reason of that Vandal work of destruction perpetrated in a single morning by the allied armies, unaccompanied by any scientific commission such as that which shed glory on the French invasion of Egypt more than half a century earlier. Then followed book-rooms,—the libraries of Voltaire, Diderot, and others, to the number of a hundred and ten thousand volumes, as well as the Russian library of the palace domestics; then print-rooms, manuscript-rooms, and artists' sketches rooms, in long suite, interspersed here and there with a costly malachite vase, or a jasper patera, or a lapis-lazuli candelabrum, and continual rows of columns of the lovely grey granite of Ladoga.

Let us delay for a moment before these columns, for with them there is something peculiar to the country, and we can depend on seeing old missals and black-letter printing in many another and more appropriate locality than this bran-new capital of the Tsars. They have paid, no doubt, an immense amount of attention to such things here, but have happily not forgotten, amid pursuits of mediæval *vertu*, their duty to their own times, or their place among the rising empires of the world: and these columns testify for them. For in the granite of its northern plains there lay a mission for the people of this city to fulfil, and they lost no time in taking it up; indeed we are not sure but that St. Petersburg, besides being now the first beyond compare amongst existing cities as to the gigantic size of its polished granite works, both architectural and artistic, is not likewise the pioneer in point of time.

Our long-headed countrymen in Aberdeen do certainly claim for one of their worthiest citizens the merit of re-inventing amongst them the old Egyptian methods of granite cutting and polishing, whence the fountain-basins, vases, tombstones, and bracelets which have of late been growing common amongst us, either in the pink granite of Peterhead or the grey of the "Queen of the North,"—the same hard grey whereof that particular monument must have been composed, which, according to the story

we have heard more than once, on being sent to London for erection at Kensal Green, with certain letters of the inscription uncut, did utterly there confound all the English masons, who, with their tools blunted upon it, and in despair of making any impression on its more than adamantine surface, were at last reduced to the necessity of imploring some of their more cunning Northern brethren to come to their assistance.

Yet, even granting all the honourable independence of this Scottish re-invention, how recent is its date! Between twenty and thirty years, a friend just arrived from the banks of the Dee informs us; and one has only to look into the quaint and particularizing volume of the late Robert Stephenson, descriptive of the building of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, to see how, no further back than in 1807, the mere quarrying of large rough blocks of granite for building purposes, was so difficult or limited,—that after excruciating delays and anxieties, that conscientious engineer was compelled against conscience to give up his original idea of a granite lighthouse for the eastern coast of Scotland; and content himself with a small portion only of the Titan rock to form a basis and partial casing for the rest of the building; which was then finished up with the cheaper and softer material of sedimentary sandstone.

To read, we say, of these infant efforts of our own

times for supplying mere building blocks of granite in the ancient country of Scotland; and then to come to modern Russia and see, if not how easily, yet how multitudinously she had turned out for a period of a whole generation previously, huge monolith columns of the same substance, polished and figured like Italian alabaster,—why, really it makes one begin to suspect that our British literature does not always represent the whole facts of scientific invention and industrial history with equal fullness in every part. This Hermitage Palace, for instance, commenced by Lamotte in 1765, and completed by Guarenghi in 1804, abounds in what men of the present day, and in our country, would at once call "Aberdeen polished granite columns," both on the ground floor, and more especially in the first story, in a colonnade over the marble staircase. Yet they are all of a date anterior to the rise of Scottish granite works; and, as we have said before, they are monoliths.

Now the virtue of this unitic formation for a column had so insensibly approved itself to us on beholding it in St. Petersburg exemplified in pillars of all sizes, from twenty feet to eighty feet in length,—had so established itself we may say in our minds as the only way in which a column should be made, or would be, or had ever been made by any mighty nation,—that it was not until our return to Edinburgh that we fully appreciated the improvement which

the Russians have effected in this branch of modern architecture. The return however at once opened our eyes; for when we entered a flourishing Banking-Palace situated in one of the more fashionable squares of the Modern Athens, and fitted up gorgeously only seven or eight years ago with, amongst its chief decorations, a number of columns of Aberdeen polished granite (which columns too, of the Corinthian order, we had previously been accustomed to look on as everything that they might or should be), lo! now they hideously offended our vision, as being mere piecemeal things; wretchedly constructed; with their shafts of several blocks in lengths of four and a half or five feet each. That very instant the charm of these columns as works of art for an advanced nation, was to us fled for ever; and they then reminded one only of a cracked pane of glass, of a leaky bowl, or of an epigram, which is no epigram because it fails to realize its point. Nay, they were worse still; they gave the idea of patchwork. And what is that? Why it is a something which may, for anything we know to the contrary, form a warmish garment; but it reminds every one of spiritless beggary, and tailors' cabbage, and all vulgar things together; and for our own part, we would rather have our coat cut out of rolls of coarsest drugget, than made up of shreds and clippings of any man's purple and fine linen. Patchwork, then, in a royal granite

column we can by no means abide. Greek and Roman example for constructing a pillar in pieces, may be claimed, no doubt; but what does that show? First of all it reminds, that both those nations had generally only fissured rocks to deal with; secondly, that their tastes and genius were not so mechanical as those either of the ancient Egyptians or of some existing peoples; and finally, the idea may not have struck them. There is nothing left, therefore, so far as we can see, but to confess that Russia has effectually transcended Greece and Rome, as well as several modern nations, in conquering the great granite regions of the earth, and therein developing the only proper construction for all granite column shafts, large or small.

In their mounting, there is still perhaps something to be perfected in the Russian columns; grey granite on white marble feet, at the Hermitage, are for interiors admirable. The red granite of St. Izak, on dark bronze, will do, but no more, and something better may yet be found. But the red granite at Kazan church, on bright brass in rounded ring forms, is simply abominable. The brass may be thick, and may even be solid; but it will persist in reminding one of the contemptible thin curled yellow-sheet-metal of which brass bedroom-candlesticks are often constructed, and of the Frenchness of the French architect who perpetrated such a combination in the Russian capital.

On the upper floor of the Hermitage, a visitor

enters its chief picture-galleries. There are still to be seen at intervals imperial vases of malachite; giant decorations of lapis-lazuli; tables almost innumerable, covered with cameos fifteen thousand in number, they say; and others with gems, medals, and pastes; but pictures are evidently the characterizing feature of the region. We have heard persons discussing as to the twentieth room or the thirtieth, and even the forty-first, and we doubt not their full and perfect existence; good rooms all of them, generally well lighted, filled, and arranged. They possess, too, some things by Rembrandt, Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, Vandyke, and others of the precious, amongst the great masters, which have magic power enough to stop even a racehorse museum-walker in full career. The Dutch school likewise is strong, as well as numerous; dreadfully numerous however; and while there are many of its canvases and panels, of which you can find nothing to say in their praise either as to their design, colour, composition, or execution,—there are some few, not only showing the low, vulgar, and sometimes dirty scenes of Dutchland and Flemishdom; but indulging in such immorality of the same general character, that, were they ours, we should have no compunction at all in tossing them out of the window into the Neva below; and perhaps we might prevail on a few of the Italian copies to follow them.

A new picture-room, we were glad to find, has been fitted up, since the date of any printed details we have met with; and is devoted to the "Russian School." Its chief ornaments are, the two well-known pictures (twenty feet by thirty, we would suggest, as a guess from memory) of "Moses Raising the Serpent in the Wilderness," by Bruni; and the "Destruction of Pompeii," by Brulov. They can hardly be said to have any national traits about them, and we believe they were both painted at Rome; yet being by Russian artists educated there, they exhibit at least the capacity of the Russian mind to receive such culture; and not only so, but to ascend to the very first ranks of it. Both pictures may be considered figure subjects, and in physique as well as costume have happily escaped from all traces of modern conventionalisms and everyday reminders; while the whole style of treatment seems to combine, with the modern Parisian freedom, vigour, and boldness of conception, much of the deeper feeling, and more perfect skill in execution, of the true Italian school. Hence, in the Pompeii scene, among the young damsels and old men, flying in wild consternation, only to be immured in the perishing ruins of their devoted city, and their garments ceasing to serve the full purposes they were originally intended for,—are to be found model heads and example limbs that might be con-

sidered illustrations of the very ideal type of the abstract human form; representing, with matchless feeling for beauty, most varied characteristics of age and youth, in mind and body, with every effect of foreshortening, and all the diversified illuminations, direct or reflected, of the dreadful fiery scene.

Something might be said in favour of several other very respectable Russian pictures; but we grieve to say, that the next most remarkable work to those of Bruni and Brulov's masterpieces, is a grand sea-scape, representing ocean waves; representing also, perhaps, the ambitious efforts of a Muscovite mind to rise superior to its territorial trammels; and, precisely because in either the Baltic or Black Sea, only "*mutton*" undulations are to be seen,—therefore does a St. Petersburg artist delight to represent the heaving masses of the Indian or Pacific oceans, scenes with which he can never have any familiar acquaintance. But he, the artist of this particular picture, was determined to make his marine disturbances big enough; so the whole sea is arranged in three huge mountains of water; and then all the received variations of tint in aerial perspective are lugged in, and torn to positive rags, in pictorially magnifying the size of those mountain masses; the nearest of them being painted pure grass-green; the second rich purple; and the furthest cobalt blue; while on the horizon is a

vivid sun in a crocus sky; and in the forewater, on a piece of brown wreck, a red man, burning with indignation at the long mountainous climb of bright green water the artist has set before him. Yet the picture has been doubly approved of by the painter's countrymen; for not only is it here among the honoured and would-be immortalized works of its school, as one of the superhuman founders of it indeed; but a full-sized copy of the picture was being made by a young artist while we were there.

In another part of the galleries, the servitor who had faithfully accompanied us thus far, held some secret communications with a knot of similar men found in waiting at a special passage; and after a few signs and signals we were suddenly spirited into a new apartment. The door was immediately closed behind us, and we found a benignant old gentleman for our guide in "the Peter the Great corridor." That is a long narrow room, or series of rooms, in a straight line, whereunto almost all the curiosity memorials of the reforming Tsar have lately been gathered, from the thousand and one separate palaces they have been hitherto scattered amongst.

Here therefore was furniture that had belonged to "Peter;" his stuffed horse (a small, round-necked thing, like those which the French Raffet is fond of reproducing in his Bonaparte sketches); his two dogs and man also; and then the stick was brought

out equal to his height, over six mortal feet. "From their race came Peter the Great," is the inscription on the Naryshkin monument at St. Alexander Nevski; and after such an instance of the advantage of a reigning family for once-in-a-way marrying into that of a subject, it is wonderful that the experiment has not been tried again.

There was a good portrait here of this regenerator of his country; dark in countenance, large-eyed, stern, muscular, and vehement; and there was also, alas! when a curtain was drawn, a wax-work, life-sized figure of him, in the same identical court suit of light-blue and silver, which his cheerful help-meet Catherine assisted him on with over his plain brown jacket, when he had suddenly to prepare for receiving the Persian ambassadors in state; and she, looking on him in his fine toggery, could not help laughing out in her own cheery manner, to see how unlike his usual self her own Tsar appeared.

Old palace fittings abounded in this saloon; looking-glass frames and vases and caskets, all of filigree silver, until we were perfectly tired with the uniform thready stuff; and jewelled snuff-boxes, and jewelled bouquets of flowers, until we cared no more to look on real jewels, than on the two-inch paste rubies that adorned the musical peacock's glass house; but when the ancient butler-man showed us some of Peter's carving and turning, there was a subject

of more interest opened up. How on earth that primitive muscular genius, who died at the early age of fifty-two years, could have continued to find time to execute all the pieces of handiwork attributed to him, in every large city of the extensive Russian empire, is astonishing beyond compare; and even if he had lived the idlest of passive reigns, it would have been difficult. But he, we know, was a reformer, who himself and on his own ideas, reformed church and state and army too, created a navy, altered the calendar, invented an alphabet for an immense nation; taught them and kept them to improved arts of peace as well as war; crushed rebellions, and waged many wars against divers nations; greatly extended the bounds of his empire, and so consolidated and strengthened its fabric, that it has gone on increasing ever since, instead of, like many another conqueror's empire, falling to pieces the instant he is laid in the grave.

How could this man then, descend to carving lilliputian holy families, and apostle groups, in ivory or box-wood; and not disgracefully neglect the cares of state; like a monarch of the lower Greek empire, when he took to painting ecclesiastical pictures; or a Spanish Bourbon, on manifesting a decided turn for hemming dresses for the Virgin, or making pastry? The mere time to get up the necessary artistic skill reported in Peter's works,

is as surprising as anything, indeed quite a psychological curiosity; and therefore, one object we had in bringing our photography to Russia was, to procure in that way, faithful transcripts of exactly the degree of perfection to which the Tsar of genius had attained. For as to trusting to written accounts, ask any professional painter if a literary critic's description alone ever enabled him to judge of the real merit of a picture. We obtained an answer, however, to our doubts; and an explanation of our difficulties, rather unexpectedly.

The benignant guide showed us first, some strange pieces of delicate turning; sort of fly-castle things, such as may be seen at Holtzapfel's, or other approved makers of gentlemen-amateurs' turning-lathes; but when he showed us also bas-reliefs in wood, representing not only the Scripture subjects already mentioned, but battle-pieces, with several hundred figures admirably executed in the space of a few square inches,—we were mightily astonished. Seeing however a similar one in brass, we asked if that were also the Tsar's doing? "Oh! that," seemed the man to say, "was the Tsar's model;" and he turned our attention to a piece of machinery in which rested the great Peter's last undertaking, still standing in the half-finished state he left it in. There was the original sculptured or embossed plate in metal on one side, with the end of a lever guide

resting upon it; and on the other side was a block of wood, on whose surface an imitation of the figures on the other plate had been partially cut, by a drill which acted against it, and was connected by the intervention of many-teethed wheels, with the lever guide.

In short, this was a wood-carving machine, driven in its day by the Tsar himself; and when we expressed an interest in it, the attendant pointed out to us many more with slight variations, showing that Peter must have gone largely into the mechanical multiplication of works of art; and while he thereby, with hands and feet driving the whizzing wheels and making the chips fly in showers, probably relieved his mental cares of state far more effectually than by inventing original compositions and drapery arrangements for the old, old groups of painter and sculptor,—he must, we suspect, have forestalled in time a large part of the "Wood-carving-by-machinery Company's works," which made so great a *furor* in our Crystal Palace of 1851.

The Winter Palace as to its Exterior.

So much for the galleries of the Hermitage, chiefly the second Catherine's lordly work; and which, being connected by covered passages with the Winter Palace, serves as library, drawing-room, and picture-gallery thereto. Having seen these

then, what need to go and gape at the residual furnishings in the latter; or mere upholstery? The said Winter Palace, moreover, is not a very engaging building externally, being of plaster painted in a yellow clay-colour, "charming terra-cotta" says an admiring authoress; and as it is not *the* Winter Palace which saw all the varied plottings and catastrophes, triumphs and misfortunes of the second and third Peters, of the original Peter's graceful daughter, the Empress Elizabeth,* the successful career of Voltaire's 'Étoile du Nord,' and the fitful feverish passage of Paul, or the mild radiance of his eldest son; as it saw none of these things, being a new erection built up hastily in 1838, on the site of its renowned predecessor, just before destroyed by fire, it has little more than its architectural merits to stand upon. Now what are these?

When the sun comes out and strikes obliquely on any of the palace's fronts, (it is in the general form of a hollow square, three grand and two or three smaller stories in height), there is a rich effect of surface light and shadow; for it is no doubt a palatial building of Louis-Quatorze style, as redundant with columns, pilasters, porticoes, basso-rilievos, cornices, arched and decorated windows, and statues of half-draped ladies in the breezy neighbourhood of the chimney-pots, and with no flat wall, as any French-

* L'Univers, vol. i.; Russia, p. 265.

man of that overdone period could have desired; and as the palace shows on its three principal faces, all quite open to view, a collective length of more than twenty thousand feet of these continued plaster enrichments, there is quite enough in the way of size even for an Emperor's palace. Nevertheless, the air of a work of art, certainly of high, and thought-inspired and inspiring, art has not been attained in the smallest degree; it is merely an affair of mechanics and manufacturing, with all the system of copying and multiplications by inferior hands; and its chief praise is, that it was run up in the short space of eleven months, and by one of Nicholas's aides-de-camp, Klein Michael, turned architect for such an occasion. The full preparation of the building occupied to beyond the year, but the Emperor is said to have been enabled to accomplish his vow of sleeping again in his Winter Palace within twelve months of its conflagration. So energetic can be your Russian builders.

The views *from* the Palace are effective. To its south front, along which we travelled in our return from the Hermitage, the Winter Palace looks over the eastern end of the great Admiralty Square, in whose centre is the huge Alexander column,—a hundred and fifty feet high in all, its pedestal, a granite block twenty-four feet high, and nearly as many broad; and its shaft, another single block of

eighty feet, originally one hundred and two feet, in length. The angel on its summit rears an enormous cross, clearly visible as such to a distance of many miles, therewith recalling to the local mind the supposed holy and Christian mission of military Russia in her many wars;—while beyond this, the view is terminated by a semicircular arrangement of gigantic white government offices, having in the middle a triumphal arch of seventy feet span, as entrance to a street, and surmounted by a full-horsed quadriga and its proper complement both of classical trumpet-blowers and naked runners on either side.

The Palace's western front, which seems the principal one architecturally, and has additional effect from a retired central portion of the *façade*, is marked, first, by a curious little erection in bright painted sheet-iron, and in shape between a cricket-tent and a Chinese tower; it is the coachman's fire-place, in anticipation for those awful frost-bitten nights of Russian mid-winter, when human nature can no longer contend with the other elements, unassisted by flame. At a greater distance beyond, are the gardens, and then the gigantic building of the Old Admiralty, rearing its slender gilded spire to the skies. By a raking view to the left, the domes of St. Izak, and some of the buildings at the western end of the great square, may be commanded; while by looking similarly to the right, something of the Neva and its shipping may be seen.

Turning next to the north front of the Palace,—and let us notice here, that, despots though the Russian sovereigns are said to be, they fence in themselves not in St. Petersburg, any more than in Moskva, from their people by wall, railing, or any sort of physical protection; but on the contrary allow a public line of roadway to pass quite close to the north-west corner of their Palace, and on every side foot-passengers may walk along almost in contact with the lower windows,—on this north front then, the ground space is contracted merely to a roadway between the palace and the quay; but there, begins the grandest view of the whole, stretching across an immense bifurcation of the noble river; the nearer arm spanned by a picturesque bridge of boats, sixty feet broad and more than one thousand long; and the further one wandering away illimitably past the Bourse and the galliot-crowded neighbourhood of the Customs. Then immediately opposite the Palace, over the broad, and clear as a fountain, stream, on whose ever-gliding waters, giving 116,000 cubic feet per second to wash the great city clean, rafts of timber from Ladoga, and fleets of barges laden with grain from distant banks of the Volga, are continually passing; while some few vessels better built, and occasionally a full-masted brig, are sailing upwards nearly empty, with the assistance of large sails, and a swift west wind; and river-steamers full

of excursionists are ploughing past, and some fairy little wasps of screw steamers, hardly larger than men-of-war galleys, are whisking about from point to point, and seem to be connected with the Imperial naval service; while the gay decorations of gondola-boats bringing passengers continually to the Palace and Admiralty stairs, where stand the two stone lions, and two colossal vases, of almost marble-like grey granite; a substance looking so precious-stone-like, that it was put down at once as Siberian by a brace of wondering travellers, but is from Finland after all; and forget we not the poor man gliding out of the Venetian canal, from under the vaulted connection between the Hermitage and Theatre, in a large flat boat with all his household goods which he is moving from his old to his new house in another part of the town,—over all this varied commercial and social floating scene then, and the eternal river flowing on, flowing on, the view from the Winter Palace's northern front falls full against the fortress of St. Petersburg, occupying an island on the further side of the river, and flanked on either hand, in the distance, by the flat horizon of the garden islands.

A modern fortress is not in general a very picturesque object; yet it has, or may have, some points; and its angular ramparts, like the natural cleavage of mountain rock-strata on the edge of a table-land,—

witness the bastion Maskamma mountain in the line of the Onder Bokkeveld "wall" at the Cape of Good Hope—often show with effect and variety of light and shade under the many changes of solar illumination. Then again, whereas there is, and of course all the world has heard of it, a certain little overhanging watch-tower at a corner of Edinburgh Castle, that has been praised by an old English writer as the most truly picturesque object in all that city's bounds,—we should mention that there are several such watch-towers at different salient corners of the upper and lower ramparts of the much more extensive exterior of St. Petersburg citadel; and they are commandable as to visibility, in more or less degree, from not a few of the Palace windows.

But there is more in it than this; for above the battlemented bastions of solid granite, there arise the summits of many buildings contained within the fortress, interesting either for their reminiscences, or their styles; such as the encasing of Peter the Great's wooden cottage, and the many prominences of the Imperial mint, where the treasures of Siberia are prepared for the commerce of the world; but more especially the roof and towers of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The eastern tower of this edifice is small and bulbous, a gilt dome in fact; but the western is one of the wonders of the world for height combined

with slenderness. Based on the idea of the Admiralty spire, it carries that type vastly further, and one is inclined to vote it the most characteristic example of the higher architecture of St. Petersburg; not inapt, in its thin mast-like figure, to that modern site, where the great Tsar collected the ship-carpenters of all nations, rejoiced in nothing so much as the erection of a ship's tall mast, and in half a lifetime converted an inland people into the dominant maritime nation of his part of the world. The merit of shaping the precise proportions of square white tower below, and upper tapering spire above, is due we believe to an Italian architect; whose, probably, is the elegant angel-wing wind-vane, below the permanent cross that surmounts the whole. But the final touch to the captivating effect of the whole fabric, is dependent on a feature we were doubtful of at first, viz. the new covering of electro-gilded plating, prepared by a Russian galvanic-battery company, and recently applied to the conical spire, with such perfection of mechanical fitting, that the whole length of a hundred and fifty feet, might seem to be beaten by copper or goldsmith's art, out of a single sheet of brilliantly polished gold. The effect varies immensely under different circumstances of light, for with a high illumination the spire is pale and a brilliant reflection, small and round, is thrown from the dome only; but just come

within view of the fortress when the sun is low and behind you, and how you will be startled at the electric pillar of glory which the angel-surmounted sublime rod of gold, three hundred and ninety-three feet high from its base, then forms in the sky; and before which even the much vaunted Admiralty spire, with all its antique plates of "fine ducat" metal, is compelled to "pale its ineffectual fire," in acknowledgment of the more vigorous splendour of modern electro-gilding!

To the Tsars however there is more, much more than this, in the sight which they have daily before them on the northern side of their palace; especially when by night the golden tower rears itself like a pale, tall spectre in the sky; and marks the position of the humble plot where their stately predecessors lie below, and where they too must also come in their appointed course, and lay them down in the cold and narrow grave.

We made a pilgrimage once to this place of Imperial sepulture; walking thereto over the Troitskoi bridge, and entering the fortress by its eastern gate. The north door of the church or cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, as it is sometimes called, was open; and visitors evidently allowed, by the facility with which a young soldier, cap in hand, detached himself from the corporal's guard at the entrance and attended as a guide. But though good-looking

and well meaning, he was rather an addle-headed youth, and went wool-gathering altogether on being questioned merely about some of the last generation of the Imperial family; and the only thing he was perfectly positive about, was, that Peter the Great in his sarcophagus on the floor, was the same identical personage as St. Peter, in a full-length picture of that zealous apostle, on the wall. So giving up all hope of profiting by the young guardsman's explanations, and not caring for the gorgeous golden doors of the ikonostas, or the numerous military trophies, tattered flags, and rusty keys of many a city and fortress at the western end of the church,—we took to our own wanderings and musings, among the melancholy rows of dark-clothed and silver-labelled sarcophagi of Tsars, Tsarinas, Grand-Dukes, and Grand-Duchesses, from Peter the Great down to the late Emperor Nicholas; and now, as we write, his Empress also; placed on the floor of the church, though the bodies themselves are said to be deposited in vaults underneath.

Interior of the Winter Palace.

It was on another day that we returned to the Winter Palace, and its less impressive scenes. Entering then by a small door from the Neva side, we ascended by a splendacious staircase, and entered lofty rooms of a whity style of decoration; and furnished in the corners with towering plate-racks,

holding a number of gold and silver dishes that proved on inquiry to have been the salvers on which nobles and merchants of St. Petersburg had loyally offered the accustomed bread and salt to their sovereign, on various public occasions. Then there was a ball-room, very long and white and with infinite rows of wax candles along window-tops, door-tops, and running cornices; over and above large chandeliers all ready charged, though the Imperial family were absent and alterations going on, even to the extent of turning up all the earth in a favourite glass-covered garden attached to this apartment.

A couple of half-servant, half-adulterating-grocer's wife sort of women had entered with us to see the Palace fixings, and were indissolubly made of our party by one and the same imperial footman being told off to attend them and ourselves; and we had to wait for their shouts and screams of delight while a workman turned on the water to a little fountain in the said artificial garden, and a light two-inch ball of brass was raised on the jet, and kept tossing about for some minutes in the air.

Then we passed through more pale-faced rooms, with floors of inlaid wood; then threaded long passages, and beyond them entered other suites of apartments with more signs of habitability. The scagliola of the walls and columns, was of virgin purity of whiteness, owing to its preparation from a pecu-

liarly fine alabaster found near Kazan; and gilded enrichments were frequent; but none of the effects fully satisfied us, until we entered a room with white marble walls, and decorations of malachite and gold. This was said to be the Empress's drawing-room, and abounded with crimson silk sofas, candelabra of lapis-lazuli, vases of rose-coloured jasper from Siberia, and side tables of agate or similar precious material. A neighbouring room contained, besides rich furnishings, several portraits of members of the Imperial family, and exhibited them, especially the ladies, as everything one could fancy of high descent, noble feeling, and cultivated understanding; and another room was the entrance into a richly decorated chapel.

Then, we believe, after treading more floors of oak, with inlaid flowers in rose-wood and ebony, came St. George's Hall, and the Gallery of the Generals; this being just a little in the style of the Kings at Holyrood, but by a better painter than the Dutchman there employed, better paid, and having to deal with either actually existing, or very lately existing men, instead of revelling altogether among contemporaries of Methusaleh. In fact, taking full account of the artistic and mechanical difficulties of his work, his English country may well be proud of Mr. Dawe, and Russia not ungrateful. His style is very effective for the main elements of character,

and full of rich colour, with powerful light and shade in every one of the innumerable portrait heads that cover the great wall as with the closely packed squares of a chess-board.

The history of Dawe's engagement may be seen in Dr. Granville's 'St. Petersburg,' vol. i. p. 535 (1827); and from his description of the contents of the old Winter Palace, a large portion of the more valuable decorations must have been saved, to appear again in the new; indeed we began at last to suspect that the reputed great fire of 1837, quite an epoch in the city's annals, must have been a very small and partial affair; but on turning to his excellent map of St. Petersburg (the established British guide-book has only an apology for a map, at which Russians point their jokes,) his ground-plan of the old palace is essentially different from that of the new, on each of the three fronts.

A moderate-sized room adjoining these galleries illustrated the Emperor Nicholas; his person, in a full-length portrait, tall and firmly made; his countenance large below, strong-jawed, and stern; while his forte, or his taste, was exhibited in several coloured models of soldiers of different regiments, dressed up to a minutiæ of exactness that no martinet could find fault with.

Beyond this was a long series of fine rooms, uniformly devoted to the one grand object of expounding

the wars of Russia, by means of great battle-pieces painted in oil. It was weary and well-nigh sickening work to run the gauntlet of all these innumerable slaughterings of unnumbered men; yet it began in time to produce something of its intended effect; for gradually we acquired larger views of Russia's struggles to obtain both her present place in history, her now acknowledged footing amongst civilized nations, and to bring about the same overwhelming preponderance of Christianity in the east, that has long prevailed in the west, of Europe. The devotion of her sons to advancing her cause was everywhere conspicuous; they died in pious ardour; as well the untutored, long-coated soldier of the ranks, as the costly dressed officer of the middle of the last century; welling out his life-blood as he lay prostrate in his powdered peruque and evening costume on the winter snows of Bessarabia, but with his last breath signing onwards to his brothers in arms.

We had ceased for some time to inquire what battle each picture represented; content merely to know that it was one of Russia's battles; and with that, endeavouring to form some idea of the physiognomy and characters of those engaged in it. We had spent indeed so long a time in this employment, that the two grocer's-wife creatures attached themselves to another party who were doing the rooms with a more commendable speed, and left us in peace and

quiet. Then it was that we discovered in one of the pictures a single man, who, through the whole previous series, certainly had *nae peer;* we looked and looked again, and the more extraordinary existency he appeared to us; the very incarnation he was of mental ability. His body was small and thin, but wiry and active; and his nervous face and untired eyes showed an ability to turn to the utmost practical account the mental promptings of his remarkably shaped and tensely filled head, in which nature seemed to have delighted to extend to the utmost conceivable limit, all the forward and upper organs of the brain.

This must have been a man, who could not fail, could not help, could not prevent himself from being great, we inwardly assumed; and on going forward to the next picture, there again was that poor little thin frame, and majestic head, leading a whole army; we went on to a third picture, and there he was again, in an old whity-brown coat, but a dome of brain that thought for every one, and eyes that looked his staff-officers through and through, until they quailed before him.

We could resist no longer. Where was our attendant? Oh! he had gone on into the next room, and was tattooing on the floor with his feet, to give us a gentle hint that we were exceeding the usual time of a palace visit. But it would not do: we

dragged him back, and pointed out this eminently mental being, first in one picture, then in another; and inquired by signs, and in all the languages we could command, who it was?

"Suvorov," answered the Russian in a deep voice and with evident feeling.

"Suvorov," we exclaimed; "and is this the real bodily presentment of that eminent General, whom vulgar prejudice delineates in the West, as a mere barbarian giant, colossal as Russia herself, conquering by brute force alone, and slaughtering without pity?"

But after seeing him in many more battle-pieces, as well as in his full-length portrait, we remembered that some historians have written things of him, which do attest and exemplify his cerebral organization. By birth a Finlander, but with his father naturalized a Russian, he entered the army as a private, at the early age of thirteen, and after twelve years of such servitude, at length received a junior lieutenant's commission; here hard work awaited him; but he ever cut out harder work still, always volunteering for the field, when routine of duty placed him in a fortress; until, by 1768, or after fourteen more years, he had so far proved his capacities, as to have a partial command conferred on him in the Russian army in Poland; and then, he electrified every one by the rapidity with which he

dispersed two Polish armies and took Cracow by storm. In 1773 and 1774, removed to new scenes, he gained in his department of the army four successive victories over the Turks, which finished that war; and this, combined with his successful extinction soon after of Pugachef's rebellion, and his subjection of the Cuban and Budziar Tahtars, raised him in 1787, on the eve of another Turkish war, to the commander-in-chiefship. Then it was that he came out in his full originality and power; while the glorious fields of Kinburn, Fokshany, and Rymnik, and the storming of Ismail, before then considered impregnable, and in 1794 his second Polish victories and the taking of Praga, attested to the excellence of his methods in their invariable and rapid success.

But in 1795, the "mad Emperor" came to the throne, and he must needs deprive Suvorov of his command, and send him first to Moskva and then to a distant country village, to live unknown and poor, or in disgrace so called. Did that break his spirit? Not a bit of it. Loyal and true still as ever he had been before, he yet preserved all his independence. Never having during prosperity indulged in luxury or wealth (the booty of Ismail he had not touched), he could always, with ease to himself, disarm the severities extended to him in adversity, by proposing something severer. Were four hours

awarded him to prepare for expatriation, "that was too kind," was his immediate reply, "one hour was enough for Suvorov;" and when,—after several years of this uncalled-for exile, he was demanded by the general voice of Europe to lead the Russian army against the French, then dominant throughout all North Italy,—there came a grand official letter, addressed, without explanation or apology, to "Field-Marshal Suvorov," he, instead of jumping eagerly at this prospect of return to favour, sternly sent back the letter unopened; saying, that it could not be for him, for were he still a Field-Marshal he would be at the head of his troops, and not living a mouzhik life in a distant village.

Being informed, however, subsequently, that his Emperor did to some extent see the error of his past ways, and was in positive need of his ablest General's assistance, then "Suvorov" went forward, forgot all the injustice he had suffered, and hastened on with his troops to meet those "God-forgetting, windy, light-headed Frenchmen," whom he had so long desired to chastise. In the classic fields of Northern Italy they met, and history has recorded how rapidly Suvorov beat, one after another, all the ablest of the French Republican generals; passed on with apparent ease from one victory to another, through a whole campaign; until at last, in the second year, when ordered by the political powers

above him, to undertake a critical movement amongst the High Alps, in distant combination with the Austrians and another Russian army under a Prince as conceited as ignorant,—he (Suvorov) heard, just as he was in the middle of the successful performance of his own part of the scheme, that the Austrians were nowhere, the other Russian army was completely destroyed, and all the French generals were left thereby free to attack him alone, and had already surrounded him with overwhelming numbers in his mountain valley.

Then broke forth such despair as only an able general, conscientiously careful of the lives of his soldiers, can know; then, after a whole life of moral restraint, he shrieked forth in unassuageable grief, and called on his grenadiers to bury him alive, or terminate his existence at once with their bayonets.

But when at length he found his devoted soldiers far more concerned at his distress than their own danger, he calmed down, and in a few minutes passing everything in review before his more than eagle-quick mind's eye, he decided on, and began to execute without delay, one of the most astonishing retreats ever performed in military annals. Leaving one or two, of a number of eagerly volunteering regiments, to defend for a time the entrance to the valley, he led the rest of his troops over a snowy pass, by mere goat-paths, known only to chamois-hunters;

and after incredible feats of climbing along dizzy heights, and dreadful exposures to the storms of those devoted regions, succeeded in leading them safe into a friendly region, out of the toils which the French generals and the failures of his colleagues had so securely been spreading around him.

No one respected him more than did his chief warlike opponents. To their amazement they saw an army of Russian men, accustomed all their lives to the flattest and most extensive of plain countries, suddenly, under his remarkable guidance, become the most hardy and expert of Alpine mountaineers; the people they had hitherto considered sluggish, and gifted only with the passive qualities of valour, they now found, to their confusion on many a battle-field, to equal, if not excel, themselves in rapidity of movement and energy of action. And, happily for French conquests, they never found it again, after old Suvorov was withdrawn from the army.

That remarkable being had indeed succeeded in impressing his own character to a wonderful degree on all his soldiers. The officers he perhaps comparatively neglected; they were merely media between him, the General, on one hand, and the privates on the other, in operations where the former had to think and the latter to execute. Our own great Duke is said to have laid down as one of his final conclusions in war, that before a battle begins, the

utmost degree of science should be employed by the commander; but that when once the battle has begun, there is nothing for it except hard fighting on the part of the soldiers. And on evidently similar principles Suvorov had previously taught, that there are three talents in war,—1st, the *coup-d'œil*; 2nd, rapidity of movement; 3rd, energy in combat.

In the first section, that being his own affair, he is very short in his "Discourse under the Trigger," or "Catechism to his Soldiers;" but he enumerates "how to place a camp—how to march—when to attack—to chase—and to beat the enemy." How these things were accomplished, was amongst the secrets of that wonderful dome of his brain, in which every detail was calculated precisely beforehand; yet, at the same time, he possessed the general's instantaneous eye so perfectly, that he would in a moment recast his whole arrangements, on perceiving at the instant of joining battle, any alteration in the enemy's proceedings. This double power armed him so completely, that he felt therefrom a confidence that illustrates itself in the above extract, when he makes attacking the enemy synonymous with beating him; and well was he justified in that confidence, when he never lost a single battle while he gained so many.

Those gained against the French generals Suchet, Macdonald, Moreau, and others, with their new

Napoleonic tactics, are the most remarkable strategetically, as they were doubtless the most difficult; yet was he never more absolutely easy as to the result of every encounter, than when on the Conqueror of Italy's own battle-fields. Thus, being met at Novi by Marshal Joubert, with thirty thousand Frenchmen, all of them burning to recover their lost advantages, Suvorov only said gaily to his men, alluding to Joubert's rapid rise in his profession, "Ah! he is a lad; come then, let us give him a lesson." And the lesson they went forward and gave, proved to be too much, not only for the lad, but for the maturer commander Moreau, who had joined in the course of the night.

On the second score of rapidity of movement, Suvorov well exhibited his entire freedom from martinetism; for while his men were on a march, they might do what they liked, or rather, do it as they liked, and indulge in whatever they found to have a useful effect in helping them on. "Never slacken your pace," said he; "walk on! play! sing your songs! beat the drum!" And astonishing marches were accordingly performed, as well for distance as for speed; and not only that, but for bringing up the men at the end of the march ready for instant service, and fully prepared to fall on the enemy at once, "like snow on the beard," before he expected an attack, or knew what to do. Herein

came into operation Suvorov's intimate knowledge and full appreciation (more humane than is generally allowed to him) of what the bodily powers of a soldier are capable of. Hence, he never called on them for more than they could really accomplish, and on all extraordinary occasions he aided them by arranging the best methods of procedure; thus in the marching, there was with him a perfect system always carried out of work and rest, leading and following; at intervals shorter and shorter as the march approached its termination, either for the field of battle or the bivouac; and at the latter, he always contrived so as to get the "children's" camp-kettles already filled and boiling by the time that they came up.

This one point, however, of preserving and invigorating the strength of healthy men by rightly-timed supplies of food, was not unknown, according to Homer, so far back as the epoch of Agamemnon Atrides; but Suvorov added thereto an equal care for the sick; teaching his men how to cure simple diseases, and keep their bodies healthy; and after an original plan of his own, which had in view the rendering a Russian soldier a self-reliant, self-supporting being; always in order for work, and accompanied with the least possible amount of camp machinery and baggage train.

"Have a dread of the hospital!" therefore he

began to them. "German physic stinks from afar, is good for nothing, and rather hurtful. A Russian soldier is not used to it. Messmates, know where to find roots, herbs, and ants'-nests. A soldier is inestimable. Take care of your health! Scour the stomach when it is foul! Hunger is the best medicine. If loose bowels want food, at sunset a little gruel and bread. For costive bowels, some purging plant in warm water, or the liquorice-root. In hot fevers, eat nothing, even for twelve days; and drink your soldier's *kvas*,—that's a soldier's physic;" and we may add, even less intoxicating than the ginger-beer of our teetotallers.

But all these instructions, though good in themselves, and remarkable from being the same means by which the General preserved his own weak body in excellent health up to seventy years of age, are, in Suvorov's philosophy, only means to an end, means to the third and last of his list of military talents, "energy."

The moment any body of his soldiers arrived in sight of the enemy, they were to attack, without considering disparity of numbers; that was his affair, and he would always have arranged for another and another reinforcing corps to arrive on the ground, within very short intervals after the first. When he had specially ordered them to fire, they were to fire, and also to take good care that the

ball was in their gun, and to shoot with judgment and precision; but he did not often order them to fire; "the ball," said he, "may lose his way; the bayonet never! The ball is a fool; the bayonet a hero." "So push hard with the bayonet," was his maxim. "If three attack you; stab the first, fire on the second, and bayonet the third. A hero will stab half-a-dozen." And thus it was that he taught the Russian soldiers to gain many a battle almost solely with the bayonet. Under him it must have been a rapid glancing weapon, as we may deduce from the whole style of the precepts in his "Catechism." "The ditch is not deep—the rampart is not high. Down in the ditch! jump over the wall! Work with your bayonet! stab! drive!" And again, "If you see the match upon a gun, run up to it instantly; the ball will fly over your head; the guns are yours; the people are yours. Down with 'em on the spot! pursue 'em! stab 'em!"

All this though is for *energy*, not for cruelty, as so often causelessly brought up; for after the enemy has ceased to fight, then, adds Suvorov with solemnity, "to the remainder give quarter; it's a sin to kill without reason; they are men like you." And again, of the non-combatants, "Offend not the peaceable inhabitant; he gives us meat and drink. The soldier is not a robber. Booty is a holy thing; without order never go to booty."

The tone of these remarks, too, will be appreciated all the more, when it is remembered, that above and before all terrestrial things Suvorov laboured to impress on his soldiers' minds, his own exceeding degree of observance of religious ordinances. We, with our more evangelical feelings and beliefs, may object to some of them: as to his crossing himself whenever he gave a military order; but then it was suitably with the notions of his own and his soldiers' forms of Christianity; and while we read in the pages of an English clergyman,* very discreditable things of what, according to him, Suvorov promised his soldiers after death, we find in Suvorov's own catechism, no worse than this: "Die for the honour of the Virgin; for your Empress; for all the Imperial family. The Church prays for those who die, and those who survive have honour and reward."†

The greatest of all British Admirals, we have heard it said, by one who saw much of him in private, was for ever talking so continually, both in season and out of season, about the particular phases which patriotism and ambition wore to him, that,

* "He shamefully revived, to stimulate their courage, a gross piece of fanaticism, formerly prevalent among the Russian peasantry, 'that every one who died in fight for his religion, would find himself alive again in three days, snugly ensconced at home, and for ever free from the obligation of military service.' Thus excited, the army followed him," etc.—*The Rev. T. Milner's 'Russia,'* 1856.

† Dr. Clarke's Travels. Compare Farie's Haxthausen, vol. ii. p. 342.

but for his eminent successes, mischievous folks would have been inclined to say of him, as he passed by in the street, "There goes old *Westminster Abbey or a Peerage!*" So also with Suvorov: had he not been, through a long life, invariably and brilliantly victorious over every enemy he fought against, there would have been a tremendous amount of small-talk against his peculiar ways of making himself remarkable in the eyes of his soldiers; doing things which in any one else would have been absurd and even silly, but in his hands of genius, they were turned into those implements of magic power, whereby he entered deep into the heart of hearts of every Russian soldier, and drew forth all that love and ardour of devotion, and store of undeveloped faculties, which no one before or since him has equally succeeded in doing.

His bits of criticism and advice to old grenadiers, on the best employment of their arms, as he walked between their ranks, were even more pithy and full of the wisdom of long experience, than those celebrated *mots* of Napoleon, Emperor, under the same circumstances; and the French themselves have neatly described Suvorov, as a general who could be more laconic by one-third than Cæsar. But how different was he from either the Roman or Corsican genius, in that feature which all Russia has prized as the palladium of their race, ever since the great battle

on the Don, in 1380, viz. loyalty; loyalty to the Mir, that peculiar Russian word which has to Russians so clear, definite, and convincing a meaning, and which we have already endeavoured to translate by "Majority of the Community," and of which majority the Tsar is the chosen head!

As with everything good in nature, this feeling for loyalty may be abused, as well with those who show, as those who use it; and on the boundaries of the great wholesome mass, all sorts of extravagance in excess or defect may be found. So there can be no doubt that it leads Russians, often to put up with a great deal more in the way of indignant personal treatment from official dogs in office, than other free men would generally like; and it leads them often to punish the disloyal with too great severity. In fact, disloyalty is a sin which neither Russian ruler nor Russian people can tolerate; and hence it comes, that in these battle-piece pictures of the Winter Palace, although the enemies of Russia are done excellent justice to, for handsome visages and noble bearing; yet, when it comes to a picture of the insurrection of Poland in 1832, and the fighting against soldiers who have broken their oaths of allegiance, oh! then nothing is too bad to show the national horror of the deadly sin. The Russian troops are accordingly represented as bayonetting the ugly rebels, made ugly to a nation of short-

nosed men, by having all of them long and fat noses; and there the Russians are prodding them all over the picture, and with such intense satisfaction in the act, as well as the most utter contempt for the subjects of it; while with every prod the Poles are yelling in pain, and throwing up their arms with shrieks of cowardly fright, and looking like men without energy to stand up in this world, and without hope for salvation in the next.

Now, in Suvorov loyalty was extreme, and yet unexceptionable. His whole existence was for the State; he thought not of himself except to carry out the purposes of the country; and while he could always forgive the fallen, he was never cringing or undignified to those above him. This position, as already explained, he was able in a great measure to keep up by means of the simplicity of his life, and his moderation when in power; which made it easier for him, if necessary, to go into exile, with his opinions intact, and with unbroken pride; than to retain wealth, position, and courtly honours at the sacrifice of a single liberal thought. Hence resulted a character in which, at the last, every private soldier, as well as each sage Imperial ruler, had full confidence for anything and everything, even in death, as in life. At his funeral, when the decorated bier had reached the doors of St. Alexander Nevski, there was then unexpectedly found, to the utter con-

fusion of the magnates presiding, insufficient width for its entrance. What could be done in the emergency. "Brothers," exclaimed an old private to his fellow-soldiers bearing the hero's mortal remains, "Suvorov, when in life, passed everywhere; forward then." And forward they did go, with irresistible force, until by some means or other they had placed their precious charge in an equally honourable position with the shrine of that other great national hero of the Russians, the early mediæval conqueror of their bitter and traitorous enemies, Swedes, Poles, and Teutonic knights of the sword.

CHAPTER III.

THE FOUNDING OF PULKOVA.

September.

OVER the "plain of Izak," past the gilded statue of "Nicholas the Great," as the young cadets love to call him, through the broad French-looking streets, past the shops with their painted wares outside, over canals and bridges, through markets teeming with apples and cranberries, with raspberries, water-melons, pumpkins, and well-booted men in tunicked red shirts, amongst magnificent horses with flowing manes and tails that would have delighted Rubens, though what he would have made out of the great arches, — *dougas*,* — over their necks, we do not know, past carts with long-naved wheels, and houses where every window was filled with sub-tropical greenery, through long streets of such, and at last roads bordered by acres of piled faggots, or wooden walls of Cyclopean panel-work, along these to the

* See Plate 3, Vol. II.

great triumphal arch, commemorating victories over Turks, Persians, and Poles, and underneath that along the triple road to the open flat country beyond, past groves of the red-trunked pine, and silver stems of the lady-birch,—we drove, on September 13th, to visit once again our kind friends at the Central Observatory of Pulkova.

The scene was now somewhat changed. Without, was the cold already arrived of a northern autumn, but within was the warm welcome of the venerable William von Struve, the patriarch and the astronomer. Formally yet with fervour, at his hospitable board that evening, did he propose the health of his old friend my respected Father, and show all honour to the British lady my excellent wife and present companion. His last winter had been spent in company with Madame and Mademoiselle von Struve, on the slopes of Mount Atlas; and now restored by the genial winter warmth of a North-African station, the old-man-learned prepared to enter again upon the duties of his official life, and maintain under the rigour of Russian frosts, the efficiency and full activity of a great astronomical establishment.

Professor of philology in his early years, and subsequently filling the chair of mathematics and astronomy in the University of Dorpat, before becoming the chief geodesist and astronomer of the Russian Empire, William von Struve is much more than

merely the skilful director of a modern observatory; and his experiences in life have been as vast and various as are the many languages in which with the most perfect ease to himself he can write his account of them, in Latin, Russian, German, and French eloquently and grammatically to a philological degree; and nearly as well in Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Finnish, and Esthonian. His views therefore were broad and grand, combining the copiousness and variety of a Humboldt, with the strictness and mathematical power of a Bessel; and to all this was added the interest with which one listened to the teachings of a man whose practical success has been as remarkable as his philosophic depth or theoretical acumen; and who has been distinguished alike as a working scientific man, and an administrator in extensive affairs of state.

The Central Observatory of Pulkova, in which he was now speaking, is eminently his creation. Not but what it must also be considered as the realizing, and much more, of a fond idea which the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg had cherished for generations,—viz. of removing their old astronomical observatory from its lofty tower on the upper story of their palace on the banks of the Neva, and in the midst of the chimneys of the metropolis, and rebuilding it at a distance from the city,—but then the Academy did not advance with their scheme.

That scheme was approved of generally, and all the Academicians were able men; but somehow *the* man for the special work was wanting. They were often very near finding him; as how should they not be, when they searched for him during seventy years, and in a society bearing upon the rolls of its members such distinguished names as Joseph Nicolas de l'Isle, Leonard Euler, Lexell, and Schubert, besides having many active observers and able computers.

The Academy's learned and experienced astronomer Grischov, who was appointed soon after 1748, seems to have been the first who conceived the idea of removing the observatory from its trembling height to a place more capable of affording firm foundation; he had received new instruments of very accurate construction, by the celebrated English optician Bird, but hesitated to incapacitate their powers by erecting them in an unsuitable site; and he died in 1760, before achieving much more than preparing on paper his *beau idéal* of a new observatory.

To him succeeded Roumovsky, who attempted bravely for a time by assiduity and the devotion of all his powers, to make up for the natural defects of that unfortunate tower-placed observatory. He lived accordingly in a little room of the Academy-building, so as to be always near his work; and was present there through all seasons. But the end of it was, that he gradually became converted to the faith of

his predecessor; and when grown to be, by over-continued exertion, an old man before his time, he also began to complain of the needless labour that was given to him to climb up both by day and by night, the steep winding staircase to his too elevated observing-room.

For thirty years did Roumovsky, and for almost as many did the second astronomer of the Academy, Inokhodtsov, recommend old Grischov's idea of the removal of the observatory to some position where they should be on the ground floor and under the same roof with their instruments, but without much prospect of success until an unexpected opportunity suddenly dawned upon them, in the year 1796. It then chanced, that George III. of Great Britain, was pleased to send as a present to the Empress Catherine of Russia, a ten-foot reflecting telescope constructed by Sir William Herschel. Her Majesty immediately desired to try its powers, and Roumovsky was sent for from the Academy to repair to Tsarskoe-Selo where the court was at the time residing. The telescope was accordingly unpacked, and for eight long consecutive evenings the Empress employed herself ardently in observing the moon, planets, and stars; and more than this, in inquiring into the state of astronomy and astronomers in her dominions. Then it was that Roumovsky set before the Imperial view the Academy's idea of removing their observatory,

detailing the necessity for, and the advantages of such a proceeding. Graciously did the "Semiramis of the North," the "Polar Star," enter into all these particulars, and warmly approve of the project; but death closed her career within a few weeks after, and prevented her execution of the design.

How then fell the hopes of those two unfortunate astronomers down to zero, and never recovered! The other Academicians tried to encourage them, and those worthy members, MM. Schubert and N. Fuss, even tried to get up some demonstrative movements towards the desired end; but what availed mere sentiments, towards alleviating to two men now well stricken in years, that daily and nightly climb up that long, long series of stairs? That labour, become to them by repetition more than Herculean, was no advantage to astronomy, and was positively killing them. In their youth they had been most active amongst men, and rejoiced to show their zeal and physical powers of daring and enduring, by the speed, lightness, and frequency of their ascents to that dreadfully elevated temple of Urania. A few hundred ascents and descents, oh! that they would do as soon as look at it; a few thousand, and they were still not tired; but after twenty thousand or so, then they found that they had nearly consumed the whole stock of corporeal energy which nature had given them for the economical service of a whole

lifetime, in merely endeavouring to overcome the architectural defects of an ill-designed observatory. How they prayed that the proud architect who had built this astronomical observatory to suit an artistic whim of his own, and in contempt of all astronomical requirements and conveniences,—how they prayed that he should never fall under the condemnation of having to ascend his own building more than twenty thousand times! for after such a number they made sure that he would begin to feel with every step a too painful *memento mori;* the manly frame that had once been so elastic, it seemed impossible how it should ever die; now it would seem to its poor spiritual tenant, only wonderful how it could continue to live on.

Still these two old astronomers were enthusiastic for science, and capable of distinguishing themselves in its promotion amongst other men; but why were they to be condemned to that eternal and laborious tramp, tramp, up the winding stair to a garret literally next to the sky; a sort of treadmill prefix to every observation they had to make, and an infliction in its way that no other man in St. Petersburg, rich or poor, had to submit to?

So neither could they any longer, and Inokhodtsov at last built for himself a little private observatory near the botanical garden of the Academy, on the Fontanka canal, and observed there up to the

transit of Mercury across the sun's disk in 1802; while Roumovsky, appointed Vice-President of the Academy in 1800, and afterwards Curator of the University of Kazan, continued his usefulness to his generation, but not in the Academy's tall tower, up to 1816. The places of these *savants* in the observatory were supplied by MM. Schubert, and Visnievsky; Schubert of brilliant powers in physical astronomy, and Visnievsky unequalled for sharpness of eyesight in difficult telescopic observation; but the chief part of their work too was not performed in the untoward observatory of the Academy.

Over and over again therefore did that learned society discuss the removal and transplantation of their impossible observing-room to some more available and suitable position; and in 1827, when Count A. Kouchelev-Besborodko offered them a gift of three dessiatines of land to the north-west of St. Petersburg, and M. Parrot, the first successful ascender of Mount Ararat, and a professor of natural philosophy, drew up a plan for an observatory building to be erected there, on the Count's land,—it seemed as if something was really going to be accomplished. But no; the accumulated heap of intentions only continued to smoke and heat; for the genius requisite to make them burst into flame was still to appear.

Now it so happened that in 1830, W. von Struve, then astronomer at Dorpat, had made a scientific journey through Europe, and visiting the capital on his return, had the honour of an audience from the Emperor Nicholas. The Emperor commanded this meeting, desiring to hear in person the results of such a journey; and though M. Struve does not say anything about it, yet there can be no doubt of the fact, that his quiet and successful labours in his frontier observatory had by this time made him a name in practical astronomy which was above anything that the ranks of the Academy could then show; and his autocratic ruler planned much thereupon. So when M. Struve brought up at last a proposition for some increase being made to the Dorpat Observatory, the Monarch met him by the question, whether it would not be better to have a large observatory near St. Petersburg?

There was a severe contest in M. Struve's mind at the idea of giving up the claims of his beloved *alma mater*, the University of Dorpat; but truth and justice prevailed over predilection, and he not only acknowledged the advantage of a large observatory near the metropolis, but detailed the efforts of the Academy to transplant theirs.

The Tsar listened attentively and approvingly; but when he heard of the proposed Besborodko gift of land, he at once objected to the locality of it, as

being so sandy and marshy that it would be difficult to make firm foundations for the instruments; "besides," said he, "with the whole city throwing up its smoke close to the south of you, your most important planetary observations would be grievously injured; why not try," he added, "the hill of Pulkova, further off from St. Petersburg, to the south of it, and with unusually firm soil?"

As it seemed that the Monarch knew the ground better than the stranger Professor from Dorpat, the latter was sent to examine it; but on presently returning and saying that the thing was just as his Majesty had stated, and that Pulkova was the place by all means for a new Observatory,—"Ah," said the Tsar, "do you not say so because I mentioned Pulkova to you? Now go back and look all round St. Petersburg, and in particular examine such and such places," which he spoke of by name. But the Professor returned once more with the statement that these places had each of them sundry advantages peculiar to themselves, but none of them united so many as the hill of Pulkova.

So thereupon it was determined that at Pulkova should be built a new Observatory, which should not only fulfil all the purposes that the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg had cherished in hope during seventy years, but should vastly exceed them. Thus the Academy's general plan was indeed taken

up; and M. Struve being now added to their number, a commission of five members was appointed to enter immediately into the projected working details; and, as before long it became evident that the "administration" of such an Observatory must be in the hands of a single man, and he an Academician, M. Struve was unanimously appointed to that position.

Thus closed his career as Professor at Dorpat, where he had continued to labour, from the year 1816, unceasingly for the advantages of the University, and the promotion of astronomical science; himself no doubt making this occasion, which led those in power to consider that the opportune moment had arrived at last, for making a new epoch in the history of Practical Astronomy in Russia; and thus too did a new career of more extended influence as well as usefulness open before him.

No time was now lost. In October, 1833, the Tsar gave his formal orders, and on the 28th of that month empowered a hundred thousand rubles to be drawn as a beginning, towards the expense of instruments and building.

Backed up in this manner, M. Struve had little difficulty in setting on foot all those ideas of improvement which twenty-five years' experience in an observatory had brought prominently before him. In place of exhibiting the so frequent example of an

astronomer consenting to receive whatever sort of instrument the optician chooses to make, and obtaining one, therefore, more suited to facility of manufacture than high accuracy of observation,—the Imperial Astronomer now sent in his instructions to the opticians for what he wanted and must have, to carry out certain astronomical problems of his own, of which they did not necessarily know anything. Not that he acted in an imperious manner towards them, for he visited them kindly in their several workshops in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Paris, and London, and rather consulted with them over what was to be done; but not a detail, even to a single screw, was allowed to be constructed until approved of by him, who was to be responsible for the accuracy of the future results of the instrument; while to ensure the performance of all these intentions, not only was a mechanician of the embryo Observatory left at Munich, to report on the progress of the work there from month to month, but M. Struve appointed a day whereon he would revisit each establishment, on the instruments being finished, and see that his wishes had been duly carried out.

Meanwhile in St. Petersburg came on the great tug of war as to the architecture of the building. When one hundred thousand rubles appeared as a key-note for the undertaking, some of your grand

architects, who live only on the erection of palaces, made a stoop upon the prey, and finally two in particular became competitors, and sent in rival designs. The first was in a gothic style, purely ornamental, and commanded general praise amongst the many who were not astronomers, as being such an effective building; but the second, by M. Bruloff, was of a comparatively bald external look, and took the fancy of few. Nevertheless, when M. Struve pointed out to the Emperor how this architect had subordinated his designs to the astronomical purposes of the building, M. Bruloff was rewarded at once with the charge of carrying it out, always under due supervision of the Academy's Commission, and above all, the Director elect.

Under these auspices, the foundation-stone was formally laid, on July 3rd, 1835; the architect's estimate having then reached 1,755,000 paper rubles, and the price of the instruments 270,000. The names, from this time, of M. d'Ouvaroff, Minister of Public Instruction; Prince Dondoukov Korsakov, Vice-President of the Academy; and Admiral Greig, President of the Commission, became frequent in the history of the transactions; while the architect, M. Bruloff, took all responsibility for the mechanical excellence of the erections, and the mind of Struve regulated the whole.

Firmness of the foundations was with him a lead-

ing necessity; and the subterraneans of the Observatory became its most important feature. Not imposing externally, but, as we found on our visit, of strange effect at times; for occasionally half-a-dozen soldiers would vanish from view, as if they had sunk into the earth, or piles of stores would appear on the ground, where brought from we could not imagine; but they had all come through a little door under a flight of steps, and that door was the entrance to these underground works of the Observatory. For excess of firmness, some of the instrument-piers, in solid masonry, were made to descend 30 feet below the floor, and formed masses 40 feet long, 15 broad, and 35 high.

What could stir such ponderous bulks? The violent temperature changes of Russian climate, would certainly, M. Struve thought, unless specially counteracted; therefore did he carry down the foundation of the external walls of the building almost equally low, and in half of the annular or passage space between the piers and surrounding walls, he arranged a method of flues so communicating with certain Russian stoves, that the included air, and therefore these said instrument-piers contained within such air, was preserved all the year through at a nearly constant temperature, though the outside walls were either roasted in the sun, or almost rent by frost.

These parts finished, came the building of the observing-rooms, and then above their level the equatorial-towers and revolving domes. These latter are usually such specialities of an observatory that the astronomer has in most cases to manage them for himself, with very little help from an architect; and amongst the great number of variations which have been produced on this theme in various observatories, we must allow M. Struve's variety a most distinguished place; for it excels in solidity, facility of movement in the way you want it, and in convenient, anti-gust-of-wind openings for the telescope.

In the case of the largest Pulkova dome, 33 feet in diameter, its weight amounts to 36,000 lbs.; not easily shaken therefore; yet capable, on one person making 59 turns of a crank handle, of being in a minute revolved half round, or through 180°; and more is never wanted on any one occasion, as the sky-shutters open continually from one horizon to the other, in equal breadth all the way. This ease of rotation depends mainly on the enormous weight being supported on the rims of a circle of true friction-wheels, and these on a circular railway accurately levelled and turned true in position, after having been well tested as to firmness of foundation. Then the opening, or observing shutters in the roof, are not only broad, so as to allow freedom to exchanges

of air inside and out, but they have another advantage not often secured. What trouble, for instance, have we not seen some astronomico-mechanical inventors give themselves, to make the shutters of their domes slide back smooth with, or close underneath, the outer surface of the roof! "Oh! but if you do not accomplish that," say they, "and if, on the contrary, you raise the shutters on a hinge, the wind acts on that like a float-board on a horizontal windmill, and keeps turning your dome about when you don't want it."

"Then," would say M. Struve, "make your shutters extend equally along on either side of the centre, and there will be no tendency to turn the dome about, blow the wind never so strong; while you will moreover always have this inestimable practical advantage in a raised line of shutter, viz. that by turning it towards the wind, the opening you are then observing through is lying under the lee of that defence, and the wind will not come dashing in and shaking the telescope, as it does miserably with the sliding shutter-openings contrived in some places with so much difficulty."

When this elevated part of the Observatory had been completed, the opening of the establishment for regular work, you may be sure, was nigh at hand. This was indeed the case, and the ceremonial inauguration took place on the 19th of August, 1839.

A few days after came the Empress and Grand-Duchess Olga to behold the greatest astronomical work of the time; and finally, on the 8th of October, it was announced that the august founder of the Observatory, the Emperor Nicholas, was to come and inspect. On that day accordingly he arrived, with the Duke of Leuchtenberg and Staff, and during two hours and a half, not only did he examine the instruments and observing-rooms, but descended into the subterraneans to satisfy himself of the measures taken for the solidity and invariability of the bases; ascended to the roofs; inspected minutely the quarters prepared for the astronomers and their assistants, in all, including women and children, a hundred and three persons, and then he turned round and said—

CHAPTER IV.

OBSERVATIONS ATTEMPTED.

September.

WHAT the Tsar Nicholas Paulovitch said on the completion of the Pulkova establishment, was evidently one of the circumstances in his life which M. von Struve, as a loyal Russian noble and an ardent astronomer, loved much to dwell upon.

Within little more than six years, and in a new locality, an observatory had been completed in a manner that surpassed the growth of ages in other countries; and while these successful exertions had been made to attain expedition and extent, not a fraction had been yielded as to minute accuracy or the most refined rectification. Well therefore might the Tsar compliment M. d'Ouvaroff on such an undertaking having been both conceived and carried out during his term of the Ministry of Public Instruction; and deservedly might the Tsar, when M. d'Ouvaroff brought the really efficient working-men

before him, present to Admiral Greig a portrait enriched with diamonds, to Prince Dondoukov Korsakov the decoration of the Order of St. Anne, and to the Director of the Observatory, M. von Struve, the Order of St. Stanislaus, besides giving "gratifications" of ten thousand rubles to the Secretary of the Academy, the Architect, and the Director.

But these things, charming though they might be, were not those which most impressed M. von Struve; for he more delighted to relate how in conclusion the Emperor said to him, that though everything which had been prepared for the Observatory had now been so accurately and completely carried out, that they could none of them then think of anything more that was required to perfect its observation-power,—yet he knew only too well that there existed no such thing as finality in science; what was sensibly perfect to one age, proved lamentably insufficient in the next; and they could not expect even Pulkova to be free from those laws of nature and progress, however admirable it might appear just now. They must therefore look forward to the time when the advance of science and improvement of many mechanical arts should have rendered obsolete the present forms of instruments, and arrange for keeping up the efficiency of the Observatory even then; and should its Director in such a contingency have any difficulty in carrying out those future improvements with the

great officers of Government for the time being, he had leave given him now, to go straight to the Tsar without any intermediary. As long as it was a question, said the Tsar, of keeping up astronomical Pulkova to the full advance of the science of the time, that should be a talisman that never should fail in admitting the Director of the Observatory to the private audience of his Sovereign.

"What a misfortune that you have lost so liberal-minded and far-seeing an Emperor!" we could not help ejaculating.

"Indeed we do grieve over his untimely decease," was the reply, "and yet, in a manner he still lives; for even to this day all his various precepts and maxims are regarded by his successor, the Court, and the Government, with a fond regard almost amounting to veneration. But a high appreciation of astronomy seems inherent in the Romanov race. It culminated as eminently in Peter the Great as in our late Nicholas; and though the former when in England was chiefly occupied with very different matters of more immediate practical bearing to the general good of his people, yet he found time to visit the Government Observatory; for has not old Flamsteed written, under date of the 6th February, 1698: 'Serenissimus Petrus Moscoviæ Czarus observatorium primum visum venit, lustratisque instrumentis habitu privato abiit. Aderant secum Bruceus, paren-

tibus Scotis Moscoviæ natus, Legatus Militaris; J. Wolfius et Stilcus mercatores Angli.' And again, under date of the 8th March, after the entry of the observation of Venus at the mural quadrant, an observation complete in right ascension as well as zenith distance, is inscribed, '*Observanti Serenissimo Petro Muscoviæ Czaro;*' which proves that not only had the Tsar looked at the planet through the telescope, but that he had actually and effectively made a true astronomical observation of place."

"Have you ever had yet to make use of that license of going from the Minister direct to the Emperor?" asked one who was present.

"It is a license," returned another, "which, though we possess it securely, we are careful not to use too often. It would be unjust to the other seventy millions of people who are ruled by the Tsar, to occupy his attention too frequently with the concerns of a very small section of his subjects. We prefer therefore to try to persuade, and even to spend much time in trying to persuade, the Ministers. They, poor men! are not altogether to blame when they make a difficulty in advancing funds to carry out some important scientific proceeding; for what are they put into their offices for, except to economize the money of the nation? And as they are, like most of your Ministers too, not scientific men, though often literary and fine-art inclined, they judge of

scientific things merely by the £. *s*. *d*. of the accounts; so when they see an increase of expense under any one head, they oppose it because it is an increase; and are even in a manner bound to do so, and to make a fight before they let it pass, lest they should be supposed among mere state-officials to be lukewarm in the service.

"Then again our Government here in St. Petersburg, has such a tendency to look westward and imitate how they manage these things in London or Paris, in place of judging of them on their own absolute merits amongst ourselves. So when they turn to you and find an astronomer's rate of Government pay only one-tenth, possibly no more than one-fifteenth, of a successful lawyer's, *i. e.* a legal officer under Government, why they think it their duty to starve and pinch in the former until they have made here also one lawyer in his rate of salary equal to fifteen astronomers; though perhaps in the college competitive examinations the lawyer did not quite come up to one of the astronomers: and then, when once the astronomer is down in their books as a low-paid official, not only he, but the science he belongs to, and the Government observatory he works in, are all considered fair game to be cut down and reduced still further.

"Great is science, but she does not always prevail; and modern science has many hard battles to fight.

'Science and Literature,' is the popular cry, 'they are twin sisters.' And then it is urged, if literary men support themselves,—and see how famously they do so, for our chief novel-writers make large fortunes,—why should science be calling out for state assistance? Now if, to one who sets himself up as a judge, there is no difference perceptible between a novelist and metaphysician in literature, neither will there be, in his eyes, any between abstract science and applied, widely as they may be separated in nature and fact. A glorious state of independence must be that philosopher's who pursues his studies without having to furnish himself with any instruments much more expensive than pens, ink, and paper; but how are the courses of the stars to be ascertained with such materials only? The idea is evidently futile, and from the time of the Chaldean observers on the temple of Belus to our own days, the apparatus of astronomy has been beyond the means of any private simple man of science. Directly or indirectly the government of every country has had to intervene to keep alive the sacred flame of progress, and promote a continual advance and increase of acquaintance with the laws of the universe among the sons of men.

"The records of that science too," added M. von Struve, "do show that it has had magnificent patrons from time to time; and more we cannot

well expect, for a really capable, intelligent, and liberal patron, *i. e.* a truly great patron, appears just as seldom in a hundred years, as a really great philosopher. What then shall we do, or how shall we contrive to cross these broad gulfs which exist between the appearance of one Augustan Mæcenas and his next similar representative? Not certainly besiege the palace doors with too often repeated reminders of the great man who is gone. No; we must accept those now proved political facts, that science cannot be always at the top of the wheel, in a busy, working nation. In a community where all others are toiling for their daily bread, or their national existence, another cannot be allowed to stand completely apart, unaffected by the general anxieties. The scientific man working in science is no doubt working for his country's glory; but unless at times he is also found descending from his practically utopian abstractions, and taking part in the burden of other men, those other men, who form the bulk of the nation, will never look upon him as a true patriot.

"There are times when a nation, tired of war's alarms, and satisfied with the abundance that peace produces and pours into her bosom, may be delighted to honour some special *savant* and place him in a position where he may be enabled to think of nothing else than entertaining them with his refined discoveries; but it would be a great mistake in a long

line of such *savants*, were they to fancy that generation after generation, though they sit on their hill of science and charm never so wisely, they will still be able with universal approval to preserve that former life of freedom from worldly troubles. For, sure and certain is it, that ever and anon men's worser nature will break forth; wars are kindled between nations who it was thought had thrown away the sword far from them; and internal dissensions or the growth of an external despotic power may peril the safety of the Fatherland, and call for the services of each one of our children. It is not safe therefore for any scientific man to forget the country that he belongs to, or the duties which that connection devolves upon him. He should on the contrary be eminently patriotic and filled with ideas of loyalty, and ought likewise to do something almost daily in his country's service if he would daily be regarded by her with favour in his own line.

"On this principle it is that I" (M. von Struve) "have desired that our Russian astronomers, and especially this Pulkova establishment, should identify itself with some of the duties required to be performed to maintain the efficiency of the ordinary Government of the land. Our progress in science is perhaps thereby rather slower, as part of our time is abstracted from high astronomical questions; but it is rendered, I hope and believe, all the securer

in the long run. For when it is at Pulkova that the officers of the General Staff and Topographical Corps are educated in the higher geodesy, and there also that questions of surveying are settled in mapping the country alike for taxation and railways, canals and agricultural improvements,—no Government of the time can ever allow our Pulkova to fall into a state of inefficiency; neither will the astronomers there ever forget the traditions of their race, or the perfect and abiding loyalty which is the distinguishing characteristic of a true Russian."

On another occasion, for we remained guests of the venerable Director for several days, he again kindly set forth to us how the connection between the astronomers and the surveyors of Russia was no new idea; but had been originated by Peter Veliki, and had been carried on very perseveringly by the Academy of Sciences from its foundation in 1724, up to the era of the birth of Pulkova; when all the Academy's labours in that line were handed over to the new establishment.

The accomplished series is most honourable to the old Society, who for upwards of a century had organized yearly journeys of some one or other of their members with this view, and in the course of them had travelled over the burning plains of the South, undeterred by the death or capture of their parties

by nomade tribes or rebellious chiefs,—and reached also far under the frozen circle in the North and East, fixing the latitudes and longitudes of important sites by pure astronomical observations. These adventurous journeys are by no means concluded, and while we were yet at Pulkova, an astronomer reported himself there, returned from a three-years' journey in Eastern Siberia. In the course of that time he had travelled in every conceivable manner, with horses or oxen, reindeer or dogs, and his instruments had been necessarily of a very portable character. The longitude chiefly depended on lunar distances measured with a Pistor and Martin's reflecting-circle, and now that the observer was safely returned, he was going to compute two hundred places of the moon, direct from Hansen's new and improved tables of the motions of that luminary, in order that he might reduce his observed distances in the most accurate possible manner.

In regions nearer to the central Observatory, as already related in Volume I., chronometric loops are adopted for longitude; and in an existing great levelling operation carrying all across Russia, and with such accuracy that its maximum error in the middle of the continent is thought not to be above four inches, similar loops of levels are taken. These and also the trigonometric operations require the observer often to be for long periods under canvas,

and we were interested to hear, that a curiosity with which we had intended to burden ourselves had we made much of an open-air expedition into the country, was really a proper accompaniment, and had been actually used with advantage by M. Struve himself, when surveying in Finland: *i. e.* a portable lightning-conductor. It was composed of twisted iron wire, was sixty-feet in length, thirty pounds in weight, and armed at the extremity with a copper rod pointed and tipped with exactly one guinea's-worth of gold. In use, one end of the conductor was erected on a pole near the tent, and the other carried away to a distance and there covered with wet sods. Many a time it is supposed to have carried off a charge of electric fluid, and one day in particular, a potent flash; for the copper rod was bent and crumpled up after a very curious fashion; and it is only a too frequent accident in Russia to hear of dozens of agricultural labourers being struck dead in the open field by lightning. No wonder then that in a former heathen age, they had a god "Perune," who presided over thunder and lightning, and of whom they stood exceedingly in awe.

On the night of the 17th September, an interesting observation, or rather series of observations, was to be made at Pulkova; it consisted in the occultation by the moon of that group of stars which forms the Pleiades, and its observation had been particularly

requested by the United States of America's Coast Survey Department, for longitude purposes. Had the poor Atlantic telegraph lasted a little longer, it would have offered incomparably the best method for measuring the longitude distance from Europe to America; and had it even entered into the heads of the directors to be prepared, the moment the line was stretched, to compare two astronomical clocks on either side of the ocean, instead of sending a message which to thinking Christians, however well meant, yet must be considered to savour sadly of blasphemy,—then the question of the longitude of America would have been settled to a degree of accuracy that would have sufficed for the progress of science during several generations to come.

But when that precious period of the telegraph's activity passed away unused for geography, and the line was presently declared mute, the Americans had to fall back on the immensely more laborious and far less precise methods of lunar observation. They performed their part, though, admirably; for as there was to be a series of monthly or bi-monthly occultations of the Pleiades during a year or two to come, they not only arranged to observe them themselves, but requested every European observatory of note to record them also; while to facilitate the work to each of such observatories, they sent them an approximately computed diagram of each occultation

as it would appear there. The labour of computation in these diagrams must have been immense, and they deserved a more extended success than we believe they have attained. At Pulkova, at all events, as it had been at Edinburgh, one of these important occultations had passed away after another with the almost invariable accompaniment of a cloudy sky; but now, on the 17th of September of 1859, the sun set at last in a clear expanse, and towards ten o'clock P.M. the observations were to begin.

Under the superintendence of M. Döllen, one of the very able assistant astronomers, all the elements of the eclipse had been recomputed by some of the young officers of the General Staff, and each observer was now furnished with a list of the expected time and angle of each star's *immersion* at the moon's bright, and *emersion* at her dark limb, to guide his proceedings. The observers were in number a veritable host; we had never seen anything like so many before to observe an occultation; but they did not interfere with or influence each other; for they were distributed about separately among the different domes, or amongst the plots of shrubs in the garden, each man with a telescope, chronometer, lamp, pencil, and paper, all to himself; monarch for the time of everything he surveyed.

From the particular position assigned to ourselves, we had a splendid view of the sublimely flat Russian

land that stretched away illimitably towards the north-east, and on whose horizon the moon in her third quarter, and with high northern declination had recently risen and was sweeping obliquely along. The air was rather cold, thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, but calm; and the sky clear; so surely we were going to get the immersion and emersion of every star in that classical cluster down at least to the eighth magnitude. As the moon drew near to the first of them, it was distressing to observe in the telescope how bad was the optical "definition." The telescope itself seemed indeed a very good one, but the atmosphere through which it looked was in a most unastronomical state, making the edge of the moon and the entire stars waver and tremble in most perplexing style. But then we comforted ourselves that the moon was rising higher and higher in the heavens as time rolled on, and so the atmospheric imperfections should rapidly decrease.

Closer and closer came the big limb of the moon to the poor little star; and as it was the bright limb, the star seemed, as it always will do under such circumstances, to pale its ineffectual fire, and to decrease in size, until it was the smallest conceivable point, just separated from the moon; then the most minute excrescence upon the limb, and the next instant it was gone; but then immediately after that it seemed to appear again for a moment; and there

was no being perfectly sure, for the optical disturbance of the moon's edge was such as apparently to break it up into streams of light which ran rapidly round her circumference in a luminous ripple.

Next, after just so many minutes and seconds very nearly as computed, the moon's bright limb came close to the second star. "Oh! why will you grow so very small and difficult to see, wretched little star," we mentally ejaculated, "just when we want to see you clear and distinct! You'll be bright enough by-and-by when you emerge from behind the darkened limb." But the star went on becoming apparently smaller, and the moon's limb boiling more violently as the distance between them decreased; until just about at the instant when the star must have vanished behind the lunar edge, the latter's mere undulations and optical tremors flashed up into apparent flames of light, that defied all attempts at reduction to accuracy.

"Oh! what a bad observation I have made! but the next will be better." Alas! before the turn of the next star arrived, first came one little cloud, and then another fastened itself on to that, and another and another; they thickened over each other too, until they had attained a density that quite extinguished the moon, and they spread out until they actually covered the whole sky, all in the course of a few minutes, and then remained masters of the situation.

For some time we were left alone in the dark air; but presently a Russian officer, who had been all the time with his telescope behind some bushes close to us without our knowing it, came out of his concealment and began to compare notes; only two stars observed and those so badly; then came another from a similar shelter on another side, and the definition had been with him really horrible; and then came the astronomers out of the Observatory, where large telescopes and small had all told the same story: the "flames," as some one called them, on the moon's limb, were "half a minute long;" "and who could observe an occultation of a small star accurately at such an edge?" No one had ever before seen such abominable definition! What was the meaning of it too, for the air about us was calm and quiet. "Ay," said they, "but it is very cold, and depend upon it something remarkable is coming."

Next morning was cloudy, windy, and amazingly sharp; the thermometer down to 34·0° Fahrenheit; and when I tried to speak, my voice was gone, effect of exposure the previous night, added to the remains of that severe colding received from the Russian north-east wind at Moskva. But there was one of the Pulkova astronomers rather worse, and they all tried to comfort me, by saying that these things were very frequent in Russia at that season of the

year; the autumn being far more severely felt than the winter; and last year about this time one of the speakers was with a party of officers in a room where the window was incautiously opened, and in half an hour they had every one of them lost their voices.

"But then they soon recovered them again," the speaker added, "and had no more trouble afterwards that year; for is not winter the true period of Russian enjoyment? Then it is that we begin to light our stoves, and make our houses impregnable, fortresses against the cold without; and whereas in a southern land, man trusts to the weather, and therefore sometimes has a warm pleasant day, and sometimes a wet and very disagreeable one; in Russia, where man's winter comfort depends on his own exertions and careful arrangements, the uncertainty of nature is avoided, and it rests with himself alone, whether he is to be comfortable every day through the whole of the season."

While our friends were kindly having the stoves lighted in our rooms, my wife and self ventured, in the middle of the day, on a short walk. The Observatory is situated geologically just at the lower edge of the Devonian strata; and a very little way beyond it, you come on the upper Silurian; where, in a stiff green clay, along with granite boulders of all sizes, *trilobites* are occasionally found. So away

we must go to search for them. The course was towards the north-east, the wind was from that quarter too, and oh! it was such a virulent example. It pierced through garments, and its cold penetrated to the bones; and though we tried to walk along under the lee of anything that could give the least shelter, we feared to be frozen nevertheless. Yet there was no sign of water freezing, it was simply a specimen of the out and out character of a north-east wind in Russia. In Scotland a wind from that quarter is bad enough, and demonstrates itself by various qualities, to be, as indeed it is, the return atmospheric current of the air from the Polar regions; and if it is therefore still so eminently severe a blast, although much tempered by blowing over broad seas before reaching the Scottish coast,—only think what the same wind must be near St. Petersburg, when it blows in there, straight and at once from the very regions near Nova Zembla and the Samoyede frozen plains without a particle of modifying ocean surface between!

We had hardly regained the Observatory, before a strange whiteness appeared in the wind's eye; and suddenly all the air was filled with falling snow; genuine snow on September 18th, the 6th of Russian reckoning! Merrily danced the flakes as if congratulating each other on having arrived safely in their beloved land, and then having shaken hands

together, they rushed round the corners of every building in torrents and whirlwinds of groups to revisit their ancient haunts. Gradually the wind lulled, and then the fall of snow became more steady.

The thermometer sank to 31° Fahrenheit, and the snow kept on falling all that evening, so that towards midnight, when we looked forth to see the state of things,—there was all the garden, late so green, now white, white; and the dark figure of a watchman-soldier pacing his weary round through the monotone snow, appeared the only living object.

CHAPTER V.

ILLUMINATION'S DAY.

September.

"Oh! do not fear that you will be caught by our frosts before leaving Russia," the kindly Struve family urged upon us; "it is altogether unusual to have snow so soon in September; this fall cannot last long, and you will in a very short time have fine weather again. It is far too early for winter to begin, even our little winter; and as for the great winter, that seldom appears before the end of the year." This was all very pleasant to learn; yet as we had fixed previously to return this afternoon to St. Petersburg, our arrangements went on; and somehow we fancied at the time that it must be well for our hosts to be relieved for a while of strangers to entertain, for the households were evidently all taken by surprise at such an early arrival of snow; in whose train bustle and change extraordinary became the order of the day. Insertion of

double windows had already been begun for some time, slowly and methodically, whenever a man could be spared from other work; but now every available hand was instantly set upon completing this most necessary part of Russian domestic economy; and the wonderful subterraneans of the Observatory were made to disgorge heaps and heaps of window-sashes, that were immediately piled up, one over the other, six feet high, in the snowy garden; or were carried away separately to each special window that was still to be reduplicated.

But the soldiers by whom all this was being performed, how altered their mien! Hardly three weeks ago they were scarcely to be recognized as military, by deviating just as much, though on the opposite side, from the normal soldier; for then you might see them snatching a mid-day sleep in the shade of one of the big bushes of red-berried elder, in all the breezy freedom of an outside tunicked shirt and baggy light breeches stuffed just under the knee into very stylish-looking boots; but now everything else, even the long grey coats of their duty-costume had disappeared under strange-looking garments, viz. huge, stiff, greasy, bulgy, sheepskin surtouts, with the wool inside, while similar head-pieces replaced their former little flat regimental cloth-caps.

The superiors of the establishment were likewise

looking out their furs, costly some of them to a degree, but all worn fur inside; no idle display outside that they had real sable, or Siberian fox, squirrel, wolf-skin, or bear; for on a windy day that would have been a positive waste of caloric and anti-caloric resisting medium, the blast blowing up then to the very roots of the hair, and so coming into too close proximity with the limbs of the wearer. But outside they showed a surface, accordingly as lady or gentleman was in the case, of thick silk, or velvet, or strong cloth; and inside, known only to themselves, the untold comfort of thick and heavy natural fur, to which our manufacturers have never produced any practical approach.

Madame von Struve was kind enough also to take my wife to see her "cave," as such places are generally named in English in this part of Russia, and are really, after all, very prosaic and quite artificial accompaniments to every house; being little else than cellars, but cellars for everything that a household will be in need of in the eating way during a long Russian winter, *i.e.* half the year at least; and those magnificent subterraneans of the Observatory, prepared for quite another purpose, subserved the domestic economy admirably and without interfering with their original destination. Right underneath, therefore, the princely and thick-walled office-room of the Director of the Observatory, her lord and

master,—and that room, it will be remembered, forms the lower part of the tower of one of the equatorials,—was Madame Struve's "cave," grand, broad, and lofty, dry, and of equal temperature. And stored already with such an amount of various produce, that we thought what an excellent country this must be for young ladies to learn the art of housekeeping in, on a large scale, with business methods, foresight, arrangement, and organization; for one who had been able to keep the family in any way supplied through a six-months Muscovian winter, would never find the smallest difficulty in managing for any number in another country; and we do wonder what Napoleon Bonaparte could ever have been thinking about, to lead 500,000 men into Russia, without making more preparations than he did for their winter subsistence.

On arriving that day in St. Petersburg, oh! the change of costume everywhere apparent; furs predominant, but known to be such only at the edges, or by the tanned hide outside. The long blue kaftans of the droshky drivers were now pretty generally exchanged for sheepskin coats; and on their hands they had such gloves, of sheepskin also, made in mitt fashion as to four fingers being together, and conspicuous also by the gauntlet wristbands of sheepskin with the wool on, that extended halfway up to the elbow. Then, on reaching our hotel, there

was the same activity prevalent as at the Observatory. Double windows were being brought out from "caves," where they had lain stored up all the summer, and were being knocked and cemented into their places, much to the alarm of the fat, overgrown tom-cats that had been in the habit of basking there for so many weeks past, utilizing to the utmost the short summer sunshine; and to the consternation of the modest doves who hovered about in astonished pairs and broken flocks.

Here though, both in the house and in the snow-sloppy court, there was another element of confusion, for officers of every grade in both horse and foot, army, navy, and civil service, were pouring in and demanding lodgment accommodation. Five minutes later and we ourselves should have been without a room to retreat to. The expensive apartments in the street-front of the house, equally with the dingiest hole in the *entresol*, or the back room at the end of the longest and most aromatic-of-cats passages, or the highest attic next the drying loft, were all equally taken.

The reason of this gathering was, that next day, September $\frac{12}{20}$, was the coming of age of Nicholas Alexandrovitch, the heir-apparent to the Russian throne; a grand fête was therefore expected to take place at the Palace, and wild talk was being indulged in as to what would be the nature of the

"ukase," which every one had heard was to be published that morning by the Emperor, but no one knew precisely for what object.

Many thought it would refer to the freedom of the serfs; but that opinion was no sooner broached than it was malevolently met with the remark, that the Emperor Alexander had been making a vast deal too much talk about what he was going to do for the said serfs. Why did he not follow the wise course of his father Nicholas?—he went on freeing the serfs gradually, without making any fuss about it, and had actually by the time of his death freed forty millions, leaving only twelve millions still to be freed; and now, just about freeing that small residual number there is such an agitating turmoil being kept up that the empire is disturbed from one end to the other.

"Surely, my friend, you must be in error," said another speaker; "Nicholas free forty millions of serfs! why there were not so many in his whole dominions; and if he had freed even a tenth part of that number, don't you suppose we all should and must have heard of it. The freeing of the serfs has still to come; and it is too momentous a question to be settled in a morning by a mere stroke of the pen; but what I believe may be coming is, an order to prevent the trahtiers selling brandy. You can't think how the people are being demoralized by the

facility for getting strong drink at the houses where they should only be furnished with tea. Some of them will complain, no doubt, but all the mass of steady-going people in the nation will be delighted at such an exercise of autocratic power, and the drunkards will be thankful for it in the end."

Neither did this speaker command the consent of all, and even next morning opinions were still quite various as to what the subject of the "ukase" would be found to be; but the whole city was early and unanimously in a ferment of motion trooping down to the Winter Palace to see. Our Celtic alarmist was of course in his element, and "winnowed all the air with frightful phantasies;" he was quite sure that something extraordinary and dire was going to happen; disaffection had been shown by the troops, and a bad feeling towards the Emperor amongst the college cadets; while the serfs were tired of waiting so long for their freedom. Government was very uneasy and were taking extraordinary precautions. We, our humble selves, he considerately cautioned us had better be very particular about our behaviour that day, for we might be very sure that there were police spies dogging our footsteps, and listening to every word; and if anything was seen that could be construed into a coolness towards the reigning family, we should find ourselves arrested by those inscrutable myrmidons

and conveyed inside doors whence no complaint is ever known to issue. Yet notwithstanding all these terrors of secret agents, he was going to establish himself in a little nook that he knew of, quite close to the chief entrance-door of the Palace, where he could see the face of every one who entered and judge by its expression, he flattered himself, how much treason might there be lurking.

About 11.30 A.M. we, innocent strangers, made across the "plain of St. Izak," and with some difficulty into the Admiralty Boulevard, working up that towards the western front of the Winter Palace, where the largest numbers of people were assembled. The crowd had representatives of all classes; under the trees now nearly leafless were nurses and children, the former displaying proudly their national head-dress, the *pavonik* in green or rose-pink and gold, with bordering of pearls; and clothed about over all their other garments with the graceful *saraphan*, or the warm silk and fur cloak called affectionately "a soul-warmer."

But the great mass of the numbers present was undoubtedly composed of country peasants, or mouzhiks; they were by no means all of them necessarily agricultural, but they were decidedly regular Russians, bearded, solemn, and dressed in sheepskin. Not sheepskins, for that would imply the same bulky shapeless masses that Italian shepherds

exhibit, with a black hairy jumble of a cloak hung loosely about them; while these Russians on the contrary, almost invariably show you a smooth-surfaced and shapely manufactured article. They are evidently great connoisseurs in the matter, and have first of all a difficulty in being pleased with the proper tanning and preparation of any foreign furs, for the best even from England and France they invariably re-tan before employing, and then they make them up into their own fashions; *i.e.* the peasants do, and wear them hide outwards in the form of rather dandified surtouts, fitting close about the waist, and with well-shaped skirts, not too long to prevent the manly-looking boots which reach up to the knees being well seen. When near by, no doubt the arms of such coats seemed bulgy, and by dint of the thick wool inside, formed a broad sort of crease and rounded fold unknown to painters of Western drapery; but at a little distance there could not have been a nobler or more effective style of dress altogether, than the caps, sheepskin-coats, and jack-boots of the humblest of these Northern peasants.

Some strangely old men too appeared amongst them, with eminently characteristic countenances, hair generally white as snow, and eyes and lips that kept their own counsel against all the world, but yet had nothing uneasy about them. These are the elders of the men who form the great bulk of

the Russian race, and constitute the backbone of its nationality; the *tchornaya ludi*, which some translate literally black people, others dirty or unwashed, and others still as dark; because their life of exposure to severe weather darkens the countenance; but we would rather say "dark," because they form a human ocean of impenetrable depth, into whose mysterious recesses the vision even of their own statesmen has seldom been able to penetrate far. The Government, with all its civil and military legions, merely forms a thin stratum of fresh water spread out over the heavier saline depths of this dark, dark people. Wherever you break through the flavourless streams of that most superficial crust, you come on one and the same identical mass below, composed of millions and millions who from one end to the other of their vast empire speak grammatically the same language, and share amongst themselves the same ideas and the same tactics of a mighty reserve; looking on calmly and inscrutably, and storing their energies—while the Westward imitating upper classes are exhausting theirs, in playing all sorts of copied antics before high heaven.

Often and often both Tsar and Ministers of State stop short in the middle of some imitative piece of legislation, and ask each other, not their too frequent question, what will England and France think of this? but what will the *Starovertsi*, or the Old Be-

lievers, amongst themselves, think of it and them too. And then many a recreant government officer, who has long since forgotten all the traditions of his race, looks into those deep dark waters of the national spirit, and hears ominous forebodings from "ancestral voices prophesying war;" for he knows what keen observers and intuitive understanders of Slavonic policy these are, noting all his movements, and though they say nothing now, they forget nothing. This people is too generally supposed to be dull and incapable, from what strangers may have seen of them at forced labour ungrateful to their beliefs. But only satisfy their ideas of legitimacy and reach their feelings, which are tender and true, and the world shall see another sight. The Tsar they love and almost adore; but his officers and their ways of going on they are by no means so certain about. This morning however it is an affair of the Tsar and the Tsardom only, so now they, the people, have no doubts at all and are thoroughly enthusiastic and completely joyful.

At the western end of the Winter Palace, where it was expected that at a gaily covered balcony the Imperial family was presently to appear, a large space in front was kept open by troops. There were the cobalt and silver uniforms of the Chevalier guard present, and the almost pure cream-colour of a body-guard organized by the late Nicholas Paulo-

vitch; troops of the line were also drawn up, and while we were still looking, came another regiment, who, with their black-crested helmets and black-green coats faced with red, recalled some of the terrific scenes of hard fighting at Eylau, Friedland, and other well contested fields. Such music as they had too! nothing for ornament, and certainly nothing superfluous! It was an awful din, and seemed to be just two notes, — we speak unmusically — played one and two and two and one, one and two and two and one, and so on *ad infinitum*, or rather we should say for as long as the regiment occupied in taking up its position; but its line was of enormous length, and continually as that most humdrum but severe music beat out its two notes, and two notes, a never-ending line of those grim-looking infantry kept pouring in, the level of their heads rising and falling with their step, and in time to their duotonous band. If in the period of the decadence of the Roman Empire, the weak successors of Constantine reduced many times the numerical strength of a "legion," hoping with many and small legions to have less dangerous mutinies than with few and powerful ones,—their modern representatives the Tsars, more secure in their subjects' loyalty, have bent the bow the other way, and made each of their modern regiments of tremendous strength.

Not less notable were the horses of the military,

especially of the officers. They were all good, alike powerful yet refined in their make of limb, and exalted in general aspect; but there was one animal belonging to an officer on duty near the end of the Dvorzoni bridge, which actually out-Heroded Herod, in the way of a battle steed. He was as black as night except where he had dotted himself with foam-flakes, and his capacious muscles were rising and falling momentarily or alternately in every part of his body; while, in spite of all the reining-in that could be exerted, he was continually putting one or other foot foremost, and snorting, almost shouting, defiance to the whole assembled army, whose component members he surveyed from one side to the other with his great active piercing eyes, and then his nostrils swelled like trumpet-tubes as he sent through them another loud startling alarum.

What a scene all this would be to get a photograph of! The sun too was coming out, and on the other side of the Neva, was the Academy's Observatory, where I had been so kindly allowed to establish my camera. Coming underneath it, and seeing that the faithful old servitor and veteran soldier Alexander was out on the upper roof gazing at the Palace fête, we lightly stepped upstairs and got out the apparatus. Before it was quite ready a sudden cheering arose in the wind, the military-kept open space was broken up, and all the hosts of sheep-

skin-dressed mouzhiks ran in a moment right up to the Palace windows. The Emperor and his son it seemed had appeared, and not bearing that their faithful people should be kept so at arm's-length, had dissolved at once the rigid ceremonials of the day, and converted it into a family meeting of the father of the nation with all his dutiful and loving children. Well, this was better still for a photograph, so we focussed the camera, and in three seconds a couple of pictures were obtained, which gave not only the architecture of the Tsar's abode, but the crowd, microscopically minute certainly, of well-booted mouzhiks under his drawing-room windows, as well as others lining all the Neva Quay and the sides of the wooden bridge.

More we might have attempted, but old Alexander was evidently anxious to be off to the Palace too; so it was a duty with us to pack up and leave him free; and at a later hour in the day we were rewarded by a Russian family kindly calling for us at our hotel, and taking us in their carriage to the Nevski Prospekt, to see the preparations for the illuminations; every house garnished with more or less wooden framing arranged in ornamental shapes, and tinted red, green, or white, according to the colour of the intended lamps; these being little glass cups half filled with good honest Russian tallow and a fibrous wick in the middle. From here

too we were taken to the *Champs-de-Mars*, where the Tsar and his eldest son were supposed to be entertaining all their birth-day-visitors at an immense fair, and at which therefore all the shows, merry-go-rounds, swings, etc. etc., were furnished free.

They were highly applauded and abundantly enjoyed at all events; for the crowd was great and spread like a vast sea over the plain. Close by, it was broken up to us, into individual groups and figures; and amongst several other booths and stages decorated with flags, lamps, and stars was one appropriated to national dances, composite and difficult tasks to an excessive degree. The legs of one man in light blue twinkled in his rapid cutting of Little Russian capers in extraordinary style, contrasting well with the bashful *pas* of a modest young suitor, more than ever bashful when he was surrounded by a bevy of young village damsels, who hand-in-hand, and with their hair plaited in long tails behind their backs, sang Slavonic songs at him with all their might; though they did not leave the victim to final despair either, as his subsequent *pas de deux* with one of their number sufficiently evidenced; but as for the long-bearded old Jew who sought to buy them with his money-bags, he was jeered at by all, and finally tumbled without ceremony over the edge of the stage.

Presently loud cheering announced the Emperor;

and from our elevated site we saw his carriage driving through and through the whole extent of the closely peopled plain: from one corner to the other and back again and round about his carriage and escort seemed to penetrate with the greatest ease and was everywhere followed by a running fire of "ourrahs." Subsequently some of the juveniles of the Imperial family, and without any escort, visited their numerous guests and with similar accompaniment of demonstrations.

About seven o'clock P.M. when it was decidedly dark, the illumination began. Its immense extent was like that of St. Petersburg itself. In the broad Admiralty Square and plain of St. Izak, spaces impossible to fill, we walked freely and admired the various devices along the English Quay, the blue-lights on men-of-war in the Neva, and the colossal decorations of numerous buildings on the further bank; none appearing to more advantage than the extensive College of Cadets, where they had merely followed the architectural lines of the building with innumerable lamps; and thus presented a luminous palace, capacious enough to fill the eye at all distances, and in a vastly purer style, than the carpenters' Gothic of intended illumination scenery elsewhere. The same principle was observed at the Admiralty, whose grand tower and effective gateway, looking all up the long Gorokhovaya street,

showed their own fine forms in lines of living light; not so bright certainly as London gas would have made them, but in a richer and warmer tint.

From these more open regions we tried the Nevski, and the great Morskaya, but the crowds there were appalling; indeed, in the latter we were for a time fixed immovably in a perfect crush of human beings, and were only too happy at last to escape by the way we had come, leaving to the loyal Petersburgers the duty of running the gauntlet, and admiring all the rest, of their endless illuminations in honour of this auspicious natal day.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FROZEN MAMMOTH.

September.

ANOTHER day of rejoicings and illuminations followed, and even another; but after that the Morskaya hotel gradually emptied of its uniformed officers; business began to run in its ordinary channels; and we succeeded at length in carrying our camera into the penetralia of the Academy's Museum, in preparation for photographing the mammoth (p. 257, Vol. I.).

If they do not still offer their visitors a cup of coffee or glass of wine, as Peter made the rule when first establishing the Academy, and as his successors kept up to the end of the Empress Anne's reign, the officials in charge make up for that by paying strangers much obliging attention, and indulging them in a manner more unexceptionably appropriate to the genius of the place. Thus we were not only admitted within the walls, but introduced to the chief Academician for Natural History, and shown

by him a variety of his researches in progress, his assistants in private rooms dissecting or preparing in the lines of investigation indicated to them, and he himself engaged in the curious inquiry of collating Russian hedgehogs *(Erinaceus Europæus)*.

The case is something like this: if you collect specimens of hedgehogs from the neighbourhood of Petersburg, and in a tract of country around it as large as Great Britain, you will not find much difference amongst them, or between them and our own specimens. But tack on continually to the first space you have marked out in Russia as large as Great Britain another such, and another; and go on adding them till you have reached Persia on the south and the Altai on the east; and then, from each of these spaces collect and compare its representative hedgehogs. The result will be, that though the animals native to each space are visibly similar *inter se*, there is a decided difference between those of different spaces; and the differences go on continually increasing from space to space, in both longitude and latitude, until, from the typical example of the north-west, you arrive at last among the long grey ridge-backed *Erinacei* of Siberia. And these, had they been suddenly come on by a traveller from the extreme west, without intervening experience, might have been at once put down as being anomalously new, and by means of many more zoological

distinctions than those which separate the *Erinaceus Grayi* and *Erinaceus collaris* of Indian and Himalayan zoologists. Thus even in a matter of hedgehogs, the enormous extent of the Russian empire comes into notice, and contains within its own bounds the materials for immense generalizations in science.

The hedgehog animal itself is widely distributed over the earth and seems an interesting one to many nations; and hence it is that the useful British "Diffusion of Knowledge Society," in their famous 'Penny Cyclopædia,' take the trouble to state that this animal is—"the *Riccio* of the Italians, *Erizo* of the Spanish, *Ourizo* of the Portuguese, *L'Hérisson* of the French, *Igel* of the Germans, *Egel-varken* of the Dutch, *Pin-suin* of the Danes, *Draenog* and *Draen y coed* of the ancient British, *Urchin* of the modern British, *Echinus terrestris* of Gesner, *Echinus (Erinaceus) terrestris* of Ray, and *Acanthion vulgaris* of Klein. There can be little doubt that it is the *Echinus*, *'Εχῖνος*, of Aristotle."

Now all this is very well so far; but why, after having gone just that far into philological details, did not our active British Society, headed by a noble Lord of reputed universal learning, give us also the name of the animal in Poland, and more particularly in Russia; a country which contains more hedgehogs, and more varieties of them, than

there are in all the rest of the world; and where the inhabitants—as numerous as the populations of several of the nations which *are* mentioned all put together—have not only one name for a big, and another for a small, hedgehog, but have also a verb which signifies to curl up, bristle, and otherwise act like a hedgehog?

If our scientific men, led by that noble Lord, the mere mention of whose style and title takes away from them all excuse of not knowing, will continue thus to ignore what is in existence, and will repudiate the works both of man and of nature in that vast Russian empire, for no other reason apparently than because it is Russian,—can we be surprised that our mere literary men copying from them, and not looking very deeply into the real merits of the case, but finding Russia nearly a blank in our natural history and other books,—declaim in nervous language, which cuts both ways, "no other empire than that of Russia ever succeeded in keeping so vast a portion of the globe a secret and a mystery to the rest of mankind"? Yet whose is the fault? Russia's, who has armies of *savants* continually engaged in exploring and developing, describing in memoirs, and exhibiting in public museums; and who prints and publishes annually 1861 books in St. Petersburg alone; or our "Diffusion of Knowledge Society," which will persistently refuse to

C. P. S. del.

APPROACH TO THE NIKOLAYEVSKI BRIDGE, ON THE VASSILI-OSTROV SIDE.

See Vol. I., pp. 232-234; Vol. II., p. 250.

look into any of these books, and will not condescend to quote them, their authors, or their public; even in so simple, and broad, a matter as the mere vernacular name by which fifty millions of Slavonic men designate a well-known little quadruped, indigenous over the greater part of their immense empire? Oh! Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, is not a Slavonian a man and a brother!

From the tiny hedgehog, placed though it be by Cuvier at the head of *insectivorous mammifers*, we must now hasten into the rotunda-room of the skeleton of the gigantic Siberian mammoth; that unique link between fossil remains and living animals, whose flesh was actually eaten, and good to eat, in our own day, though life must have left it long before the period of man upon earth.

The neighbourhood was rather too crowded for a good view, but Dr. Brandt kindly brought in a number of soldiers, and they walked about the stuffed rhinoceroses, and trotted off the preserved elephants and other such very large deer, until the camera's ground-glass presented a good picture of the monstrous bones. In the forepart of the scene to be sure there did come in the head and shoulders of a hippopotamus, but as these did not reach up to the knees of the mammoth, they obscured little, and furnished an excellent scale for the latter's otherwise unknown dimensions.

The tusk of a stuffed elephant also entered the picture, and appeared puny indeed beside the warlike beams of the older animal; and in fact, in such company, the elephant's only claim to attention was its pathetic story; a story told twice over in the stuffed skin and prepared skeleton. The once possessor of these had come up to St. Petersburg very much against his own will, forming part of that magnificent collection of animals which the Persian envoy, Prince Khosreff Mirza, brought as an attempted peace-offering to soothe the late mighty Tsar for the murder of his ambassador, Griboyedov,* in Teheran. They in the South had heard, with a well-known Russian poet,—

"The Caspian oracle
Speak in a voice of thunder.—'See!
Persians! your fate how terrible!'
He comes, the Lord of victory.
A thousand bolts his hand sends forth,"
etc. etc. etc.,

and in eager haste to avert such calamity, they had sent up Khosreff with trains of slaves, bearing jewels

* Griboyedov was one of the most promising literary geniuses of modern Russia, and his early death, at thirty-five years of age, lamented by all, has been variously treated by different parties. Revolutionists say, "Behold how invariably, in this unhappy Russia, those are made away with, who presume to rise above the medium level appointed by the Imperial sceptre." But to this, an eminently fair and able English author, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, has replied, "Oh! certainly; for had not Griboyedov written the best comedy of

and silks, and a whole menagerie of royal animals. But as the season was winter, and the temperature below zero, it became necessary to line the dens of both lions and tigers with the skins of comfortable bears, and the elephants were furnished with big kaftans, like so many true Muscovites. Notwithstanding all these precautions, the animals soon died; excepting only one of the elephants, who being of a more docile disposition than the others, learnt to make better use of the warm wraps that were provided for him. Amongst other articles of clothing he was furnished with goloshes, and wore them regularly whenever he went out for a constitutional walk. But, "on a day, alack the day!" a cold and wet one, he lost one of these goloshes at a place which in speaking of it to us they called the "Blue Bridge;" and though he was taken there again to look for what he had lost in the deep mud and voracious quicksand, the only result was that in place of finding the golosh he caught a cold; a severe one too it must have been, for it gradually settled on his lungs, and he died; when he was duly prepared for

the age, he would never have been taken from the lowly position of clerk in a Russian country town, and been appointed by the Emperor himself his Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Teheran; and had he not exactly been at Teheran in 1827, in that exalted character, he would not have fallen a sacrifice to the Persian mob during the sudden insurrection which arose there, and which afterwards cost the Shah of Persia so dearly."

the museum, and is now a standing example of the danger of promenading in St. Petersburg without goloshes.

Contrasting the elephant's skeleton with that of the mammoth, we could not understand the paltry look of the ribs of the latter, hardly so strong as those of the elephant, while the leg-bones, skull, and tusks were four or five times more solid, until Dr. Brandt pointed out that the ribs were artificial, of coloured deal, and supplied in an early day, before much was known of the comparative anatomy of such large creatures. The famous mammoth of the Academy is indeed much of a make-up; for the place of its finding on the banks of the Lena, in Siberia, in 70° north latitude, was too difficult to allow of more than a small part of its remains being carried away. Even the tusks seem not to be its own, and when examined closely are found to be held up by iron bars just in front of the cavities where the rightful tusks should be. Yet they are true tusks, and of the same species of half-fossil mammoth, and the head, with much of the skin hanging upon it, ome of the cervical vertebræ, a whole fore-leg, and more than one foot are, we believe, the genuine Adam's mammoth.

There was therefore an abundance well worth photographing; but when we looked at its prevailing dark-brown tint, and the faint window-light, we

were in despair. The air outside was thick and hazy; dingy would express it better; and at that season the Doctor said we need not expect any clear skies for a month or two to come; the end of autumn and the approach of winter were always heralded in there by such dismal weather; but he bid us not be disturbed by that, for we might leave the camera as long as we pleased.

Three days we pleaded for, not more, lest we should interfere with the public having their usual view of this part of the Museum on Monday.

"Let not that interfere either," said the Director; "it is true that when the public enter the Museum, the cry is for ever to press forward to see 'the mammoth;' but if a photograph is to be taken, and four days or five are necessary, the door of this room shall be locked for all that time."

He then kindly showed us selected specimens of the remains of this monster, its woolly hair, its tough skin, and the dried fibres of its flesh. He was contemplating apparently a memoir upon the mammoth, in the same masterly and erudite manner as his published treatise on the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, an inhabitant of these countries at the same early period, and similarly perished off its surface, before the advent of man.

There were many remains of mammoths spread through other rooms in the Museum, and amongst

them a learned man called our attention to a gigantic skull, with one full-sized tusk, and the other one shrivelled, black, and diseased. What could be the cause of that? Preadamite toothache on a scale fearful to think of! Our teacher pointed out to us a fracture of the cheek-bone just under the eye, and immediately over the commencing root of the woful tusk. *There* was evidently the active origin of the mischief; but what again had produced that colossal smash, like the blow of a cyclopean sledge-hammer? What but another mammoth, with his huge side-sweeping tusk, as strong as the yard-arm of a man-of-war? There had been fighting then in these early times, and our instructor shouted out, as if he had arrived at the most extraordinary joke, "*Combat des mammoths*;" and then he sent forth such deep-mouthed peals of gigantic laughter as made the room quake again.

We were inclined though to think it rather a serious matter, and a fair daughter of Eve took it in that light too, though with some slightly encouraging circumstances; for she observed, that here seemed to be a proof that all evil passions, strife, and death in the world, did not begin with the plucking of a certain unfortunate apple.

How many thousand years ago would the Russian *savant* put the date of the angry combat of wild beasts which he had demonstrated?—ten thousand or perhaps fifteen thousand?

But therewith the laughing became the serious philosopher.

"Shall I venture to tell," murmured he, "to British ears, what result science has led me to in such a question, when Dr. Clarke's book consigned a Russian Empress's name to the religious anathemas of British readers, merely because she mentioned the very first of the physical conclusions deducible from the mammoth remains, viz. that the earth is a great deal older than five thousand years?"

"Oh! if that was all," we said, "he might proceed quite safely; for although there were many other natural-history points where well-meaning, religiously-disposed persons still refuse to allow the free application of inductive science, yet that difficulty of the five thousand and odd years, and the six days, has been completely got over;* and *savants* are now allowed full license to take as much time as they require in their physical problems. This follows from the six days of Genesis having been ascertained, on reference to Sanscrit, as we have been informed by very conscientious Christians, who are also good linguists, and withal firmly resolved to hold geologists and others to the very text of Scripture

* "And I visited the Museum, and actually saw, not only the skeleton, but the skin and hair of a brute, known to all school-boys as the Siberian Mammoth, which trod the earth, ate, slept, grew old and stupid, and finally died, before Adam was born."—The Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., in 'Good Words,' p. 49: 1861.

in everything else,—to mean an indefinite length of time,—'and that any man is a fool who does not see it in this light.'"

What the Cambridge Doctor would have said thereupon, after the manner in which, in his own note on the Red-Sea miracle, he has answered the "stupid bigots" of his day, who laid constraint on his attempted correlation of physical phenomena and Biblical events,—we know not; but amongst several gentlemen who had now joined in the St. Petersburg talk, a hot-headed Pole rushed in and declared "that he saw no difficulty in the mammoth problem at all: Baron Humboldt had given a most beautiful explanation of it. Nature has such a power of adaptation to circumstances. Royal Bengal tigers, during a hot summer, stray into central Asia, and when in a colder climate acquire a wool under their hair. Of course it must be so with the elephant too; and then, when the naked-skinned Indian elephant wanders far enough, what does he become but the woolly-clothed Siberian mammoth?"

"Pray," said another gentleman, "do not begin just yet to use mammoth and elephant as synonymous terms. If Indian elephants wandered into central and northern Asia, only during its undoubtedly hot summer, then, according to your own showing, they would have no need of a growth of wool; and if they were prevailed on by force of any

sort to stop after the said hot summer was over, why our poor fellow who lost his golosh at the Blue Bridge is a proof, so far as he goes, that an Indian elephant gets killed by a Northern winter long before any sensible amount of thick wool has grown upon him. But the Siberian mammoth had such an enormous quantity of woolly hair, that you must give up the notion of his being a summer bird of passage only; he was evidently adapted by his clothing to be a constant resident in the land, just as much as the bears, the elks, or the reindeer; while, that a mammoth was still further a peculiar animal, and different from an Indian elephant in the form and structure of every bone,—the slightest comparison of these two skeletons will abundantly show you, and Dr. Brandt's forthcoming memoir may prove the same fact, within certain limits mind you, even in the construction of the minutest fibre of its body.

"The Russian mammoth then was a creature in so far *sui generis*, and in point of time it belonged not to the human but to the tertiary period in geology. Some persons have indeed thought it must be much later, on account of the Siberian specimens having been found so admirably preserved, with their flesh soft, or at least fleshy; but that remarkable preservation is little more than the actual consequence of the excessive dry cold of the climate, and the perpetually frozen state of Siberian soil. Bury butcher's meat

in frozen mud, and keep it always under zero Fahrenheit, and for anything that has yet been proved, it will last fresh for centuries, possibly myriads of years. More of these perfectly preserved specimens might still be discovered in the far North, but the Samoyede natives have an untoward idea, that the mammoth was, or rather is, still a creature enjoying a subterranean existence, that he dies the instant the light of day is admitted to him, and perpetual misfortune follows that unlucky man who becomes immediately the cause of the giant's death. In the extreme south of present Russia, and of the former principal mammoth-residence, as in the lower Ural and amongst the Bashkir tribes, the bones only are found, and always more or less decayed and mineralized, chiefly among the gold-alluvia. There, though mixed up with the bones also of most of the other tertiary animals, as the Mastodon, Rhinoceros tichorhinus, Trogontherium, Merycotherium, Elasmotherium, etc. etc., the mammoth relics still excite the chief regard; and with respect to them the Bashkirs often prayed the early Russian miners, 'Take our gold if you will, but leave us, for heaven's sake, the bones of our forefathers.'

"Not only over the enormous extent of Siberia, from north to south and from east to west were the mammoths spread, through Kamtchatka, Behring's Straits, and most of North America, but their remains,

more or less dilapidated, are found all over European Russia, and extend even as far as England itself. There they are few, quite in proportion to the present really small extent of that country, which its inhabitants are so strangely particular in taking the trouble, whenever they speak of it, to call *Great* Britain; but whenever we come to those enormous 'charnel-houses' in Siberia, where whole hills and plains are almost formed of mammoths' bones, these seem to constitute proofs that that region was for long ages the largest subaerial portion of land in the northern hemisphere, and that for long ages also it was inhabited by generations after generations of those giant mammals."

"Well, but what killed them all off then? They were so numerous and so strong, and had possessed the earth for ages between the parallels of 65° and 45° north latitude, and in longitude round more than half the world, and now there is not one of them in existence. Have they been all drowned by a marine submergence?" we asked.

"Certainly not," said the Academician, "if there is to be any trust placed in great names, and in modern field-geology; for what say Murchison, Verneuil, and Keyserling, vol. i. p. 499 of their magnificent work? Why this is it:—

"And here let us say a word more on the ancient "physical geography of this region. Such as are

"the present north-flowing courses of the great Si-
"berian rivers, such we affirm they must have been
"from the very earliest periods, from the time, in
"short, when the palæozoic rocks, constituting the
"Altai and Ural Mountains and their dependencies,
"were raised into dry lands, never more to be de-
"pressed beneath the waters of the ocean. Infinitely
"the loftiest and the grandest of these chains, the
"Altai, with its snowy peaks (yet void of glaciers),
"ranging from west to east, is the great southern
"watershed from whence the Siberian rivers must,
"we say, have flowed from south to north during
"long ages, whilst the peculiarity of all the great
"counterforts or advanced ridges of that mighty
"chain, consists in their being composed of palæ-
"ozoic, metamorphic, and igneous rocks, which
"equally extend from south to north, in a number
"of long, low, meridian, parallel ridges. These north
"and south ridges, of which the Ural is the western-
"most, thus encase each river, and, preventing its
"flexure to the east and west, have necessarily deter-
"mined its course to the Glacial Ocean from epochs
"long anterior to the creation of a mammoth."

"That is surely distinct enough," continued he who held the discourse for a time; "after that, you cannot think of a Siberian deluge of any description, and your own people have been thrown for an explanation, on 'change of climate.' How curiously,

too, this question has waxed and waned in the West! Here in the East, we hardly had any doubt about the mammoth having been essentially a northern animal; but your Occidental discoverers of Southern Africa, and your rulers of India, have always so pertinaciously jumped at the conclusion that every large animal with tusks must of course have been a tropical elephant,—that your geologists, in face of our frozen mammoth, had to deal in all manner of *diablerie*, to account for the sudden conversion of an equatorial into a polar climate, and acquired immense credit by building up the speculation. But then when it was subsequently found that that hypothesis would not hold water, the occupation of pulling it down conferred equal glory on another set of your great names; and thus were reduced all your transcendental conclusions of a heat-loving elephant, to where we had been all the time, viz. to acknowledging the mammoth to have been an inhabitant of these countries at nearly their present temperature, and a feeder on the trees they still produce. All honour though to your Dr. Fleming, of Scotland, who, we believe, was the first to show in the West, that the mammoth was to the elephant what the musk-ox is to the buffalo; *i. e.* a creature of the same general kind, excessively like in its bones, but exceedingly different in its skin; and capable of, and actually living in a climate 60° of Fahrenheit lower.

"This was a great point settled, no doubt; for then, instead of French *savants* supposing the world had got a knock from a comet, and had had its axis of rotation suddenly and vehemently changed,—you had a more cautious British philosopher suggesting that the later geological extensions of Siberian land, by its slow elevation out of the sea, northward to the Frozen Ocean, and westward from the Ural Mountains to Norway, has so intensified its cold seasons, as to have since rendered the country unsuitable to mammoth existence."

'And you think that finished the creature?'

"We must speak respectfully of the theory," said the Academician, "whether we like it or not. It is without doubt a *vera causa*, that a large continent or large island will have more intense seasons than a small one; and, on the whole, a lower mean temperature, if beyond the parallel of 45° of latitude. But then comes the question of the sufficiency of that cause. Had Siberia been in mammoth days a little island, like that island which you call *Great* Britain (only you should evidently drop that prefix in discussions on natural questions), a little island in the midst of a great ocean, and under parallel 55° latitude north, why then, on its enlarging to the size of Siberia at present, its climate would become very different to what it had been; its old isothermal would no longer pass through it, that is, through any

part of its ancient limits, while droughts in summer and snows in winter would destroy a vegetation and a Fauna, which had formerly depended on fluid moisture being abundant all through the year. But Mammothian Siberia was never in such a small island case; for all through those ages, even supposing it terminated at the Urals on the west, and at lat. 65° in the north, Siberia was an enormous continent, and had a continental climate with plants and animals inured thereto. All therefore that would occur on those later extensions of its land surface west and north, would be, merely a comparatively small increase of intensification of the already intense seasons; and to a degree varying with different parts of the country. On the whole, too, we may say that the climate effect, both as to mean annual temperature and semi-annual range of temperature, would be entirely represented by simply moving the isothermal lines of those quantities slightly southward of their old positions; and inasmuch as the country extended southwards unlimitedly to the very tropics themselves, and the great rivers all run north and south, why the Siberian animals that had been living under 65° of latitude could easily move up to 60°, and those of 60° to 55°. Then too, as such change of climate would establish itself very slowly, the full development of their food-trees would certainly follow if not precede the change of the animals' own habitat; and in so far

there is no climate-reason why the recently and comparatively but slightly increased surface of dry land on the northern and western shore of Siberia, should have decreased the number of the mammoth droves that formerly ranged over, and fattened upon its world-wide plains.

"That question too of their food is capable of more illustration still. As thus, we believe, the mammoth fed on the branches of birch-trees and Siberian cedars. Well then, has the reputed change of climate actually been such as to destroy those trees out of the land? By no means: they still exist and cover enormous tracts."

'Ah! but then,' put in an old gentleman with hooked nose, 'you know we find trees of old forests far north of where they now extend to, for there are ancient tree-trunks in the ever-frozen soil, where now only reindeer-moss can grow.'

"Oh! for the matter of that," returned the other, "the English navigators found beds of coal in Melville Island, nearer still to the Pole, and we have found them in Nova Zembla, an island also do you observe, composed of once fast-growing plants, though now covered with eternal snows; but that, as well as what you mention, is bound up with perfectly different questions. The matter before us is, whether a slight increase in size of the old Siberian continent is likely to have had any very remarkable

effect in destroying the trees on which the mammoth fed. It certainly has not destroyed them all, for look you how well the modern Siberia is still, over the greater part of its extent, furnished forth with the most illustrious examples of what nature can produce in the shape of lofty well-grown trees; and if we would inquire whether a large or small portion of dry land is favourable for tree growth, or in other words, if the increase of Siberian land has been in the direction for or against increasing the mammoth's branchy food, compare a present northern continent with a present small northern island in its own mean parallel of latitude, and thus eliminate all possible secular changes and phenomena of geology; and then, oh! my friends, what have you?

"Why here, for the continent, you have the government of St. Petersburg, stretching away in broad plains abundantly covered with larch and fir and birch; and then, for the island, have you not Sumburgh Head in the Shetlands, under the same latitude to a small fraction of a degree, and with its island-climate, producing not the smallest species of any tree at all? 'Wet grass and mournful moss,' (p. 344, Vol. I.), did you not say, are its only productions?—and if so, what is a '*phyllophagous*,' or branch-eating animal, like the mammoth, to make out of that?

"Plainly then, the old Siberian continent becoming a little more continental still, was not either the food, or climate, cause of the destruction of the mammoths; and so our great triumvirate of geologists, though speaking with the utmost respect of that theory and its pains-taking author, must have considered in their inmost hearts; for at p. 498, vol. i. of their work already quoted, they have brought in a supplementary cause of their own to assist. This cause is no other than the latest elevations of the north Ural chain, a disturbance which burst the bounds of many lakes, and, sending impetuous torrents down to the mouth of the Obi, would have washed into the sea any droves of mammoths who might have been there, on the anciently umbrageous coasts during a summer peregrination. That also is a *vera causa* to a certain extent; and there can be no doubt that those later elevations of the Ural, must have been extremely inconvenient to any mammoths residing on the mountains at the time; while the consequent floods are very likely to have carried them away—the lumbering brutes—into the Polar sea. But granting all this, how does it explain the disappearance also of all the mammoths of the undisturbed palœozoic river systems of the Yenisei and the Lena? Mighty ugly for mammoths near the Gulf of Petchora, was that last elevation of unquiet Uralia; but how did it touch those who lived at Odessa, or

inhabited about Moskva?—what too, had it to do with those of Kamtchatka and Behring's Straits, and of your own Great Britain?"

'Not much, directly,' we replied, 'but begging your pardon, what a long story you are making of it, and leading us further and further from the point we want to get at, viz. what brought all the mammoth race to an end.'

"Nay," said he, "but that is precisely what we have now arrived at, touched on, and are stranded upon; for what is it, but that there is a life of a *species* as well as an *individual*. The life of the individual is the periodical phenomenon, and the life of the species is the secular phenomenon, a necessary accompaniment of the other."

'Only necessary, if the periodical phenomena are of regular character, reducible to law!'

"Surely; but then what are not the circumstances of individual life, except most regular manifestations of a connected series; in fact, laws; and such laws as you need never expect to see surpassed in the whole range of the biological world. They may not yet admit of geometrical demonstration, as what natural history questions do? but in such manner as these are usually held to be proved, is it most clearly illustrated that the death and disappearance of a species is a necessary consequence of its appearance. The ibis of the Pharaohs and their

horses and cows, do indeed, as you say, continue to exist, just as healthy and strong as when they were pictured in the tombs of Luxor, so far as man can see; but then for what time has he seen them? three thousand years perhaps; why that is nothing in geological periods, and insufficient to give them any place in geological history. From their non-appearance in the records of that history of ancient species, the Egyptian animals are evidently of younger species, and should so far still be living; but of each species of bird or beast, reptile or fish, whose fossil remains prove it to have been created earlier, it has died out earlier; the life of every species plainly was finite; it had its small beginnings, its meridian plenitude, and its gradual decay and death. Hence, if the mammoth species did die out of the world ages ago, and the elephant species is still existing, the former began to exist also ages earlier; and must from the abundance of its remains have continued to exist for a vastly greater space of time than the elephant tribe has yet passed upon earth; of this tribe, its species-life is far from run out, and is vigorous yet; but be not deceived by its present vigour, for most certainly, from all palæontological experience, may we expect that the time will come when the elephantine species will also decay, and its place know it no more."

'It's nothing of the sort! You are quite wrong,'

exclaimed a gentleman who had exhibited a growing uneasiness for some minutes past; and now with a scandalized and severe, rather than an angry look, but with a very red face, he started up, and exclaimed, 'I tell you you're all wrong. I read in the Holy Bible, that all the animals of the dry land were created on one and the same day; and I draw also from that source, which cannot be wrong, that species are perfectly unalterable; and when that word has said it, I tell you, they must remain unaltered to the end of time.'

"But, my good friend," said the other very quietly, "how then do you explain the actual facts of the mammoth remains? There, was a species created, without doubt, and after a fashion it has *not* remained unaltered to the end of time; for it had died away altogether, before the appearance of man; we all confess it to have died out, and you do not pretend that there is a single specimen in existence still."

'No, I do not,' returned his opponent, "but I tell you that the species was created with power to be immortal,* as were all other species, and they remained immortal just so long, until it pleased

* "Each species, itself an aggregate of mortal individuals, came thus from the hands of God, inherently immortal; and when He saw fit to remove it, it was slain through the intervention of such changes, and replaced by another."—*Dr. George Wilson's Preface to his beautiful lines on Edward Forbes's death.*

God to arise and slay them. Their several disappearances therefore are all so many proofs in geological story of the existence of a God, and of his continued watching over the works of his hands. Do you ask me where it is mentioned in the Bible, that any one species was destroyed before the creation of Adam?—I will rather ask you, if you believe the Bible? and if you do believe it, can you imagine that its Divine Author would have misled his faithful people by anything that is false? so, if there is any discrepancy between the Bible and geology, can there be the smallest doubt which is in error? As for geology, how is that always changing, and its infidel votaries would need have the Bible re-written every few years to please them; but the Bible, I can guarantee you, will for ever remain the same.'

"True, most true," rejoined the other earnestly, "we all most gladly accept, believe, and love the Bible with heart and soul, as the only book of revealed religion"—more he would have said, but his opponent was off; he had dashed his hat upon his head, and had left the party with an emphasis of offended dignity.

'Who is he?' we asked.

"A very good and well-meaning man," replied they, "full of probity and feeling, but dreadfully peculiar. He is a noble, though poor, and is the last of a long line. His immediate predecessors were very

wild and spendthrift characters, but he has turned round on their steps utterly, cannot keep his fasts too austerely or his religious observances too frequently; his conscience is kept for him by the priests; not that they seek it, but that he presses it upon them; and then he tries in private teachings among the poor and the young, to lead their consciences for them. He subscribes to the Bible Society, teaches in the Bible Schools, reads the Bible to the poor, and struggles hard, we must all confess, to do all the good he can see his way too."

The scientific discussion was considerably damped and interfered with for a little time by this unexpected episode, but it was soon flowing again in its former channel.

'Well, I don't know about your life of a species,' said an individual who had not spoken until now; 'it has something in it, very probably, and if I had been educated a medical doctor like you, I might have sworn by its sufficiency; and mark you, I don't mean to say that it is not sufficient, or that it has not performed a very large part on the theatre of this earth-ball of ours;—but have you not lugged it in for the present occasion, on somewhat narrow foundation?'

"Narrow foundation!" said the fine old physician, "pray explain."

'Why, before you introduced *your* finisher-theory,

you had very properly, for the force of your argument, excluded all those of other *savants;* and you excluded the greater part of them at one sweep, by putting forward an assertion that Southern Siberia, its mountain chains and river-courses; have remained *in statu quo* from the palæozoic ages, have been dry land and continental from long before the creation of the first mammoth down even to our own times.'

"Very well; and is not that exactly as written and published by three of the greatest geologists, English, French, and Russian? Do you deny the greatness of their names or the immense weight everywhere attached to their opinions?"

'Of course not; but this I will venture to hint, that it is the most remarkable assertion which I have anywhere had the good fortune to meet with in geological literature; and we shall be hard put to it, to parallel such a fact as it indicates, anywhere else all the wide world over. For examine all other countries, and what is a more pervading and invariable feature of their construction, than that they have been above the ocean-surface and below it several times since those palæozoic ages? The heights too that they have been above it, and the depth of miles that they have been below it, and yet have been raised up again! Only look into Darwin's account of the Andes, and the oscillating islands of the Pa-

cific. I repeat therefore that that is a most remarkable assertion which your great authors have set forth for the Altai and other ranges of mountains, southern sources of the great Siberian rivers; and all the more remarkable if it should be found that its authors were never within five hundred miles of the Altai peaks. In their book, too, they do not seem to claim to have been near those mountains, though they assume a knowledge of their constitution; and even if they had been on them, and had seen a great deal, yet they could not have by any means seen everything in so extraordinarily extensive a region, and the subsequent discovery by any one else of a single patch of secondary or tertiary sedimentary rock would greatly shake their assertion.'

"But you do not mean to say that anything of that sort has been discovered?"

'Oh no, I merely keep to the triumvirate's own book, and find there something like a post-tertiary sediment deposited over the greater part of that country. Look at their chapter 22, and its first title, "The Black-earth, or Tchornozem, of central and "southern Russia shown to be a subaqueous forma-"tion." They prove their case too famously, I really think, and this remarkable material, Tchornozem (p. 384, vol. I.), is exhibited capping all other strata, and on some of them mounted up so high as to show vast and variable elevating forces to have operated

since its deposition; while the strata immediately capped* are so various in age, as to prove that previous to its deposition the same forces had also been active agents, in combination at times with powerful denudation. How they prove the subaqueous origin without any organic remains, I leave the triumvirs to explain, though premising that they do it very well; and testify also to similar deposits "on the Asiatic "or Siberian side of the Ural Mountains, near Ka- "mensk, and between Minsk and Troitsk," and give reports "that it spreads over considerable spaces in "the eastern, central, and southern parts of that "region" (the great Siberian plains).† Now what is this but indicating that the deposit covers a breadth greater than that of the Atlantic Ocean? and in such case we may waive all the authors' delicacy as to whether it was a salt or fresh water deposit, and conclude that all Siberia, and European Russia too, were submerged effectually, and for long ages, subsequently to the creation of mammoths, if not nearly coincidently with their extinction. Sub-

* "It lies upon rock of all ages" (page 458, vol. i.), Murchison, Verneuil and Keyserling.

† "The soil in the settled part of Siberia is universally good, and in some places extremely fertile. A great part of it is a continuation of the so-called black soil, which we first found in the centre of Russia, and which stretches in a zone of greater or less extent from the Carpathians to the Southern (?) Ocean. The ordinary soil of Siberia," etc.—*R. Farie's Haxthausen*, vol. ii. p. 29.

merged with a submergence, too, such as would have been quite sufficient, if not to have drowned all the mammoths from Western to Eastern Russia and on to Behring's Straits,—at least to weaken that Xerxeian assertion, that when the palæozoic rocks of the Altai and their dependencies first became subaerial, they "were raised into dry land, never more to be de-"pressed beneath the waters of the ocean."

"Well, of course that was an unfortunate remark," we replied, "but you must not be too hard on a single slip in so noble a work, and a work in the course of which it is really a grand sensation to read, in page after page, the disentangling of the multitudinous surface phenomena of this enormous empire, and the development of the true succession of its rocks. It is a work which, for extensive observation and what may be called discoveries innumerable through the application of appropriate theory, has not its equal in ancient or modern times."

'Certainly, certainly,' responded the Russian, 'we respect the book and own it as quite a storehouse of geological knowledge, and honour all the authors, but none more than your British Murchison, for he certainly has an eye for a country, a general's acumen among the rank and file of geologists; but that need not prevent us from paying due attention to a great natural phenomenon which has never been fully studied yet, and wherein he himself will be

sure to gain in the end his usual renown. This phenomenon too of the Tchornozem is now so evidently mixed up with the disappearance of the mammoths, so distinctly proves that those who did not die a natural death must have been drowned out, and that those who did so die would have been drowned too, if they had lived long enough,—that we cannot pass it over, and indeed it is almost incumbent on us to show that the submergence of the land of the mammoth, may have taken place very considerably quicker than any rise or fall of the land and sea that is presently anywhere observable."

"Now," said the hooked-nosed gentleman, crooking his finger at the same time at the last speaker, "don't be bringing in any of the old cataclysms of geology; for the greatest modern philosophers all hold and teach that the most immense effects of past times have all been produced by the continued repetitions of the little, almost infinitely little effects we see going on about us; and therefore they will allow no other actions than these to be employed in explaining ancient phenomena."

'And who are these modern philosophers,' instantly retorted the former, 'who can perceive everything that is now going on in the earth, and follow it on through time to come, and trace it back through time that is past, through all its changes, accelerations, and retardations? Let them prove their powers

by predicting to us the occurrence of earthquakes, or the breaking out anew of old and long quiescent volcanoes. Meanwhile you should know that the submergence of the mammoth kingdom is by no means an isolated phenomenon; it belongs to those general effects of elevation and depression (page 9, vol. ii.) which are common to all parts of the earth and all times, but are nowhere seen so well and convincingly and to the point as in European Russia. This country has indeed well been said to form one huge depository basin, whose bottom has been subject to repeated alterations of level; and our worthy triumvirate write :'—

"We dwell on the fact, that such enormously "wide horizontal deposits of different ages are nearly "all conformable in superposition, and yet all clearly "separable from each other by mineral character "and organic remains;—thus decisively showing, "that old races of animals have disappeared and "have been succeeded by others over vast regions, "in which there never has been the smallest eruption "of plutonic or volcanic matter."

'Fire then was not present, but water was, and secular immersions and emersions of the land would produce those observed effects; and combined with them, as additionally showing the grandeur of scale on which the phenomena were acted, you may note what the same great authors say of the bearing of

new Russian chains of mountains on one of the leading speculations of M. Élie de Beaumont,—that relative directions of great mountain-chains are indicative of the age in which they were thrown up. "No one can look," say they, "at our general map, "without seeing that it exhibits three grand natural "features which support this portion of the theory of "our eminent contemporary. Thus, the Scandina- "vian mountains, along which the older palæozoic "rocks only have been elevated, range from south- "west to north-east. In the Ural, where the chief "disturbances have taken place after the Carboni- "ferous and Permian deposits (neither of which for- "mations exist in Scandinavia), the direction is "north and south. And thirdly, in the Caucasus, in "which no vestige of palæozoic life has been de- "tected, and where the mightiest upheavals have "occurred posterior to the oolite and the chalk, the "range is distinctly from west-north-west to east- "south-east. The data, therefore, as established by "geological labours, compel us to believe that there "is a connection between certain great lines of ele- "vation of the earth's surface, and the periods at "which they were produced."

'The laws of the phenomena being thus clearly made out, they only need their law of causation to be arrived at, to be put into intelligent and necessary series; and this seems on the point of being done

by an eminent English Colonel of Engineers, who, starting from a proposition in Newton's 'Principia,' not much noticed hitherto, and applying its teaching to the manifest irregularities in thickness of the earth's hard crust, as evidenced by well-known mountains, table-lands, and seas; and its nowhere very great thickness, as indicated by temperature observations in mines, and nearly demonstrated by Mr. Airy's explanation of Archdeacon Pratt's abnormal attraction of the Himalayas,—obtains at last a mathematico-mechanical result, showing, that after long ages, the lopsided figure of the earth will cause it to tumble over in a manner, and the axis of rotation remaining in the same direction in space will occur in a different part of the surface of the earth. Then, oh then! will occur the rendings of its crust, and its crumpling up into ridges of mountains when the equatorial protuberance re-forms itself about the new relative position of the axis of rotation; when some lands will be pushed up miles high, and others depressed as much below, and the materials of all get squeezed, and slaty cleavage originated throughout the mightiest rock-masses. The greater part of these changes must take place very rapidly, and then will ensue long periods of quiet, perhaps hundreds of thousands of years, until another scene occurs of the earth's throes, another turning over of the crust, with a crumpling up of new mountain ranges in

new directions; gigantic oozings out of the internal molten matter, and a complete alteration of the levels of all lands and seas, except in the neighbourhood of certain nodes of quiescence.

'This must have passed through its several phases over and over again in geological times, and is doubtless going on now; as we should probably be able to prove astronomically if the phenomenon were not just at present in its nearly quiescent interval, and accurate observations of the latitude of any observatory do not extend backwards a sufficient number of hundreds, not to say anything of the thousands, of years which might be required.

'When the acme last came, and the greater part of the shift of the earth's axis took place in something like three hundred days, the rush and confusion amongst the great mammals must have been extraordinary; and as they found the earth's crust under their feet rending and sinking, or rising preternaturally, floods must have menaced them first on one hand, and then on another; so no wonder they accumulated only to perish in those inconceivable numbers, both of indviduals and species, whose bones have recently been discovered all collected into a little corner at Sansan, on the north foot of the Pyrenees; and others again at Pikermi, on the south foot of Mount Pentelicus in Greece.

'Only to think what a world of poetry as well

as insight into true natural history the ancient Greeks had there beneath their feet, only twelve miles east from Athens and four miles from the Ægean Sea; and yet lived in perfect ignorance of it, and of all the huge mammals who had found a pre-adamite grave in that since beautiful and classical land!* Yet I don't know," mused the Academician after a pause, "whether there is not a story more interesting still to the human race connected with the origin of our Uralian gold.'

"And what is that?" we eagerly asked.

'Well, it has some connection, too,' said he, 'with the mammoths; but otherwise it deals only with things inorganic, and as the account is rather a long one, had we not better adjourn to a more appropriate time and place?'

* Although nothing was said of the celebrated Professor Pallas during the above discussion, yet it seems to me proper to recall attention to his published opinions on the Mammoth problem, as presented in his own time; and more particularly to the change which he made in them, when, after having previously only examined specimens in a Museum, he began to travel in Siberia, and observe all the attendant circumstances of the bones *in situ*. The chronological ideas of that day, wherewith the Professor connected his facts, may be wrong; but the facts themselves, local facts of observation, and the differences between Museum and field deductions, by such a man, are not likely to be altogether overturned.

CHAPTER VII.

RUSSIAN SOCIETY.

September.

It was not with a little curiosity that on the evening of the 23rd of September we crossed over, by the Nikolayevski bridge, into the Vassili Ostrov, to take tea by invitation with an elderly Russian couple, whose acquaintance we had in a manner picked up in the streets.

Now a quaint old bachelor, of a literary turn, in Edinburgh, was accustomed to relate there, how he preferred always to travel in a third-class railway-carriage, rather than in one of higher grade; for "in a first-class," said he, "I meet only silent, tawdry-dressed women; but in the third-class there are men who can talk." A very unpolite observation it was, no doubt, but so true; for not only in Scotland, but in every other country as well, does conversation in public places seem to be more free, friendly, and abundant among the lower, than any

of the upper, classes. Hence you may be pretty sure that this acquaintanceship of ours which began among St. Petersburg streets in a conversational manner, was not of the very highest order of society.

No, indeed; but then what matter of that, so long as to inquiring travellers it should afford a representation of a more numerous class in society, and one decidedly Russian? Something in this way at all events it was, that the formal ice got broken through. On an evening in the beginning of August, we were seated on a bench in the Izak boulevard, sketching one of the bold groups of bronze angels near the summit of the cathedral, holding forth their gigantic cressets,—when an elderly gentleman and lady, who had previously been walking quite in the middle of the roadway, must, we thought, very needlessly leave that open arena and sit down on the very same bench with ourselves. Then, after a few minutes, the gentleman addressed us in English; and being, after a little general talk, allowed to look at the wretched sketch-book, oh, how he devoured it with his eyes! "And was the sunset really so richly coloured in the Gulf of Finland; and were the waves so very large?" he earnestly asked; and in truth he detained us rather longer than was convenient, putting all manner of artistic and literary questions. Then again, on another occasion, we fell in with that same pair quite accidentally on the Annitchkoff bridge in the

Nevski Prospekt; and how the old gentleman immediately rushed at us, and produced all his English again, and inquired after divers and sundry English books, and their authors; their lives, private and public, and everything we knew about them. How much longer he would have kept us there standing answering, when we could, his queries for information, in the crowded thoroughfare, we don't know; for he had already pooh-poohed all his wife's hints and advices that it was long past his dinner hour, and that he ought to return home; but when, almost as a forlorn hope, she whispered to him that he might be detaining us from our dinner too, then he immediately adjourned the rest of his talk to another time.

That other time was when he called one evening at our hotel with the anxious and pressing invitation which we were now accepting. Over the bridge therefore we went, and in at the palatial doors of an Educational Institution, and up, up the long stairs to the topmost flat; for there, it seemed, in low-ceilinged, but clean-kept, rooms, lived the poorest but not least worthy official of the whole establishment. He was their translator of foreign memoirs; and much he delighted to tell how he had massed together the information on different countries in a general digest of the progress of research during so many years, and to indicate the leading

characteristics which he had assigned to the natives of each quarter of the globe, and his illustrations of the reality of those characteristics in the works he had methodically translated. All this was over and above his official duty, and had been a labour of untiring and abounding love.

Yet, although so fond of his shop, he did not bore one with it, for he was not prosy, but always intelligent and interesting, and had many other subjects of conversation besides. There was his wife, too, doing the duties of the tea-table, with a homely earnestness of desire that it should be done hearty justice to, that was famous to behold; and their one servant seemed to think it the proudest day of her life to come in with the samovar, and show the visitors how brightly she had made it shine outside, and how glowingly it burned inside, and what neat little teacakes she had prepared with her own hands at their own stove, without having to ask the baker, at the corner of the street, for anything.

Before it was quite dark, the old gentleman pointed out to us from his elevated windows, his view of the Neva and the southern side of St. Petersburg, than which he thought nothing in the world could be more glorious. Yet he had been once in England and Scotland, on a mission from the Emperor Alexander, to examine into the working of the Bell and Lancasterian system of schools. This was before his

marriage, and his wife never having been out of her own country, he now described to her with raptures his reminiscences of Great Britain, but before and above all, his astonishment at seeing a shepherd in the Highlands reading Homer. He instantly jumped to the conclusion that every Highlander could do the same, and he left the country with the impression that every single Scot was a most highly educated man, and the whole country advanced to the *ne plus ultra* of civilization.

But the poor frail little man, now nearly seventy years of age, was brimming with loving admiration for everything; just as was his staid and well-stricken-in-years partner overstocked with excellent domestic feeling; and they both enlarged in patriotic terms on one good quality after another in either the people or their customs in divers governments of their great Empire. "Oh, could not we," they asked, "go to Yaroslav, to have ocular proof of how advanced the peasants of a large Russian government may be; not so highly educated as the Scots, but yet very respectably, and then they have so many other fine qualities?"

We pleaded the winter, and our alarm of being caught by it, like tardy sailors at Cronstadt. Whereupon they followed with a long enumeration of the dates when the Neva had been first seen frozen over from those very windows; and by these dates

it appeared that we had three, if not four weeks still quite secure. But then they argued, even if we were caught and had to remain with them a winter, should we not find out, as the Russians do, the blessings of winter? "How else but through the facilities of winter time could Russian peasants carry on the chief commercial business of their lives? How else could those at great distances bring their produce to market, unless nature at that season beneficently laid down a universal level railway of snow over the whole country? How too were they, the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, to enjoy their winter dinners of grouse and ptarmigan from Archangel, unless the kindly cold preserved the animals for an unlimited length of time after they had been shot, and allowed them to be conveyed cheaply and economically over more than six hundred miles."

"Oh, surely a Russian has occasion," they ejaculated, "to bless the cold of his country, and he is grateful for it indeed, to the Author of all good. Hence it is that the grateful feeling continually resounds though all the dearest and best of our poetry.

"Thus has sung a Russian prisoner of war in a southern land:—

"'Come, winds! come hither from the North;
Come in your freshness, come;
And thou, bright Pole-star, blazon forth,
Memento of my home!

. . . . . .

"'Deep is the snow around my door,

. . . . . .

The joy and love that bless our sands,
'Midst forests, and 'midst snow,

. . . . . .

Give me my freedom—let me tread
Once more my country's strand;
With frost and storm all overspread,'*—

. . . . . .

"Ay, this," said the old gentleman, "is the true Russian feeling, that is, of Great Russia; a Great Russian poet loves the winter-time, with its icicles and snow. When and where do you suppose Zhukovsky would lay the scene of his touching and beautiful poem of Svætlana, except in such a period and with such surroundings? It is a pity that your Sir John Bowring thought his countrymen would not appreciate the feminine charm of our name 'Svætlana,' or 'holy,' and therefore changed it into Catherine. He did make that alteration when he translated the lines, but he could not knock out all the delicious little bits of imagery depending on winter-time, and its snowy plains. According to him,—

"'Catherine smiled,—her lover led;
O'er the snow-clad court they sped,
And the portals gain;
There a ready sledge they found,—
Two fleet horses stamp the ground,
Struggling with the rein.'"

* Bowring's 'Batiushkov.'

'That rings famously of the true metal; the sledge there and *driving;* none of your Little Russian Kosaks *riding* now—

'"On the lea so sandy,
Sunny, wanting dew!"'

some one remarked, but was not attended to.

"'Onwards! like the winds they go,
When the storm awakes,
Scattering round them clouds of snow,
While the pathway shakes.
Through the snow,—a mountain's height,—
Next the wild steeds passed,
And a church appeared in sight,
'Midst a gloomy waste;
Then a whirlwind burst the door—
. . . . . .

"'Clouds of snow ascend again.
Lo! the coursers fly;
And a raven on the plain
Croaks and passes by.
. . . . . .
Swifter, swifter flew the car,
Whirled the snow around it far,
But no farther sped.

"'At the door they stopped anon,
There; a moment stood:
Steeds, sledge, bridegroom, all are gone:
All is solitude.
Catherine on the waste was left,
'Midst dense clouds of snow.
But she hears a footstep now,
Turns, and sees a taper glow,

"'Crosses her, and stalks
Trembling to the door.
There, upon a winding sheet,
Lay a mortal bier;
Christ's bright image at its feet
Shone resplendent there.
. . . . . .
Catherine to the image flies,
Wipes the snow-dust from her eyes,
Bends her down and weeps;
. . . . . .
List! what gentle rustlings sweep
Through the hallowed room;
Lo! a dove of silvery white,
Soft and still, with eyes of light,
Towards the mourner springs.
. . . . . .
Trembling she—she dared not move—
But the bright and silver dove
On her bosom played,
Fanned her with its gentle wing.
To the dead man's breast
Then she saw her sweet dove spring.
Heaved that icy corpse a sigh,'"—
. . . . . .

'Well! but isn't all that very dreadful?' suggested another person.

"It's serious and thought-inspiring," said the old man; "but contrast its emblems and reminders of Christian love, gentleness, and hope, with the German edition of the same lover's night-ride; where poor Leonora is handed over to a dire confederation of heathen hobgoblins of the most repulsive

conceivable aspects, and to be tormented by them for evermore. And besides that, all you have yet heard of the *Russian* poem is a dream only. Of course, when the young lady, Barishna Svætlana first awakes from such a dream, she is very 'sorrowful and still,' but presently starts up with,—

"'Tell me—tell me what is *that?*
Mist-cloud on the hill;
In the sunbeams shines the snow;
Leaps the frozen dew,
List! I hear the bells below,
And the horses too,
Lo! they come, the sledge is near,
Now the isvostchik's voice I hear,—
They have pass'd the grove;
Fling the gates wide open,—fling—
Who's the guest the coursers bring?
Who? 'Tis thou, my love!'"

"And now that they have come to so happy a termination," said our host, "let us drink their healths in your English manner, and wish them a long and happy life together;" whereupon we turned about, and then saw that the clever handmaid, with a little assistance from her mistress, had, while the recitation was going on, quickly and silently relaid the table with as nice a little supper as any one need care to enjoy. There were delicate preserved fishes from the Gulf of Riga and St. Petersburg tongue, delicious raspberries with cream, and great rosy apples like cheeks of Bacchus, besides an intersprinkling of

varied miniature cakes and fancy biscuits. Certainly, too, all this was not for show, for we were called on to try fully every article of food, nominally on account of some national reason or other, and then to wash it down with two samples of Crimean wine.

Towards the end of this second feast in our one evening, we remarked on the beauty of the Russian apples; and how, every week since the "feast of apples," we had noticed the fruit-stalls at the corners of the streets continually exhibiting larger and ruddier apples every time we passed them, until now they were become perfect magnum-bonums in their way.

"Oh! but wait only until the snow comes," ejaculated the old man with all his winter ardour again, "and then you will see them far finer still, and much more numerous. What a blessing snow is to Russia! Where would she be without her snow, and even her regions of frozen soil? When westward-dwelling peoples rather carpingly say, 'Oh yes! Russia is a very large country, but more than half of its soil is an icy desert, bordering on the Polar Ocean, and useful to no man,' how little do they know to what extent the very life of our country is owing to the possession of those same repudiated regions! When Napoleon Bonaparte advanced against such a country as German Prussia, why he cleared out the whole of it in six weeks' time; not a corner was left

unvisited. His tactics were better than the Germans', so theirs went down at once, and the country was utterly subjugated without having any place to retreat to. But with our Russia what a difference! He came here with the same improved tactics; and they were better than most men's; but were they able to compete with Nature? No, no; and after a year's campaigning, he suddenly made the discovery that he had committed an egregious blunder in trying to apply his tactics to our country at all. 'Why it is a country,' said he, 'without any bottom to it (*un pays sans fond*); you may advance into it through a whole campaign, beating the enemy at every stand they make in the most approved scientific manner; but after six months of such a victorious march, you are no sensibly nearer the further side of their country, though you may have got a precious long way from your own resources. Even if you penetrate all through their inhabited regions, they still have unlimited broad wildernesses of ice and snow behind them to retreat into as far as they like!' All this was very true, and great was the pity that that towering genius, with all the French Academy to back him, did not find it out theoretically, instead of by the too practical and blundering method of sacrificing 400,000 lives of his own people in the operation; how they must thank him for that. But there was another subject, too, connected with the Russian

people which Bonaparte never could comprehend: it was, their patriotism and love for their Emperor, and their deep, abiding religious feeling. In every other European country that he attacked, there was always some party ready to hail his advent and assist his approach; but in Russia no one joined him. The Poles indeed flocked to his standard, of course; for from the time of the Tahtars those Polovski have never been happy except when, under cover of some stronger power, they could treacherously ravage and slay, hold in subjection and persecute us neighbouring Russians; enacting their barbarous cruelties in Holy Mother Moskva herself, equally against our religion and ourselves."

Then we asked as to the origin of the Kosaks of the Ukraine, were they of Polish descent, for they seemed much inclined that way in spirit, and so ready at any time to join an invader against Russia; as witness the long southward circumbendibus that Charles XII. took, in order to make his invasion from their side, and with their assistance?

"Oh no!" said the ancient speaker, warming with the subject, "they are not Poles; and were just as much inclined to rise up against Poland when they were under her; or even more still than they are now against the juster and more orderly reign of Russia. But then they are not full Russians either. They came to us of their own accord out of Poland,

and we accepted them. They promised well for a time, but within a few years they wanted to go back, as soon as our laws restrained them in some of their forays. Of course that would not do, and we said, 'No secession allowed, if you please, amongst us.' So then they were very indignant; yet are vastly better off, on the whole, for having rather a tight rein held over them. They are very brave fellows, we always allow; the Goths were partly from them; but there are not enough of their race now to form a kingdom by themselves; and besides that, they have of themselves no notion of law and order, except for as long as they find such things convenient to their individual propensities. Their ancient parliament was held actually sitting on horseback, with drawn swords; and no number was too small to form a quorum. So then you can fancy how any one man, who had a tale of blood to tell, though the blood might have been very righteously spilt by the public executioner, could easily get up a few mounted companions, and thereby give to his hasty vow of revenge the appearance of a healthful deliberation and parliamentary sanction of a free people. Thus have their own poets represented such a case :—

"'O eagle, young grey eagle,

"—He's their young hero, you know, who has come to grief,—

"'Oh eagle, young grey eagle,
Thy brethren are eagles too;
The old ones and the young ones
Their custom well they knew!

"'The old ones and the young ones
In council grave they meet;
They sit on coal-black steeds,
On steeds so brave and fleet.

"'On steeds so brave and fleet
They are flying eagle-like;
In Polish towns and castles
Like lightning they will strike.'*

"And this was the way they treated the supreme government of their then parent State! Pretty customers, truly! Now, how different are our Kosaks of the Don! They have been ever ready to sacrifice themselves to the public weal; and how we all love them for it. Nay this love has embraced their country as well, and no river is so celebrated in poetry throughout Russia as the Don. But in all the mentions of it, you can generally make out clearly that it is the good people and true upon its banks whom every writer is thinking of. Thus in your Borrow's translation of Boris Theodorov:—

"'Silent Don!
Azure Don!
Who dost glide
Deep and wide,

* Norwich Pamphlet, p. 22.

"'Glory be
To thy sons,
Kosak free
Warrior ones;'
etc., etc.

"Bowring's Shatrov is still more decided:—

"'Moskva is stunned with the thunder-storm's rattle,
See, for the Don has sprung over its banks,
Armed 'gainst the foe in fury and battle,
Crowd to the ranks,
Arm for the right
Strong in the fight.'

"The funeral sermon on the death of the great Hetman of modern times began, 'From the smooth-flowing Don, the news fly like lightning and strike like thunder,—Platov is dead.'*

"So can you wonder we have deep feelings connected with the Don, or that in Bowring's 'Batiushkov' the Russian condemned to pine on the banks of the beautiful southern Rhone, mourns—

"'Oh, roll! he sang, ye waters roll—
Rush in your glory on;
Your waves still waken on my soul
The memory of the Don?'

"Yet not even the Kosaks of the Don can deserve better of their country than do the general peasantry of Great Russia; they form the bulk of our armies, and amongst them you see both the appreciation of

* Lyall's Travels, vol. ii.

order and obedience to supreme authority, carried to the highest pitch, and all out of a loving soul and religious disposition. They would in general far rather not join the army at all, and would cultivate only the arts of peace; but yet when one of these peasants is called up for his Emperor, and informed that his duty to his country requires it, he assumes the uniform at once; with tears often, but without repining; with tears, but with a stout heart, for his sorrow comes from deep feeling. And then how touching and beautiful is it afterwards to see his quiet demeanour as the good soldier; obedient to command and loving both to his commander and to his duty; and with this latter feeling, which is semi-religious love, devoting his life-blood as freely and bravely as ever did the most hectoring knight-errant that made the welkin ring to his boastings. So that truly the Great Russian foot-soldier may well be compared with one of your Cromwell's invincible men, though without the acidity and opiniativeness of that school; as courageous, as moral, as religious, but not so bitterly sectarian, or falsely puritanical. How well the calm, placid, devoted nature of the Great Russian soldier is represented in those old lines on the first siege of Azof!—

" 'The poor soldiers have no rest,
Neither night nor day.
All night long their weapons cleaning,

Were the soldiers good,
Ready in the morning dawn,
All in ranks they stood.

" 'Not a golden trumpet is it,
That now sounds so clear;
Nor the silver flute's tone is it,
That thou now dost hear.

" ''Tis the great white Tsar who speaketh:
'Come my children, good dragoons,
And my soldiers all,
Now consider and invent
Brave advice, ye all,
How the soonest, how the quickest,
Fort Azoff may fall!'

" 'Like a humming swarm of bees,
So the soldiers spake,
With one voice at once they spake:
'Father dear, great Tsar!
Fall it must! and all our lives
Thereon we gladly stake.' " *

Such then was the style of conversation that went on, with little intermission, until near the time of our departure; and then a slight variety was given to it by the old gentleman confessing, in an unguarded moment, that he had a great delight in drawing, as a pleasant employment for his leisure hours; and presently he produced a portfolio full of sketches more or less complete, on half-sheets of drawing-paper. The execution was nothing very particular one way or the other, but the subject

* Norwich Pamphlet.

were so delightful, considering the age of the artist. One-third of them was composed of excessively chivalrous scenes; Russian knights riding down Tahtar warriors in single combat, something in the style of English school-boys' old Christmas-pieces, with scenes of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and the Emperor Saladin; but the other two-thirds were heads of charming young damsels, with golden hair and blue eyes. One of them we thought we had seen something like before, and then the artist explained that they were mostly painted up from engravings, according to a manner of his own; taking a certain amount of foundation from the plate, and then working that out according to ideals of his own.

Most refreshing was it to hear the old gentleman's still youthful fervour, capable of taking the utmost pleasure in innocent educational employments; and we left him and his excellent wife about ten P.M., with many new ideas in our heads, and not less charity in our hearts towards mankind in general.

Quite another style of society, and not less worthy was it, in one of the Admiralty quarters; where, this time, we had a dinner invitation; and whereas the Russian custom is to dine early, say three P.M., and for the guests to leave immediately after, (a single draught of milk in place of long sippings of wine,

being often the termination, and a most intellectual-occupation-promoting termination too, of the banquet); we, as strangers, were kindly taken a drive in our entertainer's carriage, to see divers city and "island" sights, and brought back again for tea. Then was produced such tea as has not been imported into England since the time of our great-great-grandmothers; when they, young and disobedient damsels at the time, would persist in drinking the then novel beverage out of those well-known curiosities, the little two-thimble cups; but which, small as they were, diffused from their contents an aromatic odour through the whole house.

The Russian rooms of entertainment are large and lofty; and afforded another kind friend and hospitable entertainer, on an evening occasion, the opportunity of showing us the Russian idea of being comfortable at tea-time. This notion seemed to consist much in the party being withdrawn into little more than a corner of the saloon, but a corner where the silk-covered divans were more than usually luxurious,—as also the soft Turkey carpet with which this favoured spot was laid down; the floor elsewhere being of brightly polished wood. Here it was that they placed the tea-table, illuminated immediately in front by a warm shaded light, pleasant to the eyes; and enhanced in the distance by the greenery of large branching leaves of bananas, and the darker

tints of camellias and myrtles; amidst such drawing-room scenery conversation never could flag.

Among the ladies, enthusiasm for Russia's glory, and the accomplishment of that glory through means of continued and unceasing high aspirations and great performances, seemed to be the ruling idea. Whatever was the branch of service which their fathers, or brothers, or husbands, or sons might be in, their souls were inflamed with fine feminine ardour that it should progress, advance, improve, and be something fit to spread through and command in the world. There was no loud proclaiming of such sentiments,—far from it; they were in general perfectly concealed under some little glacial *hauteur* of fashionable society; but when the conversation was not shared in by too many, and did seriously turn on their country's history, or its future prospects, or the grand problem still to be worked out in the education and civilization of the world,—then you saw plainly how their whole minds thrilled in thought before any moving episodes in the past career of the great spirits of their land. How conscious too they were and savingly impressed with the sentiment that their nation was in the hands of the Almighty, already providentially preserved and brought by Him victoriously through so many dangers, and intended still, in His wisdom, to be employed for some great, and at present inscrutable purpose;

and whatever this should turn out to be, oh that they might be found, when the day of trial comes on, to have well fulfilled their humble part in the course of preparation for it !

By no means either was their interest confined solely to the worthies of their own country; for individual character, or generous and original doings wherever they had manifested themselves in Europe, seemed to attract their attention. Thus it was, that when we mentioned the very small affair of a desire we had had of taking, if possible, a photograph of an illuminated manuscript that had belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and was believed to be now in St. Petersburg, oh what admiration they kindly expressed at the mere mention ! "It was charming, it was delightful to think," said they, "that after so many years (nearly three hundred years) of absence, a nature-printed copy of every letter which that clever little hand had traced, should go back to her own country, and be treasured up there in the city where she reigned so long, and left behind her so undying a name."

The lady of the house was specially fascinated with the idea, and at the name of "Marie Stuart," which she pronounced with affectionate warmth, she kindly undertook to make all the official applications that might be necessary towards ensuring us leave for taking this much-desired photograph;

and she commenced her proceedings the very next day.

Her first movements proved unsuccessful, for the book was no longer in the Imperial Library of the Nevski Prospekt. But having soon after ascertained that it had been removed to the Museum of the Hermitage Palace on the Neva, the lady made formal application there. Within those marble halls, however, the officials were not a little high and mighty; and exhibiting a well-feigned astonishment at the mere pretension of the proposal, clinched their former refusal by saying, that no such matter as a photograph could be taken in that department without the Emperor's express permission being asked. To which the undaunted lady immediately replied, "Then the Emperor's permission shall be asked."

This was the state of things when we next had the privilege of calling at that friendly house, where, by the way, it was always impressed on us that we had a *carte blanche* to spend any or every evening with their social circle; and when we rather apologized for giving so much trouble, thanked the lady for what she had done, but begged that in the face of these unexpected difficulties she would leave the matter to its fate,—"Oh no! by no means," said she, "the matter must now be more than ever followed up; for, that a mere decorated official should prevent the carrying out of a fine idea, is insufferable;

and that a modern keeper of a museum, a man who need not have any soul or head either, should prevent intelligent researches being made into the mental features or literary remains of any great existency of former times, is a thing not to be tolerated. Oh! most certainly the Emperor's leave shall be asked; and a very different answer you may be sure will come from that high quarter."

So it proved too; for in a few days after, the lady's son-in-law kindly called on us to say that the requisite leave had been obtained; and that he was ready then and there to conduct us to the Hermitage for a first view of the book and for arrangement of ulterior proceedings.

On receiving this joyful news, we lost not a moment's time; and jumping into a droshky at the door, bade the isvostchik, as he valued his character, keep up with our guide and friend who led in his private vehicle, whirled along with dizzy rapidity by its magnificent high-trotting coal-black horse.

In a very few minutes we were at the entrance of the Hermitage; passed under the colossal Atlantes of its portico, and entering the double glass folding doors, were immediately divested of our outer coats by the semi-military attendants, in that pertinaciously obliging way you always find in St. Petersburg government offices. Really, we hardly thanked their delay, but hastening on after our friend, we had

crossed the polished marble hall, and were just about to ascend the grand staircase with noiseless tread, when he looked down at my feet, and started as if shot to the heart. "Goodness defend us, what is the matter?" "Your goloshes!" he ejaculated with a pitious groan! And sure enough I had omitted to take off, and the soldiers had failed to see, the glossy shine of the new india-rubber, which we indeed in our private minds were inclined to think the most proper, because the least injurious possible mode of walking over other people's floors of precious polished marble. But there was no discussing the question here; fashion is always absolute; and whereas we, in England, would be horrified at seeing men sitting with their hats and cloaks on in our drawing-rooms' as the Italians do in theirs during winter-time, we must not complain if Russian etiquette is stricter still than ours. We are more exacting than the Italians, because without doubt our rooms with carpets and large coal fires are more comfortable in winter with the thermometer at 32° Fahrenheit, than theirs without fires, and the outside temperature not much below 52°; so then if we find Russian interiors more uniformly and perfectly warmed still than the British rooms, though the cold outside be far more severe, why plainly it is only common sense to drop the superfluous wraps for a Russian out-of-doors whenever we enter within.

Having conformed then, the instant it was pointed out, to this custom of Northern Rome, away we went again on our errand, and after much wandering about from office to office in the immense palace, were brought into the Missal-room by one of the attendants of that department, and were desired to wait there until duly visited by the keeper-general of the Museum. A great man he, who presently appeared in a court-dress of bright blue with gilt buttons, a large diamond star on his coat, and several crosses and orders about his neck; but being happily of few words, he caused the book to be extracted at once out of the locked glass case it was contained in, and after that left us alone to inquire at our leisure.

Then did we take the book to a table and carefully examine it inside and out; a small quarto of between two and three hundred vellum pages, bound in dark crimson velvet, "Mary, Queen of Scots, her mattins book." But the more we looked into it, the less satisfaction we had, and at last, when asked what was the matter, I was obliged to confess, 'that this was not by any means the sort of thing I had expected. "Queen Mary's missal," had said some person; "her own illuminated manuscript," cried others, "and how exquisitely performed! Oh! this indeed is a proof that true genius exists only in Royal lines. What young lady of the present day, though ever so

mediævally inclined, could illuminate so beautifully as this? nay, what artist is there, sprung from the ranks, who has shown such exquisite and never-ending invention? If there be perchance no such thing as divine right, there is at least a divine power in a royal hand whenever it does take up the ennobling pencil." So they used to cry in our ears, but now it is evidently nothing of the sort.'

"Well, but is not the illumination very beautiful?"

'Certainly it is; thoroughly and uniformly so, from one end of the book to the other; but that does not make it the work of the Queen's own hand. Moreover, there is no mention made of its being so anywhere. And look, if you please, on page twenty-five, to what she herself has written:—'Ce livre est à moi, Marie Royne, 1554.' Now that was when she was only twelve years of age. Oh! but then she was so talented, do you say? Yes, in many ways, without doubt; but not in caligraphy: behold the actual performance, and give an impartial judgment. Is it not absolutely impossible that the hand which perpetrated those shaky isolated letters, could have delineated the admirable curves of flowery ornamentation in the neighbouring drawing? And observe, lso, how contemptuously of and for the book the Queen's entries are generally made. Here are some at a more mature period of her life, and which Prince Alexander Labanoff, in his important seven-volume

work, 'Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, Reine d'Écosse,' considers must without doubt have been written during the time of her captivity,—see how they are scratched and scrawled, and dug in, to the disfigurement and destruction of a beautiful book. And then the contents of the lines of writing: are they such as to inspire respect for the sovereign? Is there any thought of a Queen's duties, any remembrance of her responsibilities, any token of feeling for her country, or gratitude to her people, who had sacrificed so much for her? No! nothing but self, self, self.'

"Oh! but then what a self she was!" put in a lady admirer, "and what ecstatic poetry she expresses herself in. Did you ever hear—no, I'm sure you never heard—her misfortunes more exquisitely set forth than in this stanza, which she has signed with her own dear name?—

"'Qui iamais davantage eust contraire le sort
Si la vie mest moins utile que le mort
Et plustost que chager de mes maus ladventure
Chacun change pour moi dhumeur et de nature
MARIE R.'

"See, too, that final 'e' scratched out in 'chacun': does not that show that if in her *haste* she had at first accused her ladies of falling away from her in adversity, she afterwards, on *maturer reflection*, ex-

punged that libel on her own sex? Men might abandon her, but faithful woman, never! And don't say that the poor Queen *does not* think about any one but herself, for here she writes a memorandum in sideways:—

"'Escrire au segretaire pour Douglas.'

"Oh! you really must make a photograph of this most interesting page, for every stroke of the pen and accident of writing have a meaning in them which cannot be conveyed by the mere types of the printer. What will not the people of Edinburgh say on seeing its suggestive lines?* and what will they not say, too, of the kindly care and warm interest shown by the Russian people in thus honourably preserving those precious relics that have fallen through fate and destiny into their excellent hands and keeping? Oh! surely it must have been from a prescience of the fond care the Russians would take of her memory on the banks of the Neva, that poor Mary cherished among her other jewels, that delightful conceit so duly chronicled in the Fotheringay

* In the 'Scotsman' newspaper, of November 14, 1861, amongst accounts of preparations for a grand Exhibition of Industrial and Decorative Art, honourable mention is made of a book which once belonged to Queen Mary, and contained her initials and arms; while the further statement is ventured, that the only other book extant, known to have belonged o the Queen of Scots, is one in the British Museum!

Inventarye* of her belongings, as,—'a little Beare, enamelled white.' Must he not have been quite a *golubtchik* of a bear?"

* Inventarye of the jewells, plate, money, and other goods found in the custody of the severall servantes of the late Quene of Scottes. Fotheringhay, 20 February, 1586-7.

CHAPTER VIII.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

October.

It was on rather a dark morning, but with great hopes, that we went over to Professor Savitch's Observatory, on the top of the adjoined building of the Academy of Sciences, to prepare photographicals for the experiment of the old Missal at the Hermitage. The Professor had been so obliging as to give us permanent right of entry to the principal room, and shown us how to call up the old-soldier custodian, Alexander by name, whether on or off duty. A famous example was this man of a simple-minded veteran of the Russian ranks. Just turned eighty years of age, and having served in the wars of the early part of the century, he might well have claimed entire immunity from labour now; but no, he could still work, and he would. His usual position by day was at the head of a tall staircase leading into the Observatory apartments; and his house

to retreat to, when his hours of mounting guard were terminated, was in a couple of rooms on the basement floor, where his wife, of the respectable age of seventy-seven, kept a little fire burning cheerfully, and had everything neat and clean to greet his return from aloft.

Old Alexander was not one of those over troublesome Russian doorkeepers, who will insist on relieving you, whether you will or no, of hat and topcoat and goloshes, and every particle of street raiment, before you enter further; but he was always ready exactly when wanted, and was never in the way when not wanted. If a little water might be needed for washing the glass plates, the call of his name brought him instantly from some unknown stronghold; and when we,—fearing to tax the old man's powers too much, and knowing that he would have to bring the burden up from the river below, by the corkscrew staircase,—tried to explain that a very little would suffice; "Tut, tut," he seemed to say in Russian, "if you want water at all, you shall not be stinted in it;" and in a few minutes he would come up with two large buckets which he had filled out of the Neva, after scrupulously cleaning them both inside and out.

Astonishingly quick too was he in appreciating precisely what was needed according to the nature of the service. Thus, having had an instrument-

box broken one evening, we set forth to him by pantomime and drawing how he was to take it to a carpenter, and get it mended in such and such a manner, with peculiar cross-pieces in certain positions, and fastened on by screws, not by nails; and lo! next day he produced the box repaired exactly as directed, even to every screw and each chamfering off, or bevelling, of the bars applied.

Having accomplished then thus much on a former occasion in a scientific matter, it was perfectly easy now, though we could not exchange a word of any mutual language, to inform the old man that we were wanting him not only to go out with us, but to carry the camera to the marble Hermitage; wherefore, a little polishing up of his appearance might be desirable. "Ay, ay," he instantly said, or something equivalent to it, and going to his peculiar nook outside the door on the elevated landing, he took off his long grey great-coat, folded it up neatly, and then drew forth a green one, as long, and with some little decorations about the collar. So then, with this and his well brushed number-one military cap, extracted from the same place of hiding, he was perfectly ready to face in our service any number of pampered menials of even an Imperial Palace.

After accomplishing this Hermitage affair,* and

* See the 'Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,' vol. vi. p. 304.

then taking a stroll near the quay of the Bourse, where the numerous blocks of Carrara marble were the most remarkable imported goods, we went to make a call on our ancient translator-friend and his wife. They were at home; and, alack the day! they would insist on instantly extemporizing such a feast, that we felt bound afterwards to take some great walk on the strength of it; so started off presently over the Chouchkov bridge in search of the Botanic Gardens. This was an establishment we had long been desirous to pay our respects at; for in a city where every house displays exotic plants flourishing in almost every room, and where we were meeting every now and then in the streets rude mouzhik men carrying home more magnificent young trees of huge-leaved *Ficus elasticus*, and groups of South African aloe, than we had seen for twenty years before,—we were rendered more and more desirous of finding out where, and by whom, and in what manner, such treasures were raised.

Alas! how extensive are these "garden islands," through which we had to direct our steps; and planken pathways, though charming things in their way, may become nuisances when they extend for miles without any prospect of termination. So, engaging a droshky at last, away we went at an accelerated pace along the broad, flat roads, now, in the advanced autumn, covered everywhere with a thin

layer of mud, and after versts and versts of house-lined, and then as many more of tree-shaded road in St. Petersburg Island; and from that, in the Apothecaries' Island, we finally reached our desired establishment of the Botanic Gardens.

A most extensive place it appears, sixty-five acres, says Dr. Granville, in 1829, and not less now; so carefully eschewing all the more open parts, we walked on, and gates were everywhere open, to the most promising appearance of glass houses.

There were not any of them very showy in external character, and we had rather undervalued them all, when we entered a sort of central office-room, in which veteran-soldier custodians were on guard. They seemed to think it rather late in the day for any one to begin the round, but nevertheless showed us in at the end of a long rustic-looking glass house. So proceed we did by a winding gravel path amongst ferns of every description, some lowly and spreading, some arborescent and lofty; but everywhere flourishing and dense, until at last this density reached its acme in a rock-spring, surrounded with a matted shrubbery of divers ferns, so thick that there was no seeing the colour of the ground; and we had long since completely forgotten that we were under glass or amongst exotic rarities, not having seen a single pot or tub of any kind, or anything but natural landscape, until, on a sudden,

a glass door presented itself for entry into another house.

Here we were joined by a very obliging Swiss botanical assistant, who kindly pointed out to our notice the rarer plants; but house after house that we went through, the first and last and most grateful feature with each and every one, whether containing the Flora of Ceylon or Australia, the Canaries or Persia, was, the absence of pots, buckets, tubs, or any visible boxes, large or small, of wood, metal, or stone, for holding the roots and earth of the various plants; whence it came that the natural effect of being in those very countries, enjoying the beauties of their plant-scenery, was realized to a remarkable degree; and in certain nooks where there were imitation Arabian kiosks, and luxurious seats overshadowed by bananas and orange-trees, you might recline in the fragrant air, and almost fancy that the "fine old times of the golden prime, of good Haroon al Rascheed," had returned once more to the gardens of Bagdad, and that you yourself were veritably there.

If such effect was sensibly realized to the imagination, then you may also be sure there was not any of that steamy, Brazilian, decaying odour so common in our English hot-houses; and that was the case; both air and plants being dry to a degree we could not understand, and the temperature very

moderate. Even in the palm-house they said it was only 72·5° Fahrenheit in summer, and 61·0° Fahrenheit in winter. Under this treatment, the growth of their succulent plants was gratifying in the extreme; for all their varieties seemed to grow with their leaves as stiff and erect as in their native African deserts or Mexican highlands, instead of in the pendent manner so distressing to behold in all other civilized countries; and that such comparative dry cold did not stint the growth of the plant, a *Cereus* nearly sixty feet high sufficiently attested.

The gardens were founded, of their present size, in 1823, and when visited by Dr. Granville, in 1827, could already boast, under the learned Professor Fischer, of some remarkable feats of practical success; thus in 1826, they had a bamboo grow twenty-six feet in eighteen days; and in the short space of two years, they had not only an *Acacia speciosa* of Australia grow eighteen feet in height, but a *Eucalyptus*, or gum-tree, from the same quarter, twenty-five feet; and a creeper, *Lobœa candens maxima*, thirty-five feet, from a cutting struck under glass, besides covering an area of several hundred feet. Who the gardens are under now, or what is considered their chief purpose, we did not ascertain; but our attendant seemed to say that the principal part of their expenses was repaid in the winter-time by the sale of bouquets of flowers. Those treasures, rich

and glorious in colour, being raised in a country where the outside air at that season is at or about zero of Fahrenheit, must sufficiently prove the skill of the gardener; and where a single camellia flower may bring as much as seven rubles, and a bunch of flowers fifty rubles, it seemed almost worth any one's while to enter into the lists with zeal.

On another of these cold autumn days we visited the School of Mines; one of those numerous palace-establishments, so characteristic of St. Petersburg, for teaching some useful branch of practical science to several hundred young officers; who, after going through the course are to be scattered far and wide over the great empire to develope its productive capabilities. The building is on the north bank of the Greater Neva, and far down towards its mouth, almost hid from the more fashionable parts of the city by the frequent ranks of merchantmen immediately in front; yet when these do thin out, the site commands one of the finest panoramic views of St. Petersburg.

Not much trouble did they make about our entering the street-doors; but once inside them, those previously obliging soldiers in the interior hall, would there insist to such a degree in freeing us from all warm superfluities of clothing,—as if it was some evening party we were going to assist at upstairs,—that we expected at the very least some

member of the Imperial family must be present in the Museum at the time. Yet on entering the cabinet-rooms, we found one and all of them silent, deserted, and oh! so cold, cold; for autumn had penetrated through the walls, and no stove-lighting was yet commenced. This must have been some drawback to our satisfaction; and, in consequence, the long cases of minerals, chiefly Russian, appeared dull and dreary; although too, when we came to the precious materials, there was enough to excite the cupidity of man; for the nuggets of gold were some of them monstrous in size, those of platinum almost as large, and the malachite stood there in masses of several thousand pounds in weight, and the value of each of them was pronounced to us afterwards in a mouthing sort of way, by a Polish *savant*, as if he could never give sufficient dignity or proper volume to the money-bearing words.

Varieties of precious stones were all interesting enough in a similar manner, and in their due places; but we could not understand what business long rows of pearls had there; such pearls as they were too, chosen apparently to show that while they themselves are the produce of a disease of their parent shell-fish, they, the pearls, may have their own special diseases, and be tortured into every conceivable abnormal shape.

Mining tools, from pickaxes to underground theo-

dolites, were abundantly represented; and mining machinery, illustrated by models, filled more than one extensive apartment, exhibiting everything from a portable prospecting apparatus for trying auriferous sands, to the most extensive steam-engines, pumping and winding apparatus, and metallurgic establishments of many kinds, often as actually existing *in situ* at various celebrated mines.

The art of mining, though new to the Russians, has been taken up by them enthusiastically, and with extraordinary success. It must be new, for almost all the sites for its prosecution are on the slopes of the Ural, or further eastward; countries to which they had no access until after the days of Tahtar domination had passed away; and as for practical success, let the now noble family of Demidov be an example. The earliest known Demidov was a working miner on the Ural, whom Peter the Great found so very industrious and improving a style of man, that he gave him in perpetuity a tract of ground round about a little iron-mine which he had already successfully opened.

This enabled the calculating workman not only to become a master, and extend his operations on his own property, but to save up money until he could purchase a certain adjoining tract of land; and when he had accomplished that desirable event, he straightway opened there a gold-mine, which alone

soon yielded him £100,000 per annum. This so-called original Demidov, according to Dr. Granville, was succeeded by an only son; and when he in his turn died and the property was divided among three grandsons, each of them became possessed of £150,000 per annum; and by this time they had become as refined in mind, and princely in soul, and as devoted to accumulating art-treasures and to honouring real artists in music, painting, sculpture, and poetry, as any long-established aristocrat with the longest recorded line of descent, and the most numerous quarterings in his shield.

Oh that gold! gold! it does produce some magnificent effects in the world, write the moralists what they will. Yea, though even the chemists join issue and contend, "What! the golden age, the age of every perfection in human society? pooh!—gold being the least oxidizable of metals, is therefore found, though in soft earth, yet in a purely metallic condition, and consequently mere cannibal savages can both collect and fashion it at once to all their purposes; so be you sure, that the age of gold was the earliest of ages, and marked man in his lowest intellectual condition. The separation of metals from their ores and oxides demands the growth of no small amount of chemical science; and when man had copper in use besides gold, therein was proof of his advancing civilization. When, too, man had

further learned to free iron from the still firmer grip by which the oxygen of primæval ages held it locked up, that in itself indicated a yet higher stage of society; and what shall be said of us in future days," continues the chemist, pluming himself not a little, "when we shall have made aluminium and silicium —metals until within these few years never seen by ordinary man except as most unmitigated oxides— more abundantly employed even than iron itself?"

Such, a chemist's theory; but the actual history of the metals in order of creation, as far as yet made out by Russian geology, is different, though not less attractive, or even exciting; for there, in the book of nature, it seems surely indicated not only that the iron was older than the copper, and the copper than the gold, but that this latter is quite a recent production of the earth, and its appearance on the surface must have been nearly coincident with the time of the destruction of many Siberian mammoths.

There is at first sight, a something almost too pretty in this idea, that when the brute force of the mammoth was about to cease upon earth, and the intellectual being man to appear, that precisely then should have been produced a material of which the mammoths with all their power could make no use whatever, and with which man can do almost everything,—but yet the case does appear very well demonstrated in its general character by the three

philosophic authors* of the important work on the geology of Russia, which we have quoted so often; and our poor earth-ball is therefore not that old, effete, and used-up clod of barren matter that some would make it out to be in these later times, but is now, on the contrary, producing richer mineral and metallic fruits than ever it did of old.

Of these fruits, the Ural Mountains have in their way borne the most prodigious crops. Along their whole extent, stretching nearly in a meridian line from latitude 48° to 70°, there have prevailed through long geological ages, roastings and burnings from internal plutonic fire, which have metamorphosed the old palæozoic sedimentary strata with their half-formed mud-stones, into the richest and most crystalline rocks; but at the same time twisting, elevating, inverting them, charging them in clefts and veins with igneous rocks, and causing the geological map of the Urals† to become one of the modern wonders of the world, as well as giving abundant employment to the magnificent Imperial factory at Ekaterineburg on the Siberian side of the mountains, to be constantly employing unnumbered horse-power in cutting and polishing vases in a greater series of more beautiful mineral materials than all Western Europe has ever yet seen brought together.

* Murchison, Verneuil, and Keyserling.

† See large Map in Murchison, Verneuil, and Keyserling.

Whether the metals are simply exudations from the earth's interior, or secretions from the surface strata when exposed for ages to these enormous cooking influences, we believe is still unsettled among mineralogists; but the relative dates of manifestations of the copper and the gold are under no sort of doubt. The "order of superposition" is the most certain thing in geology; and this shows that in the Permian period, the rocks of the Ural were charged with copper ore alone; nothing therefore besides the rocks and copper ores abraded, or salts of copper, were washed down from their sides into the old Permian sea, and nothing else is found there in its dried-up strata by miners now. If gold had existed in the rocks then, it must inevitably have been washed down in the same direction as the copper, and would have remained there as securely to our own times; but there is not a trace of it in all those pre-tertiary strata.

In the post-tertiary washings of the Urals, on the contrary, gold is found conspicuously along with copper, and is derived from rocks evidently intruded by plutonic force in that later age. So at least our greatest geologists have settled. In the first period therefore, when the Urals were seething under one degree of heat, they gave off coppery exhalations; but when a more violent degree was experienced in the second period, and the watershed of the mountains was

greatly turned from Permia to Siberia, gold appeared on the scene.

Whether longer plutonic roastings of the Ural will produce more gold or something still more valuable than gold, is really a question for the future of geology to discuss; or, will nature prefer to open up another meridian strip through the alluvial plains of Russia, and by treating it in a similar manner to the Urals, produce supplies of iron and copper, platinum and gold, marbles, jaspers, and precious stones, for many still unborn races of men, and empires of other tongues? All that we absolutely know is, on one hand, that these substances have come to light in the only strip so treated up to the present time, many of the products being positively the very fossiliferous strata *altered* by heat; while, on the other hand, almost all Russia in Europe is a basin of perfectly raw matter which has never yet been exposed to this grandest of culinary operations.

Judging merely from Wernerian mineralogical aspects, the materials of the under-stratum of the soil at St. Petersburg, and south and east of it, ought from their bog-like softness to be the most recent possible formation; yet do the fossils contained show them to have been of the earliest Cambrian and Silurian periods. A splendid result this of the English zoological geology, as opposed to the German mineralogic form of the same science; and it was interesting in the Russian School of Mines, to find that

in their fossil department, all their exemplary series had been brought from England, and seemed to be as fully appreciated by the head men as in that country itself.

The existence too of native early fossils about St. Petersburg, especially when so well preserved as they are, is a further proof that the Russian strata have not been exposed to any notable degree of plutonic heat, which must have obliterated such remains, and then have been softened again by the action of water; but that, though elevated and depressed in broad sheets, many times above and below the level of some antique ocean, they have never yet been really touched by the earth's internal fires (see Geological Map, No. 4, Frontispiece to Vol. II.). With its extraordinary broad and flat plains therefore, and in so soft and penetrable a condition, Russia is at present, whatever it may be in future geological ages, eminently a land for agricultural pursuits of many kinds.

Thus all the north and north-east of the country is decidedly a forest-producing region; and peasants there know full well that nothing they can do is so profitable as attend to the woods, and supply other parts of the empire therewith. In the extreme south again, with its shallow soil and steppe plains, trees will not grow, but grass does abundantly; that therefore has become the grazing region, equally for horses, oxen, and sheep, and to raising them, and them alone, the inhabitants will confine themselves

even in spite of Imperial enactments endeavouring to turn their attention to ploughing the land and raising cereal crops.

But in certain tracts between the extreme north and south, is the region of the Blacksoil or Tchornozem, and there the peasant requires no inducement to take to corn-growing; and indeed every single peasant in Russia understands the Great Empire well as a whole, and how to utilize to the utmost its several capacities, each one in assistance of and subservience to the other. Hence he will never do in the north what might be more profitably accomplished in the middle or the south, and *vice versâ;* but intuitively prefers that the speciality of each region should produce its own utmost fruit, and then he encourages commerce to step in between and bind Russians of all regions together by their mutual dependence on each other's industry.

So far as corn-growing is concerned, evidently the mouzhik is right in attending to it fully, only when he is on the tchornozem, for that is a region of fertile soil, level, rootless, and stoneless for the plough; it has not indeed its equal anywhere in the world, and is only approached by the somewhat similar formation of the prairies of Iowa and Illinois in North America.

A famous account of these latter was given in 1859, by James Caird, M.P., in his 'Prairie Farming in America;' but while he has been eager in

praising their fertility as well as their suitability to instant and unlimited corn-raising, and has compared them to the plains of Lombardy and the *carses* of Scotland,—it is strange that he has not mentioned their still closer resemblance to the tchornozem of Russia. Yet when he is describing "the millions of acres of land more or less undulating, covered with grass only, not trees, inexhaustible in fertility, and the soil consisting externally of a rich black mould, with sufficient sand to make it friable, the 'surface' varying in depth from twelve inches to several feet," he seems to be describing the Russian prairie territory itself; and the resemblance is even closer when he comes to the chemical constituents; for thus he writes at p. 77:—"The chemical composition has been ascertained for me, by Professor Vœlcker, consulting chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, to whom I sent four samples of prairie soil for analysis, brought by me from different and distant points of the land belonging to the Illinois Central Railway Company, and bears out completely the high character for fertility which practice and experience had already proved these soils to possess. The most noticeable feature in the analysis, as it appears to me, is the very large quantity of nitrogen which each of the soils contains, nearly twice as much as the most fertile soils in Britain. In each case, taking the soil at an average depth of ten

inches, an acre of these prairies will contain upwards of three tons of nitrogen; and as a heavy crop of wheat with its straw contains about fifty-two pounds of nitrogen, there is thus a natural store of ammonia in this soil sufficient for more than a hundred wheat-crops. In Dr. Vœlcker's words, 'it is this large amount of nitrogen, and the beautiful state of division, that imparts a peculiar character to these soils, and distinguish them so favourably. *I have never before analysed soils which contain so much nitrogen, nor do I find any record of soils richer in nitrogen than these.*'"

Yet it is precisely this same richness in nitrogen as well as the beautiful state of subdivision of the particles, which M. Payen, in his analysis of the Russian tchornozem, chiefly dwells on, and the numerical results of the two chemists on their respective soils tally thus:—

AMERICAN PRAIRIE SOIL.

*	Organic matter and water of combination	7·54
	Alumina	2·80
	Oxides of Iron	4·95
	Lime	0·44
	Magnesia	0·45
	Potash	0·65
	Soda	trace
	Phosphoric Acid	0·08
	Sulphuric Acid	0·07
	Carbonic Acid, traces of Chlorine, and loss	0·74
	Soluble ——	17·72

Soluble		17·72
Alumina	3·87	
Lime	0·93	
Magnesia	0·58	
Potash	1·04	
Soda	0·82	
Silica	75·04	
Insoluble		82·28
		100·00

* Containing Nitrogen . . . . 0·30
Equal to Ammonia . . . . . 0·36

RUSSIAN TCHORNOZEM.

Organic and combustible matter	6·95	
Alumina	5·04	
Oxides of Iron	5·62	
Lime	0·82	
Magnesia	0·98	
Chls. Alcals.	1·21	
Soluble		20·62
Alumina	6·36	
Lime	traces	
Magnesia	0·24	
Silica	71·56	
Insoluble		78·16
		98·78

AZOTE IN 1000.

Normal Matter	1·66
Dry Matter	1·74
Organic Matter	24·99

To which MM. Murchison, Verneuil, and Keyserling add:—"The analysis of M. Payen indicates the pre-

sence in a hundred parts of the original earth, of combustible organic matter 6·95; *containing* 2·45 *of nitrogen!* or in other words, 4·140 grammes of the earth yield 9·498 *cubic centimètres of nitrogen or azotic gas.*" And to this immense amount of nitrogen, combined with the extremely fine levigation of the silica, they emphatically attribute the productiveness of the soil. Perhaps too, no little of its blackness is owing to that latter element of the more than microscopic levigation of the particles, just as Sir David Brewster's broken crystal of quartz exhibited by reflected light a black surface; because made up of fibres or particles too small in diameter to reflect any rays of light.

Such then is this remarkable agricultural quintessence, of which Russia in Europe has so much as "a good-sized European kingdom," and southern Siberia probably much more; adapted, too, often by its subsoil as well for fruit-trees as for corn. In the case of the trans-Ural region, that eminent authority on farming statistics, Baron Haxthausen, in the pages of R. Farie, delivers himself thus:—"The ordinary soil of Siberia yields a return of six to ten times the seed; but particularly fertile districts, such as the southern parts of the government of Tomsk, yield from fifteen to twenty; the country near Nertchinsk even produces sometimes sixty times the seed. The cultivation of the ground requires very little trouble

or care, a small one-horsed plough in most districts hardly scratching the ground; but this is sufficient to produce the most splendid crops. On the best soils no manure can be used. The products which are cultivated, are summer wheat in great quantities, rye, barley, oats, peas, poppies, hemp, and flax."

CHAPTER IX.

SOMEWHAT OF POLITICS.

October.

On a dull October afternoon we were expecting the pleasure of several St. Petersburg friends coming to take tea with us, and my wife had made all her preparations and got everything ready fully in time, save and except one little item, for—there were found no lucifer-matches, to light, alike the samovar and the candles. The old French garçon of the hotel in front had received the day previous full twenty-four kopeiks, and had promised to bring us no less than twelve boxes of matches, but he had made himself perfectly scarce ever since, and there was not a single match left in all our rooms.

"Oh! if that's all you're in want of," said he whose duty it was to assist at such a juncture, "I'll just step up the street and buy you a box full, straight." And with that, he went out of the house and looked in at a druggist's not very far off, where

on previous occasions there had been so little trouble in making them understand what particular photographical chemical might be needed, and obtaining it, good, cheap, and in abundance, that he now asked them plump for a box of lucifers almost as unconcernedly as if it had been in London or Edinburgh.

But oh! to see the absurd confusion so simple a demand made among the young men in the large shop! It was like throwing a shell with a lighted fuse amongst them; and they mostly sidled off as quick as they conveniently could out of reach of the unpropitious question, and one only among them, on being specially forced for an explanation, condescended to impart some oracular sentences about "the points of the streets, and times and seasons," which only made the matter darker than ever.

So pondering over this unexpected trouble, and going on further to the Nevski Prospekt, the applicant entered a tobacconist's. "Surely here, where they sell cigars, they will furnish means for lighting the same." Blandly advanced the proprietor from a group of friends with whom he was conversing, and wished to know how he could serve his customer?

"By being so obliging as to let him have a little box of lucifers."

But lo! how his face blackened, as he went back indignant to his friends in the back shop without deigning the smallest reply! Yet what was there to

offend? for as far as the humble stranger knew, he had only asked a perfectly civil question.

A grocer was then tried with equal and strangely bad fortune; then a stationer's; then a toy-maker's; and more than one wax-candlemaker; but everywhere offended looks were returned.

Was the Nevski then too fashionable a region? Side streets were tried next, and every likely-looking shop was entered, but without the smallest success. So in desperation with the advance of evening, the would-be domestic helper rushed on all the way to the Gostinoi Dvor; for there, where everything in Russia is sold, so simple a matter as a box of lucifers ought positively to be had. But on arriving, rows and rows of shops were examined without finding anything of the sort. Next, examining the heterogeneous collections of the stalls outside the arcade, candlesticks met the eye, and at last a little box with the happy name of спичка or lucifer-match, emblazoned thereon. Hastily he opened it, but it was empty, and as to anything being required to fill it, the boy in charge pretended the most perfect innocence. Other boys there were at other stalls, and with their boxes also marked спичка, but all empty, and not a single lucifer seemed procurable in the greatest market-place of all the north of Europe.

In despair and wonder the unhappy being turned

homewards, but made one more, quite a forlorn attempt, determining that it should be the last, at a general grocer's. It was a cellar establishment, and of a very *omnium gatherum* description. The man was civil and perfect Russian. So making a commencement by buying some sugar first, and praising its whiteness; the wanderer paid him his price, and then put the now fearful question. Alas! it seemed as inopportune here as anywhere else! But the long-bearded man must have been touched at the visible disappointment, for a moment afterwards he took a partly used box of lucifers out of a private drawer, wrapped half its contents in a piece of paper, pressed them on the stranger's acceptance, and would receive no payment whatever for them.

By now hastening home with this rare prize, the samovar-fire was lit just in time, and when some twenty minutes afterwards most of our friends had arrived; and, seated about the tea-table, were applauding the vigorous jets of steam rushing out from under the brazen lid, and the brilliant glare of the charcoal fire beneath,—we asked them quietly in what sort of shops a resident for the time being in St. Petersburg, could purchase lucifer-matches? A question though easier asked than answered; for after a general pause, one said he did not know, and another that he had never thought about it, and another that he had never heard the question asked before. The universal explanation however ap-

peared in the end to be, that while there are some police regulations restricting to a certain extent the sale of combustibles, there is a special and powerful feeling among all Russian men, that trading even in the best lucifer-matches of the present day, made though they may be at large manufactories by steam-power, is a feminine occupation, and ought to be left a peculiar preserved field, to poor old women; who, visiting from house to house with their little stock, always contrive to keep every family of permanent residents supplied with as many of the useful fire-producers as they can consume, at a cost of never more than half-a-dozen kopeiks at a time, and in a manner that enables the private circumstances of the poor tottering old sellers, as more or less necessitous, to be inquired into at frequent intervals by benevolent ladies of the higher classes.

When our friends had first arrived, there was some little talking about the weather, its dark drizzly character in this October time, just as if we had been in England itself, but they also interspersed these first beginnings of conversation with truly Russian notice of the pigeons, *i.e.* the doves. Each person had some special flock they were so fond of feeding; and through the *fortichka*, or the little opening pane in the double windows, they had no sooner thrown out on the ledge the crumbs of breakfast, than the beautiful birds came flying down from all distant quarters, showing their iridescent and grey feathers and

ruby-red feet most charmingly to advantage, close by through the transparent glass; but then to think of their stupidity, for while they were very unpolitely pushing each other on one side, and clambering over each other's backs on the window-sill, to get at some of the crumbs, they seemed to have no notion how many valuable scraps they were kicking over the edge of the sill to the ground below. The clever jackdaws did though; and while not daring to compete with the sacred birds of Russia, for gifts from human hands direct, they just alighted on the ground immediately under the happy window, and there usually had all the biggest of the crumbs unconsciously dropped down to them.

"By the bye," we asked, during a pause of questions that had been administered to us for a time, concerning sundry great literary characters of Scotland, "what was the result of the recent fête, as to the edict which every one was expecting would be published that morning; though no two persons were then agreed as to what its contents or purport were likely to prove?" (see p. 201, Vol. II.)

"Ah! do you remember all that talk? Well then," said one of the guests, "there came out a something which none of us had expected in the least; it took us completely by surprise! it was,—*a general amnesty to all convicted Poles!* Why should we not have expected so liberal and merciful an ukase,

do you ask? Why, because the Poles have not deserved it, and they never will deserve it. The only use they will make of it, will be to enter into more plottings. And then what would they be at with their eternal conspiracies? Regain their liberty, you say! Well that sounds very well to those who do not know and have never experienced in their own proper persons, how these northern sons of Ishmael used the said liberty when they had it, and what sort of liberty it was. But without pursuing that any further at present, and agreeing for the moment to look at things only as they now stand, how would you like us Russians always to be taking the side of your out-and-out repealers in Ireland, and insisting on it that they should be allowed to form an independent European State in Connaught or Munster; where sacred liberty would then have an altar erected to her at last, for in England, Scotland, and Protestant Ireland there is nothing but rampant tyranny? Oh, what horrid things we have read from time to time of England and the English in some of the Irish newspapers! One is only surprised that the fire of Heaven does not fall on your wicked Saxon people. Such things as Irish orators in their public speeches have denounced against English Kings and Queens; and how they have prayed French armies and American sympathizers, to come and free them, the brave and suffering Irish, from the cursed bondage in which

the rule of Queen Victoria keeps them, grinding down their souls to the earth! Why don't you let those long-suffering angels go out of your clutches, and permit them to form a free and independent kingdom for themselves, where cruel Britain will cease from troubling?"

"Oh! that would be absurd," said the English champion; "it is only a section of the Irish people who are raising those cries, and a very noisy and unsteady section too; a section who have never yet shown any capacity for ruling themselves, or understanding what liberty is when they have got a little power into their own hands. In the present day we want large and self-defending kingdoms everywhere, and if the Irish don't like forming part of the British empire, they should have fought better some centuries ago when it was a question of fighting; but they lost fairly then, and must take the consequences now, just as the Burgundians, or they of Normandy in France so quietly do. And I cannot see why you should be more interested in these vain and baseless attempts at Limerick or Cork, to establish what would do the world so little good as wild Irish liberty in Connemara, and take no interest in English efforts to promote the fair tree of British liberty which spreads over half the world!"

"Then, if you think that that is the right thing for us to do," replied the Russian, "pray explain

why it is that you never seem to take any interest in our efforts to secure something so grand and stable as Russian liberty, but are always for the small and impracticable kingdom of Poland. When the Poles, assisted by pagan Lithuanians and Mohammedan Tahtars, were dominant over Christian Russia, you never gave *us* any assistance in rising against them; you never protested against their persecutions and cruelties of us, even as late as 1612, and your chivalrous Crusaders never came our way at all, but left us single-handed to cope with the real bulk of Asiatic warriors. Yet the moment that our struggles for liberty were crowned with success, then you immediately found so much to say for 'the poor Poles,' and have been ever since almost deifying them as solely identified with the idea of freedom. They paid you certainly, and still pay you the compliment of falling down at your feet and begging for your assistance and countenance in every little matter; but we did not flatter you by asking your help in anything. We trusted to our good cause and to God, who protects the right, and nerves the hand of those struggling for freedom; and behold, how on many an occasion, a mere 'handful of Muscovia's men,' has beaten whole armies of Poles in the field in their own country, and stormed their strongest defences. If we have lately been obliged to restrain the insurrectionary amongst them with severity, did not you also use

severe measures with your Irish rebels, at an equal length of time after their first subjugation? Though, too, you never had the same pith and marrow in the necessity of your proceedings which we had,—in that free Irishmen having sacked, burned, and destroyed your capital of London, and massacred its inhabitants age after age, might do so again if not kept in wholesome restraint. Yet, notwithstanding they never did you any such cruel mischief, you nearly exterminated them in early times, the Irish say."

"But you can't depend at all on what they say," returned the other; "it is that noisy minority which does all the sayings you hear of. Their language of bluster has two meanings; for themselves privately, it has nothing in it, and no intention whatever, though to the world outside and in grammatical construction, or in its ordinary sense and usual acceptation, it seems to threaten such terrible things. Why, when by chance staying in France a few years since, I tried as a serious problem, to eliminate from French papers quoting Irish ones, what might be the real events going on in the United Kingdom, but was obliged to give it up as hopeless. The French were not much disturbed by what they read, but the Germans in Paris could not comprehend it at all; and amongst them I used to hear of dreadful revolutions having broken out in Hyde Park, the whole of the bishops being slaughtered, the churches demolished,

and a reign of anarchy and atheism commenced, merely because Parliament had closed the public-houses of the poor on Sunday; 'and it is,' added one of our informants, as he quoted his journal-authority, 'the most signal and remarkable feature of England, that not the smallest question even of police-observances can be raised there, without agitating society to its very foundations.' After a week or two of such Gallo-Irish tales, mixed up with rumours of the ruffian English soldiery in the sister-isle, having been slaughtered to a man by the indignant peasantry rising in mass, for the defence of their homes and in recognition of their ancient Celtic kings,—I really began to think sometimes, that perhaps there had been a serious disturbance to the extent of a few broken heads."

"And a very philosophical conclusion to come to on the interpretation of words that have been passed through a hostile medium," said the Russian. "All that modification, you confess to have found necessary when the news had merely travelled across the straits of Dover, to a country where English is no strange language! Only be pleased then to figure to yourself, what would have become of the tale, had the English language been utterly un-understood in France, even to its very letters; and if, instead of a distance of twenty-two miles, there had been fifteen hundred miles intervening, occupied by many dif-

ferent nations, each receiving the news from the other, and adding to or subtracting from it according to their several tastes. Yet that is precisely the case with our Russian news as reported in English newspapers. What English editor knows Russian, or even pretends to it? The name of any Moskva journal obliged to be quoted by you being almost invariably given in French, sufficiently shows that *French* papers have in reality been extracted from; and have not they their own purposes and views in politics to represent? But they again only received their news through the medium of Germans; and who are so frightened to their inmost souls at the mere mention of Russians, as Germans,—Prussian Germans above all? Talk to them, men or boys, of Russian soldiers, and they tremble from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet;* and what between palpitating with fear at the prospect of invasion, and even still, though Russia has conquered to herself some seaboard at last, striving in an under-

* In the shape of "History for the Volunteers," a Philo-German has recently recounted to a public meeting in Scotland, how in Prussia, when the national defence was left to the regular army, the country was subjected by the French in a single battle; but that when the people afterwards rose as Volunteers, they beat the French back to their own country. This is evidently only another form of the innumerable deductions from "Jena and 1813;" from which, says Baron Haxthausen, what has not been deduced! But we hope no true Prussian has ventured to the above extent, and has altogether left out of the question, that between Jena and 1813, took place the not

hand manner to keep her out of full and free communion with Western people, they spin the most horrible moral accounts of their Eastern European neighbours; and in that way contrive to retain a very profitable trade as much as possible in their own hands. But not even the Germans get all their Russian news at first hand; for, learned people though they be considered, they know so seldom anything of our language, that our common people call them, on coming amongst us, Nyemtsi, or the dumb; and hence they are induced, too often, to copy their Russian information from versions thereof prepared by the Poles. Thus you see, English news of Russia goes through many more perverting mediums and a longer round than French news of England can ever do."

'Oh! but then,' we put in, 'consider what our friend said of the embellishing faculty possessed by that very small party of Irish, who make three-fourths of the news and all the noise!'

"Very well, and is not that precisely a characteristic of the noisy Polish faction also? The majority of the steady-going there, have all of them entered long since with zeal into the promotion of Russian

unknown Russian campaign of 1812, whose conclusion as regarded the French, was announced by Bonaparte's December Bulletin, "The Grand Army is no more!" With 400,000 fewer hostile soldiers then to fight against, and with the victorious Russians combating on their own side, no wonder the Prussians found beating the French easier in 1813 than at Jena.

liberty; and the development, through that, of the grand Slavonian destiny. You saw General Chodzko here, did not you, a few months ago? Well, was he working for the greatness of Russia and her glorious future of Christianizing and civilizing Asia, as a good Russian subject; or, was he wearing black clothes for the very bad stand-up fight which his countrymen made an age since at Praga; was he breaking the Warsaw shop-windows at night wherever coloured garments had been exhibited during the day; and was he writing slimy letters of thanks to the English Parliament, and to English ladies for noticing some highly decorated accounts of those gallant street proceedings, and of various other matters which so few of your M.P.s understand, or would be able to read a genuine report of, even if printed and put into their hands in the language of the country where the events occurred? Nor is our eminent Surveyor-General of the Caucasus a solitary example, for we had many whole regiments of Poles in the Crimea; and how many went over to you? None!"

'Ah, but you yourself proved just now,' retorted an Iberian guest, 'how you are hated and detested by all the nations of Europe. Fifteen hundred miles separate you from ourselves, and exactly fifteen hundred miles of hostile peoples protest against you. You may colour up the Polish affair as you like, but when the voice of all the free nations of the earth

is against your rule, you must have something very tyrannical about you.'

"French and Germans may whisper such tales into your ears," said the Russian, "about us; but then they come here and tell us exactly the same things against you; so that pretty well cancels their opinion as to blame or merit on either side. And that being settled, there is another free nation, in fact the freest of all nations and not the least civilized, viz. the United States of America, who take kindly to Russia, but declare on oath that you are the greatest tyrants under the sun; nay what is more, they tell you so too, to your face, and have held to it through a successful rebellion and in war, and are perfectly ready to prove it again. If there was not something radically bad in you, would so many millions of men of your own lineage and speaking your own language, be thus filled with hatred and detestation of you? And if this is a feeling which your proceedings have excited there, and you have had other insurrections against your rule in Canada, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in India, are you exactly the persons to be leaving off attention to your own improvement in grace and meekness and favour with mankind, to come and throw stones at us in every step we take for our own internal Government?" A reply to this was duly attempted, but degenerated before long into mere question and answer about minutiæ of Polish character.

"Are the Poles as good troops as the men of Russia, do you ask?" said the Muscovite. "Well there are some very fine fellows amongst them; but as a whole they are specifically opposed to Russians; whether in so far they become like your Irish, and you would prefer them as comrades or subjects, you yourself shall judge. The Poles then are warlike, inasmuch as they are fond of war, devoting themselves to it for pleasurable excitement, many knowing of no other occupation; fighting too, for fighting's sake. Hence, while every Russian peasant dislikes war, and flies from a summons to join the army whenever he possibly can, the Poles are ready, both to furnish the prescribed quota of men for themselves, and to be substitutes for many a Russian mouzhik, if the latter can pay handsomely therefor. Yet when it comes to the final rub in actual fighting between the voluntary Polish, and the forcibly enlisted Russian, troops, the latter are found to be composed of the sterner stuff of the two; and, just as Cromwell, with a small English army went smashing through Ireland, and all its native fire-eaters from one end of their green land to the other, so did Suvorov, with a small body of Russian soldiers, carve his way with ease through all Poland. 'Do you think we can take those fortifications?' said a young Russian soldier to an elder one on piquet-guard the night before the storming of Praga. 'I think

not,' answered the old one, 'they are very strong.' 'But if we are ordered to take them?' returned the other. 'That alters the question,' said the old man, 'if we are ordered to take them, we shall take them of course.'"

'Oh! but then, you are a nation of slaves,' broke in the Iberian disturber of the peace; 'and your soldier's talk quite proves it; for who ever heard such a tame, flat, dull, earthy speech, from freeborn men! Where is the vivacity, the sparkling wit, which in Ireland would have made such a sentiment overpoweringly delightful! The fact is, your men were afraid of the stick,* that was the fountain of their valour. You're slaves all of you, complete niggers, and though your Emperor has been talking about freeing you, he and his Ministers are playing a beautiful comedy. They'll never free you. But, however, I can tell them that they may carry it on too long; and the serfs will rise at last, and then you'll see bloody scenes indeed. The French Revolution will be nothing to your Russian Revolution that is to be. The serfs will all rise with their great axes and cleave you in twain, and burn you in your wooden houses; and that's the only day of freedom which will ever dawn for your unfortunate bondsmen.'

* See Dr. Granville's St. Petersburg, vol. ii. pp. 437–444, for a full account of the *pros* and *cons* of the Russian knout, and the British cat-o'-nine-tails, in theory and practice.

This speech was so out-and-out, that our Russian friends were not a little pained for its speaker; and seeming to think it was quite useless to reason with utterly foregone conclusions, remained silent, and let the wild man, unopposed, go on hurling all sorts of vengeance against both them* and their country. Whereupon we stepped in, and began, "By the way, M. Iberianus, talking of being burnt to death in a wooden house, has it ever occurred to you, what an extreme danger all we dwellers in this hotel are constantly threatened with, if the front part of the establishment should take fire? Here we are numerously populating an interior court, backed up both on either side and behind, by the high and unscaleable walls of much larger buildings; and our only communication with the street, is that long low passage through the house which forms the front of the hotel. So if that takes fire first, and the passage gets choked up with burning beams and the fire spreads, as it is then sure to do, to all our tenements surrounding the court, and to that great block of lodgings which almost fills its centre,—how are we to escape?"

* Russia herself, as a nation, behaves very similarly. When political writers in Western lands have been most frantic in their misrepresentations of all her proceedings, and denouncing every act of progressive reform in her constitutional government as savage acts of unmitigated despotism, or barbarous cruelty,—she merely "stands on the opposite shore, and looks at the waves and the sky!"

M. Iberianus admitted that the flower, safety, would be very difficult for other lodgers to pluck; 'but for myself,' said he, chuckling at his own sweet prospect amid the general destruction, 'I can manage; I would just twist the sheets from my bed into a rope, fasten one end of it inside, and then let myself down outside through the window.'

"And how would that help?" instantly replied a quick-witted lady. "You would, with a great deal of trouble, have let yourself into the very same court into which you might have descended with perfect simplicity, by the stone staircase of your suite of rooms; into which court all the other lodgers must have similarly descended; but to escape from which, with the whole of the buildings confining it on fire, and the blocked-up passage of the front of the house *already* in flames,—is precisely the problem we wish you to solve."

On hearing this, M. Iberianus was doubled up in a moment; had a typical hat knocked over his eyes and flattened down; and then and there became lost in a dismal reverie, trying to find out some private escape for himself, from the danger common to all. So during the lull thus afforded, we took the opportunity of asking one of our Russian friends, what were the main facts concerning this tangled question of Russian serfdom, as understood in their local politics?

CHAPTER X.

SOCIAL EXTREMES.

October.

THERE was no hesitation on the Russian's part in telling of serfs and serfdom; but the subject did not come to its conclusion so shortly or so simply as had been expected. "If we should reply to you," said he, "that Russian serfdom* is *not* slavery, and that a system which has remained in force for so many centuries amongst a people who are continually reforming and advancing, cannot be altogether bad,—you might be inclined with another of your countrymen to hint, that that is very indifferent logic; the freedom of the people and their power to get enactments made in their favour, being the very question in dispute. Let us therefore take it in another manner, and inquire of the peasants themselves how they find, and what they think of, the condition which they are in. 'Whose property are you, Serf Ivan

* In *Poland*, the old serf law, still in force, is much more oppressive than that of Russia proper.

Ivanovitch?'—'My master's,' he replies, 'the great Boyar who lives in the wooden palace at the head of the village.'—'Then could he sell you in the market?' —'Not without the land. I belong to him; but the land belongs to me because I am his serf.'—'That will do, Ivan Ivanovitch!' Now there, you see, is something very different from slavery; and indicating rather an intricately enfolded condition of the social state, based on what are considered the rights of each order; and if you converse still further with the serf, you will by degrees perceive that he is not very far from having as much practical freedom as your English peasant, though the nomenclature of his constitutional forms may be altered.

"Don't be indignant, if I assume that you in England are not wholly free; for surely every one in your nation is a subject of Queen Victoria, and not being able of himself to free himself from that peculiar bondage, he in so far cannot be an absolutely free man; and I suspect too, that he must not only dutifully obey the laws which the Queen and her Parliament may make for him, with or without his consent, but he must be perfectly subservient also to whatever rules and regulations any municipality of his neighbourhood may further enact.

"All that, you say, is the basis of good government. Very well then, only transfer your reasoning to Russia, and you will soon find, if you had to apply

it there, considerable modification necessary in practice, from the enormous difference of size of the two countries. 'God is high, and the Tsar far off,' is a Russian proverb often quoted against us by foreigners, who see in it only a symptom of bad government; yet it is nothing but the plain and geographical fact which there is no possibility of evading. Some facilitation however we have established in this manner: viz., that if the Tsar himself be so far off, we have multiplied his representatives, by establishing the same relationship between peasant and noble, that there is already between the noble and the Tsar. This then is serfship, the peasant becoming the subject of the noble; even as the noble is the subject of the Tsar. Under such a system the peasant has no taxes to pay to the Tsar; only to his so-called proprietor; but *he* has in return to act as a Tsar to the peasant; defending him, so far as civil processes can go, for nobles are not allowed to make war on their own account, from injustice and oppression in case of need.

"Thus there are duties on one side, and responsibilities on the other; and when they are both perfectly attended to,—and either party may appeal to the Imperial Government, if the other does not fulfil the law of its requirements,—you find all sides well pleased; the peasant, on the broad plains of our extensive empire, in being in a manner always near head-quarters; the proprietor, in being a little monarch, supported

at his ease by taxes on his serf subjects, taxes laid on according to the law in that case provided; and the Imperial Government, in having its own tasks greatly simplified; for instead of dealing with every peasant in his own little village thousands of miles away, where finding him would be like looking for a needle in a truss of hay, it merely has to do with the smaller numbers and more visible figures of great proprietors; and lays crown taxes on them according to the number of their peasants.

"You may then consider our nobles somewhat in the light of your Colonial Governors; and the serfs as their colonial subjects; though in our case the governorship is hereditary, and endued with a power of re-arranging the size and shape of the colony, *i. e.* the estate with all its people upon it, which with you only your Imperial Government can effect.

"This system was borrowed from the Poles, Hungarians, and Germans of the day, no later since than the reign of Boris Godunov; and it became the law of our country, even in spite of its being introduced by that suspected monarch, because it was perceived to be positively advantageous. Once that the Tahtars on one side and Poles on the other had been conquered or expelled, all our nation combined to establish such institutions, as should never again expose Russia to the chance of similar bondage, to that which she had endured throughout the mediæval age; and chief

among these means was acknowledged to be,—an efficient method of counteracting the inveterate tendency which Russian peasants have, of being for ever prone to travel about, seeking how to better themselves. For they *will* accumulate numerously in special fertile localities, and leave vast intervening spaces wholly unoccupied; thus offering many an opportunity to warlike invaders for splitting them up once more into mere fragments of a people.

"The peasants then, cried the popular voice in 1600, must be attached to the soil; and attached to it they therefore immediately were by the law of serfdom, so that no one but the Emperor himself could remove them. The proprietor at all events could not. He could sell the estate, but not without the serfs. They might consequently change masters, but could never be carried away from their native villages.

"In the day of Boris Godunov this plan was necessary, and it worked well, for it has reference purely to agriculture, and then agriculture was the only occupation of Russia. For three days in the week the peasants worked on land which the proprietor allowed them for their own benefit, and for other three days they worked in his fields for his benefit; or commuted that service for an annual payment of money. The proprietor on the other hand was bound in return for this forced labour and head-money, to furnish them with seed, food in times of scarcity, and many other helps.

"So far all went well; but when the reforms of Peter the Great added manufactures to the industry of the country, mill-masters tried to make use of our purely agricultural institution of serfdom, to supply themselves with labourers. Then there did ensue a removing of many poor peasants from their land; and complaints arose. They were met by severe enactments, but that did not mend the mistake; for mistake and misapplication of the original serf-law it undoubtedly was, and has since been proved. It was only however subsequent to 1812, that manufactures became largely the object of attention amongst us; and in precise proportion as they extended, so it became more and more clear to all men, that the days of the serf-law were numbered. That law has now nearly accomplished its first object of sprinkling permanent homesteads over all Russia proper, forming our very diverse regions of steppe, and field, and forest into one grand whole; and that whole is no longer a mere agricultural country. All the circumstances therefore for which the measure was once enacted, being now changed,—you may be perfectly sure that the same people who made the law for their own good, and placed it on their own necks, will take it off again when quite satisfied that the right time is come.

"That time has arrived to the most commercial parts of the country, but is not yet realized in many and many a broad region far away from the larger

cities. In such districts the peasants still think that their claims as serfs on the attentions and services of the proprietor for the time being, are well worth being paid for by serfdom, and would not therefore hear of its abolition. They prefer in their remote provinces to have a little Tsar close by, than a great one a long way off; and when our Russian peasants once get a notion into their heads, there is not a more determined people under the sun, to keep to it in spite of every obstacle. It is difficult therefore on the instant, to make one law that would be equally acceptable even to all the poorer classes of the country; much more difficult still, to adjust the conflicting claims of both rich and poor. If on one hand proprietors have latterly been oppressing peasants by carrying them off to cotton-mills, and even on European tours,—on the other hand the peasants have been growing up under serfdom more and more to an idea of their having, exclusive of the proprietor, a sort of communist right to the ground where they have long been lodged. In this they are vastly more advanced than any of the Socialistic clubs of Paris. We have heard Frenchmen say, how soon we could destroy Russia; a single printing-press, spreading a few of our doctrines of communism and socialism, would at once raise a revolution in every part of the empire. But we replied, my friend, we have had those bugbears of yours in practice among us for many and

many a century, and they agree perfectly well with our constitution and our people. Every village of Russian peasants, serf or free, spontaneously and intuitively forms a government to itself, chooses its council and elders, to whom implicit obedience is paid, and through whom all communications with the noble proprietor, or the mother city, or the Imperial Government, as the case may be, are kept up. And while in every village they similarly hold a theoretical opinion, of every soul born amongst them having an equal right to share in the land of the whole commune,—one village varies in the practice of carrying out the idea, by annually dividing their land according to the exact number of souls; another perhaps, according to the number of households, or rather knots of people setting up in an independent way in the world; and another still, divides the crops which all have assisted in common to cultivate. Do you remember how on the road to Pulkova you saw no large fields, but only long parallel strips of cultivation? Well, that was the result of our peasants' own self-government, and their theories reduced to practice by themselves. It is a something which has descended to them intact, not only from before the Western reforming times of Peter the Great, but from before all our Tsars, and all our Grand Dukes, and dates from those early periods when, as a republican and patriarchal people, we went forth

into the silent wilderness of early Europe to colonize and settle its Eastern and Northern plains.

"This land question then is evidently a very delicate adjudication to have to manage between nobles and peasants. A Gallicized republican would at once say, 'Oh, let the nobles go to the wall, and be made paupers of; they deserve it, because they have lorded it so long.' But *you* would not say the same I feel sure, because that has not been the manner of practice in England, and in English politics. Your native proceedings indeed, in reforming and governing yourselves, we are exceeding fond of looking to; and there, we do not trust to French accounts, for they would distort you; nor to German books, for they would almost ignore your very existence off the face of the earth, except when they think they are in danger from France; but we import abundantly of your literature direct, and study it deeply. Then too our peasants are of an eminently practical dispotion, knowing full well the importance of both high and low, rich and poor, nobles and populace, to form an entire and a strong community. Indeed the people who of their own counsel and in peace introduced Rurik with his Norwegian Varangians to head and perfect their body politic, and did this more than two hundred years before Normanized England showed the world involuntarily the same result,—are not now a senseless mob wilfully to destroy or

knowingly to lose, a class which savingly leavens the whole nation."

'Then you are not expecting any great insurrection on the freeing of the serfs?' said we.

"It will be an anxious time," replied the Russian who had spoken so long; "just as your Reform Bill of 1832 was to you. England reaped great glory amongst us for effecting that immense change in her constitution, without the shedding of a drop of blood. We have now a greater constitutional change still to be made, and amongst a much more numerous people; so what we pray for is, that its introduction and establishment may be in an English degree bloodless. We have great hopes too in the sound sense and good feeling of all the mass of our people. They are eminently charitable; they are religious, and their religion teaches them to be mutually forbearing and forgiving to one another; while their political sagacity enables them thoroughly to understand the advantages of that peculiar doctrine of self-reforming England, 'the compromise.'"*

* By a letter from a Russian Professor, dated $\frac{\text{Sept. 20,}}{\text{Oct. 2,}}$ 1861, it appears that the land question was carried out after all in a kindly spirit by the proprietors, and thankfully accepted by the peasants. He writes,—"During the whole summer I was far away from St. Petersburg, and arrived lately from my travels in the Interior of Russia. It was very interesting for me to be there at a time when the great and benevolent reform was put in practice, the abolition of serfage, for which Russia has to thank the magnanimity of our present

So far there had been little interruption to the Russian's steady current of instructive discourse, but now that dreadful man Iberianus, recovered from his stupor of alarm, in the last chapter, at the prospect of sharing in a common calamity, began to rage again.

'Oh! I dare say you're very fond of the peasants,' he commenced, 'for wanting to be free, and they have quite an affection towards you, for having enslaved them so long; but neither of you can get over this difficulty, that there are only two classes in your empire; abject and ignorant peasants on one side,

Emperor, Alexander II. The peasants are not only free from their former dependence, but receive land enough for their subsistence. Nowhere has so great a reform passed so satisfactorily; with the exception of some insignificant cases, everything goes on quietly and peacably." See also M. Orischinsky's "Emancipation of the Serfs," in 'Good Words,' for 1861, p. 617.

Respecting "the compromise" which has recently been commended by Lord Brougham to the study of American legislators, as the peculiar means by which Great Britain has passed through many dangers, and become consolidated, the following extract from a Synodal writing of the Russian Church, dated Moskva, 1723, and dealing with the question of a proposed joining together of the churches of two separate and independent countries, clearly implies their use of the same powerful instrument of pacification. "Hereby the opinions, arguments, and persuasions of each party may be more sincerely produced, and more clearly understood; and it may be more easily known *what may be yielded and given up by one to the other; what, on the other hand, may and ought for conscience sake to be absolutely denied.*"—*Rev. R. W. Blackmore's 'Doctrine of the Russian Church.*'

and the proud aristocrats, headed by their Emperor, on the other. Where then is your middle class, like what we have in England? and without such a middle class, how can you ever get on as a free nation?'

"Our middle class is not numerous," returned the Russian, "but is probably much larger than England's was, when she first had free institutions given her; and it is momentarily increasing, as our peasants show extraordinary aptitude for pushing their way into new employments and larger spheres of action, with every opportunity that is afforded them. Thus they become merchants and master-manufacturers while still serfs; and, even in a more than European degree, leading geniuses in those lines rise up amongst them, no one knows how; so that he, who was a few years ago a miserable pig-driver, presently becomes a commercial man on 'change with millions of rubles in possession. Before every other quality too, is found most frequently amongst our people a talent for 'administrating.' How often we have to say of a German workman, he is an excellent artist in his line, but he has no head, he is no 'administrator,' and cannot take charge of extensive affairs; yet that is precisely what we find so large a capacity for amongst our own people; and it is this which is yearly adding so many wealthy men to the class between the poor peasantry and the old aristocracy. Exactly too as this new class rises, so do

its members develope and apply the self-government of each village commune to their advancing circumstances. In this manner it is that every town has its elected municipality, called the *Gradskaïa doomà*, from *doomat*, to think; because they think for the inhabitants what is necessary to be done within their limits, raise the funds and apply them, besides generally managing all their communications with the Imperial Government, just as the noble used to do for the serf. They have even some further duties, for they overlook the administration of police and justice, are always ready to receive and inquire instantly into grievances and complaints of any kind; and finally, though we may not yet have your British system of juries, still the *doomà* tends to make up for that, by appointing to each judge a bench of *assessors*, chosen from every class in the community; so that no man is tried but in presence of his peers."

'That sounds very pretty,' broke in the Iberian, 'but what's the use of it, if you have not a free press, and if your liberal journals can only be disseminated under cover of the darkness of night!'

"Are you not mixing up perfectly different matters?" asked the Russian; "our press has great latitude allowed it, and discusses without reserve all sorts of reforms and improvements of even the Imperial laws, often with a very considerable abuse of

* See Granville's 'St. Petersburg,' vol. ii. p. 432.

Imperial servants; with far more freedom, indeed, than is allowed against their respective governments in France, Prussia, Austria, or any country but England itself; and these journals of ours you will find in all public reading-rooms, in shops, and on your own table if you like to order them. But the one particular paper, of which some copies are said to be distributed by night, mistakes treason and revolution for liberalism; and is printed, where do you think?—in London; and is smuggled here. It is printed there easily enough, I suppose, for who of the Londoners could read it if put into their hands? But would they allow the free publication of a vernacular paper amongst themselves, which spoke similarly of their Sovereign as that bloodthirsty broadsheet of ours, or rather yours, does of killing our Emperor, making away with the Imperial Family, and establishing a new form of government? and all this, as introducing English liberalism into Russian politics. Certainly it is not English liberalism as they practise it in England for English purposes!"

To this representation, M. Iberianus attempted to say something about the Tsar being a despotic monarch, to whom he, Iberianus, owed no fealty; but finding that his argument was rather loose, he went off into a general denunciation of the Tsar's Ministers. 'They were all rude military men, and get disgracefully kicked by their Emperor; and then in

return they went down to their offices, and with their huge military jack-boots on, kicked all the officials below them, whether belonging to the Church, the Senate, or the Law.'

"I fear," said the Russian, "that you have rather mistaken the status of rank assigned to civilians, for an actual military position, and have considerably romanced on that erroneous assumption. And we should be as much astonished at seeing, say our Minister of Public Instruction, in these said soldier's jack-boots, as you would be to see your Attorney-General in a red coat and cocked hat with feathers. What we look to most in our Ministers is, that they should be perfectly conversant with the affairs of their office, thorough masters indeed of their profession, in theory and practice, and, if possible, the very best men in these lines through the whole empire. But is it true," and here the Russian began slyly to assume the offensive, "is it true as we hear it, that in England the head of your English Admiralty need not know anything of naval affairs? He must be a member either of Lords' or Commons' house, but he need never have been to sea, or have had any experience either of sailors or of ships?"

Iberianus looked at first rather annoyed at the question, but immediately rising superior to it, and with rather an outward curl on his upper lip, he proceeded to set forth sententiously that, whatever

inexperienced persons might think of the theory, the practice of the system answered to admiration; 'for, is not our British navy the very best in the world?'

"Thanks to the sailor-like qualities of your people at large, from the time of Alfred the Great downwards," said the Russian.

'Oh! but it is also owing to our system of ruling,' insisted Iberianus, 'for it is a system which works so peculiarly neatly; and if the First Lord of the Admiralty be not a scientific man himself, he has his scientific advisers, some old Captains or Lieutenants always at his elbow, and they tell him what he should answer when any special question is put to him.'

"But a great deal better," rather smartly returned the Russian, "that he should answer from his own knowledge."

'Not at all,' doggedly persisted the Iberian; 'if the chief himself was to make a mistake, the consequences might be serious; but when it is only his scientific pointer-dogs, the captains or lieutenants, why they can be sent about their business at a moment's notice and others taken on in their place, without the great man at the head of all being disturbed in the least. You say indeed that a Captain or Lieutenant can only see things from a Captain's or Lieutenant's point of view, and not from that of the chief of the whole profession; and you ask what would become of an army if the General knew nothing of military

matters, and trusted for every move to the advice of subalterns,—but then there, come into play, the extraordinary mental qualities of our upper classes. They receive the hard, dry, exact opinion of the mere workmen under them, pass it in a moment through the alembic of their ethereal minds, and lo! it issues forth as oracular wisdom from the chief himself, either a live lord, or a man with many thousands a year. I daresay you think legislation a very difficult science; and so it is to most of us. At all events I've heard, that even with a good reading man at Cambridge, he would need several years' hard study to qualify himself for no more than beginning upon it; but our splendid young aristocrats, why they don't seem to study at all; they distinguish themselves not particularly at either school or college, except by hunting, and feeding on private supplies of game,—yet no sooner have they attained the age of twenty-one, than they step into the house of Peers, complete, finished legislators, without anything more to learn. That's what any of them will do; but a thorough one does much more; he enters the Ministry, and one year he is great as a Secretary for the Colonies; the next perhaps, he comes on the scene in the Board of Trade, talking so glib about the market prices of American cotton or Russian tallow that you'd think he had been to that manner of thing born and bred; but behold, a third year has hardly arrived, before the

British Army is confided to his rule; and the next, he may not impossibly wield the destinies of the Navy. It's a low plebeian belief that a man must keep to one trade, and have served a full apprenticeship to it, if he would excel; that may do for a Saxon hound, but our Norman nobles have vastly more liberal ideas, and insist on it that no apprenticeship whatever is needed; and that a nobleman can take up at pleasure the different professions, just as a very *complaisant* king puts on the costume each day, of the highest member of any calling of his subjects among whom he is to appear. Before the soldier, he wears a full General's uniform; among the academicians he appears in University honours; and amongst the lawyers I do believe he would not scruple to mount a wig!'

"And you find that to act well in official life?" murmured the Russian.

'Nothing can be better,' shouted Iberianus; 'for that's the way to have every working man kept fully up to the collar. If the head of an office went out amongst his men, and shared the toil and fatigue of the day with them, he would be wearied also; and feeling as a man for their pains, would let them relax now and then in their endeavours. Equally too, if he understood the inherent difficulties of any scientific work which he had set them to, he might be content with mere efforts after accuracy, instead of

insisting on their absolutely laying hold of accuracy itself. But if he takes things easy, sitting indoors, and neither works with his men outside, nor knows the difficulties they have to contend against,—why, he has only to look in the evening at a return of actual performances; and if the fellows have not done just whatever he ordered them to do, possible or impossible,—he discharges them, and can always procure others to take their place. Especially so, if it be a scientific place; for it is a fact in political economy, that any situation for learned men under Government, even with a salary no higher than a scavenger's, is never without its many competing applicants.

'Surely and certainly also, as I can tell you too, no matter what one scientific man may have pronounced on any topic, there will always be another ready to quarrel with him about it; and that is what makes it so easy for our young Ministers to rule them. On a really difficult subject, one mathematician might be a rather awkward authority to meddle with; but introduce another on the scene to tackle him, and lo, a little child may lead them! The lawyers now are a very different class; they come of old imperial Rome, and, like old Romans, they hang together in one great commonwealth, defending each other, and securing to themselves, one and all, the most princely salaries and pensions and rates of pay; but the absurd scientific men are just like the ancient

Greeks, split up into a lot of mutually antagonistic little republican cities; and they are for ever and ever so much more ready to fly at each other's throats, than combine against the barbarians, that they have long since got completely over-ridden by these too-much despised men, and must now put up with monkey's allowance. Verily too that is what our compliant savants get, if you compare their pay with that of either the Law or the Church, the Army or the Navy.'

"But are there no occasions," urged the Russian, "where a scientific matter must be competently and absolutely inquired into by a Government office?"

'That will occur now and then,' responded the other; 'but it is tided over very easily. The chief has a secretary, who prints a series of questions about the matter in hand, and sends them about at Government expense, and to be answered in writing, to every known able scientific man in the country. Then when the post has brought in all the answers, —for scientific men, bless them, they never want a fee, or a second asking either, before giving their advice to public or private patient,—they are classified as to their degrees of negative or affirmative, and the opinion with most vouchers to back it, is reported to be the right one. In fact that method of proceeding is based on a rich bit of wisdom which we have been taught by our lawyers; and you'll never

be happy in Russia until you become, like Great Britain, a thoroughly lawyer-ridden country. But the bit of wisdom, do you ask, what is it? Why it is this; never mind about understanding a book, do not even be at the trouble of reading it, but *take evidence* as to what it contains; then you will stand on a far higher platform than even the man who wrote it; and you may go and hold forth on the general subject in the lecturing style, if you are an aristocrat, at some popular meeting for social improvement, or a foundation-stone laying of one of the so-called science-schools for the working classes, where you will be hailed by all the ladies and gentlemen present as the most scientific genius in the kingdom.'

"Impossible!" ejaculated the unsophisticated Slavonian.

'Not a bit,' returned Iberianus; 'and if it was quite true what you said you had heard before, that the head of the English Admiralty need not know anything of naval affairs, is it anything extraordinary that the Minister who manages for science should not be really quite at home in his branch of administration? That is but turn and turn about; and you may be sure in the end, that our excellent practical system will render the science of Great Britain as thoroughly pre-eminent, as her naval affairs have long been; and how I wish I could say as much for your navy. Mushroom affair that it is! Why two

hundred years ago you had not a single ship, or one sailor, or a yard of seacoast among you.'

But the Russian had not another word left for argument, and only turned to me somewhat mournfully and asked, "if I also condemned the Russian principle of appointing a head of the Admiralty?"

To which I could only reply, 'That I had not yet seen anything of it, and was not a naval man.'

But I thought at the same time privately,—and there is no reason now for refusing to impart the thought to my faithful reader, who will only esteem it for what he may find it to be worth,—of how I was going to have, on the very next day, an unusual opportunity for seeing something of the system alluded to, and by means of an interview with the Lord High Admiral of Russia. At this interview moreover, I was to have the honour of bringing before him precisely the same scientific matter in improved nautical astronomy, which I had already been the means of putting before the ruler of the English navy. Thereby had been obtained the altitude pretty exactly of this latter noble lord, in so far as concerned that particular department of his affairs; and now there would be an opportunity for applying precisely the same scale to the Russian naval leader. An intensely exciting experiment surely! for which of the two chiefs is destined to come out the better man?

Filled with this idea, it was, that I proceeded by appointment, on the morning of the 4th of October, to Strelna, a distance of about nineteen versts from St. Petersburg; for there was residing at the time in his palace hard by, the head of the Russian Admiralty, the Grand Duke Constantine Nikolaievitch; and this was the matter to be set before him, and the way in which it came about.

In a little book, "Teneriffe, an Astronomer's Experiment," already before the public, I have described, at page 17, the trial of a certain method of steadying a small table or a telescope at sea, by means of free rotatory motion, and in such a manner, as to eliminate from it entirely all the "rolling and pitching" motions of a ship. That apparatus I had since further advanced, so as in principle at least to correct for *every possible* angular movement of a ship; and lastly, had introduced an arrangement upon it allowing, or intended to allow, of altitudes of any heavenly object being observed securely from an instrumental zero, quite independent of the visibility of the sea horizon. This was the machine then which I had been trying on board the 'Edinburgh' (see p. 35, Vol. I.), in the voyage from Scotland to Cronstadt; and this was the machine also, which on arrival I had ventured to show, though its construction was rude and imperfect, but for the sake of its principle, to the Russian astronomers at Pulkova. These gentlemen examined

it with much interest, and after trying its action in various ways upon sundry contrivances which had been extemporized by them in haste, to represent the motions of a ship, they said that the naval department must see it.

Two Admirals accordingly came to the Observatory, the one a courtly officer, but well known in scientific circles for a famous voyage of circumnavigation performed more than thirty years ago; and the other a younger man, and one who had raised himself from being a mere pilot, to entering the Imperial Navy, passing through all its grades up to Admiral, writing a work on Practical Astronomy, and finally becoming charged with the direction of Russian hydrography; and this real genius was a regular Russian, unable to speak any other language. The opinion of the diverse admirals agreeing however together, and with that of the astronomers also, they all decided that the Grand Duke must have the matter laid before him. On that being done, his (the Duke's) first idea appeared to be, to try the instrument on board his own yacht in the Gulf of Finland; but the season being thought by most persons rather too far advanced for that, his final conclusion was, to have an illustration of the intended action of the apparatus at the Palace of Strelna.

To Strelna accordingly also that morning by another road across the flat country, came our trusty

friend M. Otto Struve; and there had previously arrived the two Pulkova soldiers, who had been long since drilled in to working the multiplying wheels of the apparatus; all which in its several boxes they brought with them in a telega packed with straw, and with an extra horse tacked on outside; and now all the party having collected together at the post-station, we entered in procession the ornamental woods of the Palace. When nearly through these, the soldiers dropped behind for a moment to exchange their rude grey coats of the journey, for brilliant green and gold uniforms; and then we opened out upon a lawn with beds of flowery masses, generally either dahlias or hollyhocks, with many statues interspersed, marble, bronze, and gilt. The Palace itself rose just beyond, not very large, but delightfully appointed in every respect, and looking down on the other side over woods, quaintly touched here and there by glorious tints of autumn, to the Gulf of Finland and the Cronstadt fleet.

In a large glass recess, with the assistance of an aide-de-camp, we began to erect the apparatus as if about to be used on board a ship, and before we had quite finished these preliminaries the Grand Duke appeared. He opened the door for himself; one of his little sons was already with us, and he, the father, came now unattended; he wore a very quiet undress naval uniform; but was an erect, energetic, style of

man, of handsome lineaments, with aquiline and imperial cast of feature. To M. Struve he spoke German, to myself English, and in the English manner.

After some light and pleasant talk on several ordinary topics, the Grand Duke came to the matter in hand. "This instrument," said he, "is intended I hear for obtaining such and such observations under such and such circumstances at sea; what then are the principles on which it is enabled to act?"

Then I had to speak of free rotation, of the separating of angular movements from changes in bodily translation; and of level arrangements to meet either the one or the other. And after having been questioned on one or two points therein, was next requested to show those mechanical principles in action.

Whereupon the faithful veterans of Pulkova—who had learned their assistant parts as quickly as they always performed them satisfactorily—had the honour of exhibiting in the presence of one so near their own Tsar, how they could first set the two internal revolver wheels spinning at the rate of one hundred and fifty revolutions in a second; and then give to the whole mounting of the machine certain rolling and rocking movements; while an observer at the telescope, indicated how steadily all the time, a distant tree on the Finland coast was remaining in the field of view, and how tolerably quiescent were the bubbles of the several levels.

"Will you allow me to see that, and try the working?" presently ejaculated the Grand Duke; so try it he did, both under the perfectly free action of the revolver, and under different degrees of constraint; and he provisionally expressed himself astonished at the result. Next he turned to M. Struve, discussed with him for a time the theoretical principles, and then came back to the instrument to satisfy himself how far, under its sorry workmanship, the principles had had fair play; and to endeavour to form some idea of what sort of higher results might be hoped for in a future instrument, with the details better worked out.

When all these several points had been turned over and over, then the Grand Duke came out with his final opinion, "It was the best and most promising thing by far that he had yet seen, to supply a real desideratum in nautical astronomy. How often he had tried to get his latitude at sea by the Pole-star with sextant, but found both the star too dim and the night horizon of the sea too uncertain in that instrument. After having had practice in observing with the equatorial at Pulkova, and having there with ease operated upon stars so small as to be far, far below anything that the unassisted human eye could ever see, how amazed he was when he went on board ship, that there was no instrument known there with which he could make good altitude obser-

vations, on a dark night, of even the brightest stars; and sailors were perfectly content that it should be so. On shore he could enjoy all the advantages of modern astronomy, but on board ship he had instantly to revert to something which, as to optical power, was very like the operations of primitive navigators in the early ages of the world; and he had therefore inwardly settled in his own mind, that he would never rest until there was some apparatus for use at sea, which, —as to light and space-penetrating power, should enable any star of the same moderate brightness as the Pole-star, to be satisfactorily observed whenever in any degree visible to the naked eye; and,—as to altitude measure, should be definitely accurate to within two minutes for all ordinary observers, personal equation included.*

* Such an instrument was evidently not on board either of those magnificent steam-men-of-war, the 'Hero,' and 'Ariadne,' of our British Navy, when they were bringing home the Prince of Wales and suite, in October and November, 1860, from the courtly North American tour of that summer. During their passage back, sea-fogs had generally obscured the sun, whose low path in the heavens at so late an autumn season, did not allow his disc to rise into the thinner part of the mists overhead; and hence, towards the end of their voyage, the latitude and longitude positions of both ships had become dangerously uncertain, "both, as to where the vessels were," says the 'Times' Correspondent writing under date November 15th, "and consequently, whither they were going. There had been no ob- "servations for some days, and when there had been any, the Hero's "differed from the Ariadne's, and the dead-reckoning from both. "*Observations from stars only made matters worse again.* So, as the "weather was thickening, and the wind in shore, both vessels short- "ened sail at one o'clock, and hove to, to sound."

"What things," said Constantine Nikolaievitch, "I have had to put up with hitherto! But you shall see one of them that I bought some years ago." And therewith he gave directions to his aide-de-camp, who, after a few minutes' absence, brought in a mahogany box, from which the Grand Duke extracted, with practised hand, a curious brazen semicircle with pendulum attached; and after showing how it was intended to be used, and saying that if you only wanted to know the altitude within six or seven degrees it might do very well, he continued in the train of his former discourse, "Now the free revolver apparatus promises to be the very thing for me. Because, you can mount on it a larger telescope than what you can hold in the hand; you can look at the star direct, and therefore undimmed by the sextant's two reflections; and in proportion to the perfection of the revolver arrangements, your principle of levels enables you to approximate continually to accuracy for the altitude zero. This will surely be the plan, if any succeed, for enabling us to get the astronomical position of a ship as accurately by night as by day; and for sailors at sea, no longer trusting to the sun alone, to add thereto half the stars of heaven, and then compete in precision with scientific travellers on land. Oh, I must certainly have one of these instruments constructed forthwith! Talk of its being more expensive than a sextant! Why this instru-

ment is to accomplish a something which a sextant cannot pretend even to look at! I know, too, that to have one good instrument made now, in this very early stage of the question, will cost far more money than to wait for some years until they are being manufactured on a large scale; but if in the meantime, the instrument supplies an additional element of safety to a large ship with upwards of a thousand living souls on board, that will be to me an abundant recompense."

So the conclusion was, that a modified copy of the machine should be made at Pulkova, in the highest style of accurate optician's workmanship; and the Grand Duke would not only pay for all the expenses of its actual construction, but reimburse the artists for every preliminary experiment that might be desirable, and for any amount of care and labour in selecting the best steel or other required material that could be had in the country; he would also allow them to take their own time, if they would only let him have a good instrument at last.

It was about an hour after this, as my friend and self were driving homeward; that he asked me, "Well! what do you think of our Grand Duke?"

I did not decline to answer this question,—and I should have no objection in confidence to tell the reader who has kindly accompanied me thus far; but he may be better satisfied to have instead, an opinion

written quite independently, and so recently as October, 1861, by a head of a department in a public Museum in London; a private opinion, on matters of professional learning, running thus:—"We have "just had a visit from the Grand Duke Constantine; "he stayed more than two hours, and during that "time exhibited a degree of ability, and displayed "a knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and mining "which would have rather astonished some of *our* "autocrats."

So the Russian astronomer turned off, where two roads meet, to his home at Pulkova, (not a little glad probably at a new line of usefulness being opened up for his establishment), and I returned to St. Petersburg hardly less happy; not only because the development of a favourite subject was now in such able hands* and cultivated under favourable circum-

* The following extract from a Russian letter, dated 4th November, 1861, shows how perseveringly the subject is being followed out in its new home:—

"The construction of the free-revolver horizon is in good progress; but I am sorry to say that Mr. B—— will not be able to finish it before the present navigation closes. He has been very much retarded by the circumstance that in St. Petersburg he could not find driving wheels, or sufficiently good engines to cut them. In fact, he has been compelled to construct for himself all the machinery for cutting those wheels. Now, this being done, I hope he will not encounter any great difficulties more. If he succeeds well during the winter (as I trust he will), it is not quite out of prospect that perhaps I shall make myself next spring an experimental excursion to Scotland, to try the instrument on board a steamer."

stances; but because now, this privately arranged official meeting which had in secret been tying me to the capital for weeks past, having been happily accomplished,—nothing now prevented my wife and self during the rest of the time that must elapse, before the good steamer 'Edinburgh' could reappear on the scene, from plunging into the Russian land; and penetrating into Russian life, in any quarter and in whatever direction we were disposed to make the essay; to probe alike, in as far as we should find it possible, their facts, their mysteries, and their early beliefs.

THREE CITIES IN RUSSIA.

PART IV.

NOVGOROD.

"The Baltic was the first scene of their naval achievements; they visited the Eastern shores, the silent residence of Fennic and Sclavonian tribes, and the primitive Russians of Lake Ladoga paid a tribute, the skins of white squirrels, to these strangers, whom they saluted with the title of Varangians or Corsairs."—(A.D. 800.)

GIBBON.

PART IV. NOVGOROD.

CHAPTER I.

SUMMATION OF REASONS.

October.

If there was a very sensible difference visibly presented to our eyes by the appearance of Moskva, when we arrived there from St. Petersburg, vastly greater seemed the reverse change on returning to St. Petersburg from Moskva.

It was not merely that St. Petersburg is built on flat ground and Moskva on uneven ("upon mountains," say the inhabitants of the northern plains); or, that the former is constructed and arranged in regular city style, and the latter in very irregular fashion indeed, so as to induce the Russians to call it "a great village," and no city; but there was a something which was radically different in the very ideas of the two places, and which we did not fully understand or appreciate until after some experience of the older capital.

On first arriving by sea, St. Petersburg had appeared to our Western eyes, by comparison with places more west still, a city of abundant religious demonstration; but on returning there from the East, how woefully it was found below Moskva in that important aspect. Besides which too, what we had seen in Moskva, had so invariably commended itself by its voluntary character, its earnestness, appropriateness to time and place, and by its tolerance and charity,—that so far from ever offending by its inmense amount, it had quickly and insensibly established itself in our minds, as the right standard to expect everywhere in a Russian Christian community.

Not too, that Moskva was a type of an idle, silent, ecclesiastical city, given up to solitude and the priests; for on the contrary, with its energetic Great Russian population dotting all the suburbs with tall steam-engine and factory chimneys, and iron-works, and cotton-mills, and with the old women of the surrounding villages trooping in every morning to the Krasnaya Plostchad on the east of the Kremle, to dispose of their wool-spinning to the factors who attended that early open-air market,—there was more real business and self-supporting work going on there, than in St. Petersburg. But it was precisely that self-sustaining faculty, which was the essence of everything in Moskva, as well of the religion, as of

the commerce and manufactures of the place. Thus in Moskva, you saw plainly that the people had built their churches for themselves, and according to their own idea of what was right; and in looking over one after another of them, you soon came to appreciate the decorations which, with their principles and beliefs, were truly decorous; as well as those which were doubtful, deceptive, and might mislead the weaker brethren. Any number of golden domes therefore, but a symbolical number preferred; any amount of golden crosses; or any quantity too of paintings on the outside walls, was perfectly allowable, but not a single sculptured figure.

Well! that is different from the Western idea, but equally capable of being wrought by the hands of genius into artistic architectural expressions; and at all events it is deemed the *right thing* by the Russian people. Then why, oh why! do we find such pertinacious attempts continually made in the Government-erected churches of St. Petersburg, to introduce carved and sculptured outside figures? Oh! thou boasted cathedral of St. Izak, how temptest thou daily the blows of a sacred iconoclast?

But the reason for this wilful flying in the face and conscience of a whole nation, and a religious? Why, because the wretched educated officers of Government, who, poorer than the peasants, have lost their traditions, and have got instead only a little school

learning, when ordered to copy one thing, became spiritless copiers in everything; and they fancy and fear that Western nations will jeer their Church architecture, unless it is built on the Western type. So then, instead of employing a native, and one whose whole mind and soul are absorbed in glorifying the religion of his fathers,—the St. Petersburg Government must needs employ a French architect, and a Roman Catholic. And how has he struggled at every stage to make the poor Eastern Church subordinate to the West, so that at last you should not know the difference between the two.

One Russian feature has indeed been preserved, viz. the golden domes, and carried out at an enormous expense; but how? When we looked at St. Izak one fine day in October, from the northern side of the Neva, after our minds had been enriched by Kremle experience, we were horror-struck. He, the Frenchman, think he could make a golden dome! He has put £50,000 worth of noble metal on the top of the church, just as you would put a nightcap on a man's head, and left it there exactly as incongruous, as much a thing visibly pulled on, and not amalgamated in feeling with the lower structure; and then, how he has contrived to dwarf the four evangelist domes, and to starve the church of that proper independent belfry which was its own indigenous due; and which, had it been properly carried out, as good

Alexei Michailovitch would have had it done in his day, would have formed now a perfectly unique architectural wonder to the whole world.

Russian Church architecture, even amongst the Russians, has not yet reached its fullest development; that we freely allow; but it is continually advancing; and its several examples from early to late times, if collected, would form a series not unlike that which modern architects have brought together, of the various early proportions successively given to a Doric column by the Greeks, in all their interesting approximations from rude ungainly pillars, with capitals either too big or too little; or over much or over little shaft-swell; until by trial and error alone, they reached the matchless external columns of the Parthenon at last. Yet though the Russians are still far from their Pericleian age, and seldom build two churches precisely alike,—they are also far advanced in their course from its early unscientific beginnings. Commend us therefore to a Russian architect, and no other, for realizing all the best characteristics of a golden dome; its form, its surface, and above all its attachment to, and identification with the masonry of the building. Examine pray, all who can, these several points in the new church of the Saviour, in Moskva, or in the old Pokrovskoi Sobore, also in the Ivan Veliki and his companion, and then turn to Monsieur Montferrand's St. Izak, in St. Petersburg.

Alas ! that the rich and fashionably educated must therefore so generally fancy themselves entitled to teach the lower classes in taste and morals, patriotism and practical science. The Court of St. Petersburg would try some years ago, during the period of achromatic Church architecture in the West, to wean the people from their old ideas of richly decorated interiors; and hence at the Smolnoi Church, they were at vast expense in lining the whole building with the finest scagliola, looking like polished white marble. Under an Italian sun, and in fervid heat, this arrangement would perhaps have been bearable; but during the characteristic season of Russia, the winter, when you have travelled over hundreds of miles of snowy plains, white snow on every side, nothing but white,—and then enter this improved church,—hu ! how it makes one shudder to look at its polished glaring cold whiteness inside, a freezing cavern; and though we are told that certain groups of white pillars in divers corners are stoves in disguise, we gather no pleasurable feelings of warmth on looking at them.

This is the result of modern Government science, of the social science order, in St. Petersburg; and if you would wish to know on the other hand, what the steady growth of mere native feeling, left to its own spontaneous development would have produced in its place,—drive over the snow-fields again to a

Moskva church, and you will find the white snow heaped upon its exterior; but its interior, richly glowing with warm gold and dark ruby-red paintings from floor to ceiling and lining of domes, a revivifying luxury to be then permitted to behold.

An ancient British naval hero, of the Nelson school, was accustomed to warn our rising generation, to beware of the French far more during peace, than war; in the latter, we knew what they could do, and were able to meet it; but in the former, who could fathom the depth of their wiles? To such instruction the Russians must have partly listened, when they declined their friendly Gaul's advice, to take down their 874 captive French cannon from the simple yet telling heap which they form in the Kremle, and have them melted into mere bronze material for a commemorative monument; but their ears must have been heavy and dull of hearing at the erection of many and many an architectural work in St. Petersburg. The tricked-out plaster figures of classic gods and goddesses, which Frenchmen have furnished to divers of the Government offices, realizing all the absurdities of those scratchy copper-plate engravings in French books about Molière's time! Yet such things, being perishable, leave no very permanent disgrace behind. The cruel cut, is in the granite columns of St. Izak.

These we have praised, and will praise again, so

far as material and workmanship are concerned; the greatest monoliths that have been erected in modern times (see Dr. Granville's 'St. Petersburg,' vol. ii. p. 196, for the particulars of their erection); but for design, and for their employment in the building, how have they been murdered!

In the first place, objection might well be taken to making any *Corinthian* pillars of granite; for granite, especially so coarse-grained as the Finland, is too rude and primitive a rock to be cut into those over-flowery forms which the later degenerate Greeks invented, to suit alike, the delicate material of their fair white marble, and the latter-day luxury or crowded streets of their wealthy-grown cities. The Egyptian granite monuments would never have commanded their world-wide fame, had they not adopted a much more substantial style of architecture; and such a style, though still not exactly the Egyptian, would have been eminently appropriate here, as well for the Boreal climate of St. Petersburg, as to the isolated position of St. Izak's Church in the midst of its broad wilderness of a plain.

Appropriate however to the occasion, or not, if Corinthian pillars are ordered, there is a certain harmony and proportion which must be observed, if we would realize their particular species of beauty; for that is certainly not accomplished, by merely imitating in a general manner the florid ornamenta-

tion of the capitals. And if any one would see how truly ugly Corinthian columns *may* be made to look, and how the biggest series of monoliths in the world may be dwarfed, and rendered puny,—let him gaze at the St. Izak structure and its nearest buildings, from the opposite side of the Neva; and then he will observe those vaunted columns so overpowered by their huge bronze-adorned, frizzled-wig-like capitals, that the really giant shafts stand veritably like a row of mop-sticks.

Nor is the mighty Alexander Column erected by the same foreign architect much better; though it fails on a different score. We do not allude to the crack at the summit, which other nations who never made a monolith the twentieth part the size of this, so frequently crow over, and declare that it *completely* destroys the value of this great pillar; for it is a triflingly minute mark, only to be seen from below, and on one side, with difficulty; does not interfere with the contour, and if it never increases much faster than it is doing now, will not impair the strength for ages. But we would allude to the want of swell in the shaft, which makes it look far and near, in spite of its Cyclopean size and Titanic material, a mere bit of unartistic carpenters' wood-work.

In fact no part of the Frenchman's share in the play could we admire, though compelled to give full meed of praise to Russian material and Russian

workmen. These had many points of interest about them, but most of all were we taken with the account related to us by an old noble, of how,—when the huge shaft 84 feet long, and 14 feet in diameter, had been brought on a raft into the Neva,—the architect, while trying to get it on shore, contrived to let it fall into the water and quicksand-mud just between his raft and the river bank. Then what despair seized him, and what expensive contrivances to recover the lost column were tried and failed,—until at last an old bearded mouzhik stepped forward out of the crowd, and offered to raise it for a very small sum. His offer was accepted, and he set to work with his own people; and, making some dexterous use of very simple apparatus, he did presently raise the monster block of stone, and place it on firm ground, where the more ornamental machines of the educated architect were able to tackle it once again.

Could Peter the Great revisit his nation and his scenes of travel, how annoyed he would be to find the complete alteration which Western peoples have made, in many of those manners and customs, which they were wearing in his time, and which he tried therefore to make his subjects adopt. What tussles he had with the mouzhiks, trying to make them shave off their beards; and was obliged to content himself at last, with ordering the more servile upper classes to adopt that anti-national, and, in Russian climate,

anti-salutary measure; and then when he had done that, he thought he had both saved them from being isolated or peculiar in Europe, and put them into the only trim in which they could become learned men after the manner of the West. But it is one thing to see what other people are doing externally at any epoch and imitate it, and quite another to ascertain the way they are going, and the bearing of their external signs on their internal ideas; so it is no great wonder that Peter Veliki's moderate acumen did not perceive, that the shaving period was the anomaly in Western countries; and that in 1862, all the nations there would be returning so extensively to the customs of their ancestors, and the example of Shakespeare in England, and Napier of the logarithms in Scotland, that Russian officers with their close shaving are now the isolated beings in polite society, and mouzhiks the admired of all beholders.

Again we have seen what was done to whiten the interior of Russian churches, subserviently to the Hanoverian epoch westward; and now, there is getting up there, in all directions, together with an improved church architecture, a general rage for painted and emblazoned interiors. Both Peter and his successors too, half Germanized themselves and all of their subjects whom they could force to it, zealously assisting the Germans in their wars with the very best blood of the Russian nation; and

since then they have found, when Russia herself is attacked, the Germans either join in the attack, or leave her so completely in the lurch, as quite to realize those ideas of them which the mass of the mouzhiks had long ago formed.

The sympathies and feelings of a mighty people would evidently have been a truer guide herein to their rulers, than a little academical learning; and when those sympathies and feelings have lived through long periods of time, have withstood the persecution of tyrants, the adversities of war, and the prosperity of peace, they become positively ennobled and worthy of all men's study. So with these ideas penetrating us, it was, that we intimated one day to some of our friends in St. Petersburg, that off we must go to the City of Novgorod, Western Novgorod on Lake Ilmen, or the Great Novgorod of former times, and there attempt to make closer acquaintance with the true Russian people.

"And what occasion is there," said they, "for going so far for that purpose? Could you not do as much at Moskva? What did the Tsar Nicholas tell Dr. Granville: why, 'here in St. Petersburg,' said he,* 'you see us in our foreign garments, which are new 'to us, and which we wear as well as we can; but in 'Moskva you will see us as we really are. From 'that, you will be able to discover what we have been;

* Dr. Granville's 'St. Petersburg,' vol. ii., p. 334.

'and may then judge what we are likely to become.' Is not such an opinion of such a politician enough to guide you?"

'Nicholas Paulovitch,' we replied respectfully, 'was an extraordinary man, and an Emperor; and we do not presume to compare our miserable powers with his. He might be able, standing on two points only, to find the curve passing through them; but a mere astronomer must have three separate points in any curve given to him, before he can attempt to compute whence it has come, and whither or how it will proceed. On this principle therefore, it is, that having already got Moskva, the mediæval capital, for one point in the curve of Russian progress, and St. Petersburg, the modern capital, for another point,—we have now need of a third station, and situated, if possible, chronologically on the other side of Moskva. For such a purpose then, what place is likely to be so appropriate or so powerful, as your ancient capital, or the great Novgorod of Lake Ilmen and the Volchov?'

"And what do you expect to see there now?" rather testily returned the Petersburgher; "a wretched little country town, of the third or fourth class only; with no more than five or six thousand inhabitants, and without any mark of antiquity about it, save one or two old churches."

'All that forms precisely one of the most touching

of spectacles, which any man may well ambition to see,' we answered; 'and a most remarkable spectacle too, for the Great Novgorod to be presenting; the city which once raised itself in greatness to a level with God,* grew fat, and kicked, but now is brought low!"

"Well but how will you ever be able to get there?" continued to remonstrate the citizen of the existing metropolis. "Even if it were still summer and the days warm and long, you, as strangers, would be getting into trouble and danger on the road; but now, in the month of October, when we have so little light, and the weather is wet and cold, and there may be a heavy fall of snow come down on us before we know where we are—even we natives would hesitate ere setting out."

It was of little use for us to tell a man in his own country, that he magnified the dangers of a short and simple journey; for as such we could alone look upon going to Novgorod, only about one hundred and twenty miles south and by east of St. Petersburg, and the greater part of that distance by the Moskva railway; especially as he seemed bent on dissuading us. So then, we visited a more learned, though less national resident; but he opposed the project altogether, and seemed to think its very conception was quite unworthy of a person of liberal education.

* The old proverb reads, in Russian: Kto protiv Boga, e Velikayo Novgorod? In Latin: Quis contra Deos et magnam Novgorodiam? In English: Who can resist God and the Great Novgorod?

"If you want something to employ your time, visit," said he, "some of our admirable educational institutions; there you will see how well we are up in all the latest developments of science. You will really find much to admire in the teaching at the College of Cadets, the Naval School, and many other special seminaries. Look in at our General Staff, and Topographical Corps, and see their very complete system of photographical copying and printing of maps; and then do take back to so important a medical university as Edinburgh, some account of our numerous hospitals, military and civil; they are alike admirable and numerous. Every regiment of the Guards has its own hospital, where each sick man is cared for as if he had been a gentleman born; and for the army regiments, the scale of their hospitals is enormous. But whatever you do, don't go and judge of us by looking at such a horrid little place as Novgorod, which cannot show a single scientific institution of any degree of size or importance;" and therewith he called up a German *savant* to give his opinion.

Whereupon the said *savant* declared that *he* would not think of going the journey, though he had had two years' experience of the country.

And how far in the interior, had his experience been gathered? In Moskva?

"Oh no! he had never been to Moskva, and

would not go there for any number of rubles. He had known of several men who had gone there, and had never been heard of again. He would not run a chance of such an end as that implied, for of course they had been cruelly murdered. Oh no! he would just keep to his office in St. Petersburg until he had obtained a pension, and then he would return home to his dear Fatherland, and never quit it again. He had not learned a word of Russian yet, and did not intend to; for it was not necessary in his profession, and he did thoroughly despise Russia, and hated the Russians and everything about them. They were a barbarous people, and savage, the whole of them; and if we only knew all that we did not know, he was sure we would not stay in such a horrible country a moment longer than we could help."

Finding it profitless to apply further in that quarter, we examined books and maps again, and in the course of a call next day on a Russian lady of position, my wife mentioned the scheme and some of the objected difficulties; and then to see how the said difficulties were made to vanish into thin air, before the finer spirit, and administrating powers of the noble lady. "It was quite an easy and not an unpleasant journey," she declared; "and though we might not be able to speak their language, we should find the people on the road most ready to serve, as well as obliging and quick at understanding; and

she had a young relation in the civil department of Novgorod, and she would give us a letter of introduction to him. There was however very little to see," that she also confessed; but then again immediately added, "how she could quite appreciate the sentiment of our wishing to stand on that ground where so little is now left to tell its tale to the eye, but to believe and say to our inmost mind, that there once spread the breadth of the ancient city of Novgorod, and there once flourished in hundreds of thousands its sturdy inhabitants; the rich merchants and stout warriors, the holy priests and the industrious peasants, all clustering over that very spot. They are all gone now, the rich and the poor, the oppressors and the oppressed; their wars, their revolutions, and their commercial treaties, are alike passed away, and no man knows where they lie. But those men fought a good fight in their day; they performed their work zealously as to the Lord, and before Him they are not forgotten."

So the end of it was, that on the morning of the 7th of October, my wife and self found our way to the Moskva railway station in St. Petersburg; raced along in the train through all that flat country before described, between the numerous breakfast-stations; jumped out at Volchovah, descended through a building of several stories to the bank of the river Volchov; and there entering with a number of

mouzhiks and a few officers, embarked on a fussy little steamer, which was already panting and snorting in extremest anxiety to be off.

Away rattled the train through the long level railway bridge, disappearing before many seconds into the flat wooded country of the South; and then elegantly curving out from her diminutive dock, our country steamer took the middle of the fine open river, and headed right away westward for Novgorod.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOLCHOV RIVER.

For some length of time after the steamer had begun ploughing its frothy career up the broad open Volchov river, the town of Volchovah on the northern bank was the most interesting object anywhere about to gaze upon. A wooden town, and in the veriest Russian manner; separate houses, built of round logs as to their walls, and very thick planks as to their steep, sloping roofs, and effective gable-ends; but all perfectly innocent of paint, or drying oil, or any such refined inventions, of Westward-living people, to economize ligneous material and increase its durability.

Here, on the Volchov, in a government where forests still cover the chief portion of its ground, the cost of wood is at a minimum; so in place of taking a flimsy, saw-prepared plank and varnishing or dry-leading it, the Volchovian cuts with his axe what an

American would call an indelicate plank; *i. e.* the reverse of delicate or thin, leaving it six or seven inches thick if you like; and allowing the weather to eat through that depth of solid material if it can.

So thereupon the said weather attacks the surface with sunshine and shower, with frost and lichen-growth, beautifying rather than destroying; for every wooden house puts on in only a few years a dark, aged complexion, hoary with moss, and venerable with shadowy colour. Though too the architecture be not regular, though one house inclines in one direction, and another is leaning over to the opposite side, three times as much as the celebrated tower of Pisa, yet you feel no more inclined to carp at these things as defects, than you would at any tree for not having what the mathematician expected as a necessary feature of beauty, viz.: the "similar sides" of his loved triangles.

Grand old age, then, was the ruling idea of this weather-beaten Russian wooden town of Volchovah; and it wanted little to enable us to realize the Drevlien city of Korosten as it appeared in the year 946 A.D., when straitly besiged by the cruelly-widowed Queen Olga and her faithful Russian army. Their siege had already lasted many months, and the horrors of famine had begun to be experienced by the townspeople, when the Queen, simulating satisfaction at the amount of punishment which she had

already exacted for their treacherous and repulsive murder of her husband, King Igor, son of Rurik,—merely asked from the citizens as a nominal tribute, three live pigeons and three starlings for every family. These received, and distributed to her own people, all of them firmly holding the secret, and sacredly obeying the orders of their injured Queen, were sent flying back to the town at midnight, with lighted matches fastened to their tails; and what with the pigeons, all of them thus become incendiaries, seeking their dove-cotes, and the starlings creeping into their holes under the roofs, behold the whole town that was built of perishable wood, irredeemably blazing up in a moment of time!

Yet it was justice according to the spirit of the times, rather than vengeance, which the Queen so sternly exacted: because, when once the dread price for her murdered husband (and it was not lightly that she valued him) had been paid in full, then she thought only of kindness and mercy, and beneficent dealings to the remnant of her Drevlien people. There was nothing of the implacable about her; she had, as a ruler, and as it proved when her trial came, all the virtues but none of the vices of a tyrant; while beyond that still, true womanly affection abounded in her, rich, pure, and overflowing.

When the news first arrived from Korosten of her husband having been killed, and with studied tor-

tures of the most revolting kind, the grief of Olga was appalling to behold. Her maidens in the Palace of Kiev were overwhelmed with fear, and watched by her in silence and tears until her grief should break: and while this was going on in her lonely tower, the bravest of the Boyards congregated in the court below, to offer their arms and their lives in her service and for her revenge. But still her vehement sorrow for the husband who was gone, and her apprehensions for their little son left at a tender age in her weak hands in the midst of wars and turbulent times,—that little son, the only representative who now remained of the House of Rurik, and for the hope of a future united Russia,—seemed quite to overpower her every sense. But when the Korostenians added insult to her deep injury, and sent a deputation, vilifying the late Igor, defending their barbarous murder of him, praising their own Princes, and proposing that she should go there and marry one of them,—then she suddenly awoke from her agony of tears, and all her subsequent proceedings from that moment were such as to show her faithful people, that she was equal to the whole occasion.

Two successive embassies from the guilty city, she disposed of so that not a man escaped; and then with astonishing hardihood and self-reliance, she set out with merely a small retinue for Korosten itself; allowing it to be implied thereby, that she had quite

given in to the proposal made to her. But really, her mind was set on far other things; and she did not care, or rather boldly dared, even when thus placing herself temporarily in the rebels' power, to let them know by frequent pungent remarks, how dearly she still cherished her husband's memory.

"I shall be among you to-morrow," said she in a message to the Korostenians; "prepare therefore a vast quantity of mead near the entry of your city, at the exact spot where you killed my husband. First, I must weep over his tomb and pray for his soul; after that we can give ourselves up to joy."

The Drevliens having done as they were desired, Olga arrived and wept over the tomb of Igor. Then began the drinking; that was the Drevliens' joy, but it was not Olga's; she only looked on at them, calm and collected. All of a sudden in the midst of their cups, the Drevliens asked her, "Where are our brethren of the two embassies?" "They come with the guards of my husband," significantly replied Olga; and the Drevliens drank away again at the mead to drown their conscience stings. Soon after that, Olga contrived to retire; and then sent in her small, but trusty retinue of soldiers, who made short work with all the drinkers over the tomb of Igor.

The siege and burning of the town of Korosten, as already described, came next; and concluded the punishments for the murder of a King, and the tor-

turing to death of a good husband. No more either was required; for by what was inflicted, evil-doers were effectually terror-struck over the whole nation; the authority of the Grand Prince was re-established in the name of her son, with herself as regent; and the land had peace under the ruling of Olga for many years.

But that was not the last, or the least, of Olga; for she, though sprung from the lower orders of the Russian people, and in the early, if not primitive pre-Christian period, was yet of a magnificent human nature; with a wealth of feeling and a sensitive soul that had a capacity for development, which continued to demonstrate itself more and more with every successive position she was called on to occupy. Hence it came, that during the above-mentioned period of quiet and freedom from war's alarms, while she occupied herself in private with loving parental affection, to instruct and form the mind of her fatherless only son; and in public, attended with extraordinary skill to all the interests of the many people even then contained within the bounds of Russia,—a saving sense of her own mental and spiritual deficiencies began to dawn upon her.

"I am called on to teach all these living souls," she would say, "and what shall I teach them or how, unless I am aided by a higher power?" So thought Olga the Pagan, and Queen of a Pagan nation:

acting therefore soon after under this influence, she boldly essayed the long and dangerous journey from her out-of-the-way abode in Central, and even Northern Russia, to the distant Constantinople, then the great Eastern centre of the Christian church and faith,—hoping there to attain, not only to human, but divine wisdom.

Received in state by the Court of "Tsaragrad," Olga's most earnest desire was, to be immediately instructed in the religion of the South. Her suite was peaceful, and consisted of her uncle, two interpreters, sixteen damsels of a higher, and eighteen of a lower rank, twenty-two domestics or ministers, and forty-four Russian merchants. All these attended, and many of them paid heed to the words of the teaching; but Olga was distinguished before them all by her humility, and her earnestness; for when the preacher discoursed on repentance, and prayer, and the appointed mediation between God and man,—she bowed her head low before the sacred words, and listened with an avidity of attention, "like a dry sponge, greedy of moisture."

Nevertheless, danger and distraction beset her path; the widowed Queen, though now somewhat stricken in years, still bore the traces of having been once the most beautiful woman of her time; rather tall of stature, and blooming in look, her address was always captivating, for her spirit was as exquisite and

brilliant as her perceptions were quick, and her understanding sound. "You are worthy," took an opportunity of saying to her one day in his Golden Palace, the haughty Greek Emperor, "to share with us the Government of our States." Olga understood the meaning of this speech perfectly well; but, steady to her sacred purpose in coming there at all, put him off with, "I am a Pagan; you must baptize me before you can think of marrying me."

Thereupon, with the highest priests of the Eastern church, and in the most formal manner, did the Emperor hasten to baptize and officially Christianize the applicant, who so eagerly desired it in her heart and soul. But when that was accomplished, and he pressed his suit again, "Oh! how can you dare to think now of marrying me?" instantly replied to him Olga, baptized Helena, "when you yourself have answered for me at the baptismal font, and have given me the name of daughter; that does not accord with the laws of Christianity, as you perfectly well know?"

So Olga was allowed to go again in peace; but then immediately her feminine fears came up upon her, for she was a true and genuine woman, than which what praise is greater for a woman; and before setting out on her return, she sought the assistance and advice of the holy Patriarch, the good Polyeuctes. "Oh, my Father!" said she, "my people are all

Pagans, and my son is the same. Bless me, oh my Father! that I may resist the assaults of the evil one." "Child full of faith," responded the Patriarch, "thou hast been baptized in the name of Christ, and Christ has called thee to him. Christ then will save thee, as he saved in the early ages Enoch; and Noah in the Ark; and as he saved Abraham from Abimelech; and Moses from Pharaoh; and David from Saul; and Daniel in the lions' den;—so will he save thee from the evil spirit and all his snares."

Then returned Olga to her Russian empire with the light and healing of religion in her soul; and she laboured more than ever to rule righteously, progressing frequently through the country, and making wise ordinances for the administration of justice and the protection of commerce, settling the taxation, building villages and establishing schools. But in private and at home, what grief she ever had in her heart, that her only child, Prince Sviatoslav, would not listen to Christian teaching. He was an excellent son in everything else; of a fine, free, generous disposition, but he would continue Pagan together with all the people, and ridiculed the notion of being anything else.

Often did Olga say to him, "O Sviatoslav, my son! I have learned to know God, and rejoice in His knowledge. If you would only, like me, seek after the truth, you would not be long in experiencing similar joy."

Then Sviatoslav would answer restively, "How "can I embrace a foreign religion? My people "would laugh at me."

"If you would only be baptized, they would soon "do the same," replied Olga, who knew already the entire loyalty and abiding love of the then young Russian people for their sovereigns of the line of Rurik.

But Sviatoslav was still obstinate, and even at last refused to listen any more, and then poor Olga would say, "The will of God be done. When it shall please "Him to show grace on my family and my country "of Russia, He will touch the hearts of all, and in- "spire them with His holy fear, even as He has "shown mercy on me." And therewith she ceased not to pray to God secretly, both by night and by day, for the conversion of her son and his compatriots; for she loved him still as much as ever, and continued to watch over all his education earnestly, until he at length grew up to man's estate.

So relates the faithful chronicler Nestor,* in whose time (A.D. 1091) they still showed near the banks of this river Volchov, the very sledge in which Olga had

* The name of this laborious priest stands in the Russian character, НЕСТОР; and has originated some literary curiosities. His accounts of facts transacted amongst Russians, are generally of extreme accuracy: but some slight alteration of dates and names of distant potentates, appears occasionally to be required. This, however, he has quite prepared his readers for; as, when speaking of an early Russian chieftain going to Constantinople, he expressly says, "I

travelled through the province, in one of her administrative journeys.*

The said province did not look to us very inviting from the river, which continued hour after hour to be in itself a fine stretch of blue water, seven hundred to one thousand feet broad, without either rocks or shoals, shallows or rapids, but also without reeds or trees, or even grass upon its banks. For

don't know which of the Emperors it was who received him there; I only know what friends our chief took with him;" and generally, what he said to them, and what they said to him, and what he did after that.—Compare Gibbon, L. Paris, and Blackmore's Mouravieff.

* The Emperor of the Greek-Romans appeared on the scene once again, in the person of deputies; and must have been an essentially mean-spirited creature, who, having failed to entrap the Queen on the first occasion, tried it on soon after in a different manner. But the fair and feminine Olga had taken his measure to a fraction; for it is related that when she was once again, after all the manifold perils of the barbarous way, safely returned to Kiev, and the Greek Emperor sent messengers to her, saying:—"When you were with me, I loaded you with presents; and then, did not you say, 'When I return to Kiev, I will send you counter-presents, slaves, and wax, and furs; and troops to aid you in your expeditions?'" that thereupon Olga answered to the messengers, "Are those really the words which your Emperor has ordered you to speak in my hearing? Then tell him from me, 'Come you and make a like appearance in Russia, to what I made in your presence at the baptismal font, and I will give you the presents you ask for." With those words she bowed out the messengers, and no Emperor of Constantinople, much less the recreant godfather, ever ventured to equal her calm courage and sustaining faith in journeying in the year A.D. 957, throughout those wild countries and stormy seas which separate Kiev from the later capital of the Cæsars.

on either side, the sloping surface showed rather a tract of yellow barrenness, clay and sand, like a little sea-beach; and only occasionally did a humble village with a modest single-domed church, and perhaps a few trees, appear above the level line of earth. Yet for all that, agriculturists get very good pickings off the soil; for, first and foremost, it is most grateful to the rye plant of all the cereal grains; and rye bread, of all breads is the great delight of the Russian people; and secondly, it is equally suitable to hemp and flax, and what standard supports of Russia are those plants! Of hemp and flax therefore, be sure, they raise enough both for themselves and have large quantities for exportation too. Peas are next in quantity; and after barley and oats, then come turnips, cabbages, and cucumbers.

Cranberries abound in the woods, as also do many other edible matters, affording food to elks, deer, and squirrels; and these in their turn to bears, wolves, and martens in such number, that we are no longer surprised at the tribute levied on these countries in former times, consisting so largely in skins and furs of the said animals.

Minerals abound in the southern part of the province, which contains carboniferous rocks; and the iron stove of our steamer, and other little ornamental and useful articles about, were said to be specimens of the bog-iron ore of the neighbourhood worked up

in small furnaces, and then cast into these forms with a degree of grace and beauty; which, in the cups for cigar-ashes on the steamer's cabin-table, were of the shape and almost the delicacy of natural shells themselves.

But cold blew the wind all this time, dead ahead of us. The steersman on the paddle-box bridge was dressed in sheepskin, yet dapper withal in its shapely cut and his well-made tall boots; but the captain by his side was a mis-shapen mass in a mammoth cloak, whose collar of fur about a foot high, rose several inches above the top of his head. At the railway-stations in the land part of the journey that morning, we had just for a moment caught a glimpse of engineer and stoker in similar collared cloaks, and thought at first they were bears. But now we recognized colossal fur collars as human apparel; and admirably complete was the protection they gave their happy owners' faces, from being touched by even the smallest particle of a cutting side wind.

In one of Chopin's views of mediæval Tahtars, riding dominant in their day over the winter-frozen plains of Central Asia, he gives them similar gigantic turned-up collars to their coats; inside the curved rampart of which, their heads and caps look quite small, but amazingly comfortable. Fashion in the present day, and in our own country, persists in the dangerous practice of exposing the base of every man's

brain, or, what is next to it, and the summit of the spinal cord, bare and naked to the cutting blast. Whatever number of coats a modern Englishman wears, and whatever quality of hat, there is always a staring space of separation between the top of his coat-collar and the bottom of his hat; and though this space be over the most penetrable vital part in human beings, yet to endeavour to protect it, is usually ridiculed by all classes as effeminate. Our fathers were wiser in their day, and wore wigs or *queues* to cover the nape of the neck; and here, in Chopin's plates, are the Tahtars of their heroic day of fighting, when all Europe quailed before them, and put up lamentably abject prayers to be delivered from their arms and their swords,—indulging themselves with this most salutary protection. Now who would dare to call those Tahtar destroyers effeminate, or to hint anything similar of their modern conquerors, the Russians; when, daily overcoming and utilizing far severer climates than any that we have to do with, they keep their own rule of conduct, and form for themselves in this particular thing their own fashion, happily for their comfort and the continuity of their race.

Evening still found us ploughing up fussily the abundant waters of the Volchov; the cloudy sky lowered yet more, and threatened to rain; the banks of the river gradually became less visible; and from time to time great Russian boats came floating by on

their toilsome passage of the vast Continent, from south-east to north-west. Rude, picturesque structures they were, of the roughest wood; usually fastened together two and two, like twin boats; each spreading out its broad boom-sail to its own side, and thus unitedly offering a most appropriate form wherewith to invite further the favouring gale, that was already sending them sweeping along with glorious power to their destination, near Great Ladoga's Lake and the Neva's queenly stream. On the forecastle of each of these boats was a little hut for the residence of the crew; and their open-air fires on deck gleamed ruddy in the distance, and when near, lent a strange illumination to their antique cordage backed against the darkness of night.

Our own steamer assisted not a little to add interest to the drizzling gloom; for the furnace being fed by wood in place of coal, there rushed up the chimney every now and then whole legions of burning sparks; but at the summit thereof they were all caught by a network of iron gauze, and looked like a cloud of fire-flies struggling to escape from the bars of their cage, and gradually dying out one after the other, when their efforts proved in vain.

Occasionally some petty village station was stopped at by the light of small lamps; and then on we went for another long distance of river flowing through unknown darkness; but at last twinkling lines

of distant lights were made out, and then they garnished either bank, and Novgorod itself was reached.

Then of course ensued bustle and some confusion, every one anxious to hasten to his quarters in the town, before houses should be quite shut up for the night; but the same worthy Russian dame, a small farmer's wife, who had previously when on board taken an interest in trying to teach us to pronounce the name of the hotel to which we were bound, in the manner wherein Russians could alone appreciate it,—not "Beresina," as we had been mincingly attempting it, but "Berezzina,"—kindly appeared again on *terra firma* beyond the passage of planks, ticket-taking, and baggage securing, to give both the droshky-driver and ourselves final instructions, which were soon proved to be both exact and effective.

CHAPTER III.

LIONS OF NOVGOROD.

October.

A LITTLE room with doubled windows, in a little inn, situated in the little High Street of the once Great Novgorod, was where we found ourselves very comfortably settled the next morning after our night arrival. There were two boys most ready and anxious to do their best in serving us; and if their good Russian and our bad, was not always mutually intelligible, one of them would go and bring the little mite of a daughter of the innkeeper, who, the daughter, in a pretty white frock and with her back-hair braided in long tails behind her head, bashfully confessed to some knowledge of French; and then a fairy little interpreter she made, as she communicated the expression of our wishes into the pliant Russian tongue.

But it was not much we wanted indoors this first morning; for sallying forth immediately after break-

fast we planted our letter of introduction successfully, and were not only most obligingly received and invited for the evening, but also supplied with a droshky engaged for us, and with the most clever of isvostchiks. With this man too, we were sent to the head of another office who was of old experience in the city, to hear about its notabilities; and then, after half an hour, behold the strangers quite free to ride about anywhere and everywhere.

A very little driving brought us through two or three short streets to the bank of the river, and there plain enough on its East or more exactly its South-East side, we were in the commercial quarter; while on the North-West was an ancient Kremle, or great fortified enclosure, containing within its area, golden-domed churches and ornamental bell towers; but displaying, without the same, grim and ancient battlemented walls. Such walls! of brick, and with every battlement washed by rain or crumbled by frost into a mere rounded hillock. The river was a noble stream, not slow; of perhaps one thousand five hundred feet in breadth; and giving the traveller much the same sort of satisfaction on beholding its real mercantile capabilities,—as compared with those of the Moskva river belonging to the showy middle-age capital of Russia,—which our own more capacious Thames imparts to every one, on returning to its warehouse-loaded banks, after spending a few weeks on those

most artificial borders of the poor little Seine in Paris, with its ambition to do such very great things, but condemnation by the fiat of Nature to small.

Not by any means so large as the Neva in St. Petersburg, yet the Volchov in Novgorod excites one's regard more; for, while equally flowing constantly in one direction with a grand cleansing current, it occupies its proper place, in a tolerably deep bed *below* the houses, and not on a level with or *above* them; in so far like the feet of a classic damsel, below her head in walking or dancing either, and not above it as with the modern *ballet* so admired by the opera-going classes. Commercial barks were at intervals floating past, and whole fleets of them seemed moored off certain parts of the town, gaily fluttering their wind-vane pennants in remembrance of the Hanseatic trade which once so flourished here; others again seemed busy in landing supplies of firewood, and piling them in stacks on shore. That is their crews were, and had already built up under the Kremle wall, a mass of something like an acre of glittering birch-wood faggots; supply surely large enough for all the inhabitants thereof, during any winter that could be coming. Other men still were engaged in trundling up long spars from the water-level to the high-banks, by an ingenious process of running down the bank with a rope over a pulley, the spar lying in a lower bend of the rope and rolling

up hill on wooden rails as pleasantly as possible whenever it felt the pressure of the rope.

Of stone or stones, the supply seemed to be scanty indeed, and several garden-walls terminating on the river bank, indicated that travelled boulders of Scandinavian or Finland granite,* laboriously picked out of the soft soil around Novgorod, formed the only variety to be had. But of clay there was abundance, manufactured and for manufacture; and though the Kremle walls, together with sundry old houses, indicated that the art of burning bricks hard and glassy like those of ancient Babylon, had not been attained here,—yet the turrets of many churches testified, that the inhabitants possessed not a little artistical knowledge as to the power of bricks for producing ornamental open-work decorations. And the market-place we were standing in, too, was distinguished by the number of pottery-stalls, selling a native greenish-glazed earthenware, evidently intended to stand the fire, and replace saucepans and stewpans of every size and degree.

To these things we paid so much attention, because there, in a corner of the said market-place, almost overhanging the bank of the river we had erected our camera, and had to wait under a cloudy sky with spitting rain until the scene on the opposite bank

* See Archdeacon Coxe's account of the boulders on the hill of Bronitza, twenty miles south of Novgorod, vol. i. p. 432.

should choose to impress itself on the dry collodion plate. A scene not a little interesting, for on the summit of that bank, were not only the old Kremle wall, and more distant domes of the cathedral of St. Sophia, of Novgorod, but also, more immediately in front and almost on the very top of the wall, a grand belfry worthy of the old republic of the North, and the days of its *Vetchevoi Kolokol*, or assembly bell.* Five large bells each in a separate open arch-way, and twelve smaller ones packed away in the corners, (there may be more, but to the existence of that number at least our photograph is now testifying under the microscope), all of brilliant looking yellow metal, and delicately varied in gradations of size and figure for producing the required musical notes. The long horizontal metal-roof over this row of resounding arches, is crowned with a golden dome, and that of course with the "honourable cross;" but the purpose of the whole may be deemed more political, or rather social, than purely religious and ecclesiastical; for while its position just on the edge of

* A Western traveller and a reverend, mistaking this word for its nearly similar one in Russian *vetchnoi*, meaning eternal ('Lyall's Russia,' p. 233), convicts the early Novgorodian merchants of impious assurance in giving an attribute of the Deity alone as a name to one of the bells of their city; a city, whose glory is now gone so far from her, while the bell in question was carried away with insulting triumph to Moskva nearly three hundred years ago. May our future New Zealander's philology be more perfect, and his condemnation not so ready.

the river-bank, between the two chief quarters of the city, was admirably adapted of old to call a fierce democracy together,—it is separated by a wide interval from all the Kremle churches; and they, with St. Sophia gracefully crowning their group, have their own unattached, yet neighbouring belfry, an elegant and lofty construction, of the Ivan-Veliki description in Moskva.

The truth is, that nothing great, potent, or even particular, has ever been done in Russia, *i. e.* in Christianized Russia, without some reference to the people's religious beliefs and hopes of salvation; hence the arms of the city of Novgorod, while perfectly heraldic in arrangement and technically quite worthy of the Varangian brethren of our William the Conqueror's Normans, exhibit as the shield, a sacred picture with the metallic "riz," or plating of the vestments, resting on an altar, and two crucifixes crossed in front of it; while the crest is a triple candlestick typifying the Trinity. There are side supporters, in two bears plantigrade; and the whole arrangement is mounted on a triangular basis of solid ice with frozen fishes enclosed.

Now this ice being represented immediately to one's eyes or understanding, by the winter-frozen waters of the Volchov,—the bears being still found in the country, and being by nature plantigrade animals,—and the religious symbolisms being precisely what

do move, and ever have moved, the Russians heart and soul,—there is evidently much foundation for the whole arrangement. Yet taste is a curious thing, national as well as individual; and those very Novgorod arms have been voted "ludicrous"* and quite unworthy the geographical and zoological knowledge of modern times, by precisely one of those persons who consider a rampant and grinning Lion, and a Unicorn the same, as most natural, respectful, and dignified supporters for the arms of a Northern Island. 'But still,' says the American, 'what are those strange-looking animals on the shield putting out their tongues so far, for? Air they Britishers?'

Across the river next by a noble level bridge, with stone piers and wood and iron upper-works, and then into Novgorod's ancient Kremle we went; but not without some delay at the chapeled gateway, where pilgrims were worshipping; poor laborious pilgrims in hempen garments, with their feet shod with birch-bark, and legs bound about with cloths and twine: both men and women were there, equally with the traces of long and weary travel upon them, but with the signs in their countenances of striving after the accomplishment of a righteous work.

Inside the Kremle not a few Government Offices, with telegraph wires and posts, and other modern accompaniments; but oh! the old weather-beaten

* Clarke's Travels, vol. i. p. 38, fourth edition.

walls and the mysteriously ruined brick-towers at intervals along them, like little towers of Babel. They were built, we are informed by a Russian lady, "at the order of Alexis Alexandrovitch, son of the hero of Nevsky, in the thirteenth century; repaired by Ivan III., in 1500; in 1611 nearly destroyed by the Swedes, who burned eighteen churches and one hundred and fifty houses, but repaired again in 1699 by Peter the Great." A more modern entrance to a garden, with colonnade upon colonnade, as likewise the older erection of the belfry already mentioned, suggested Indian architecture, supposed to have been introduced into Russia in pre-christian times; the bulbous domes too on most of the churches, are thought to be thence derived; for although the only pattern of early Russian church architecture confessed to in Russia, is St. Sophia's of Constantinople,—yet there are said to be, and to have been, no such decorations there; indeed its principal dome is known by all the world to be comparatively flat.

St. Sophia's of Novgorod, however, received at least its name after the great temple of the south, and is said also to show some general resemblance on a small scale in the interior. This we now entered, and found it gloomy and solemn to a degree, covered everywhere with antique and smoke-tinged paintings, silver decorated shrines on the floor, golden ikonostas on the eastern wall; but chiefly filling the

whole square space of the building, were the four colossal piers of masonry supporting the roof and dome. The superlative strength of these piers, involuntarily convinced us that much of the early building must remain here inside, though the outside be fresh plastered and white-washed from top to bottom, the domes only excepted, and as brilliantly as if the work had only been a few weeks completed.

Among the several churches claiming to be, in their bodily presence still, "the first ever erected in Russia," this Novgorodian St. Sophia, puts in a better claim than perhaps any other; for though Vladimir the Great, did superintend the destruction of the old idols in Kiev, and commence a church or churches* on the ruined sites of their temples or altars, a few weeks before he did the same at Novgorod; yet subsequently, Poles, Petchenagues, Lithuanians, and Tahtars, destroyed the Kiev churches so frequently century after century, that what is seen there now, is necessarily almost all very modern. But the visitations of Novgorod fell lighter on her earliest Christian shrine; little but a fire in 1340 ever injured it, and this probably was unable to touch the awful massiveness of those four interior pillars and their surrounding walls.

* The very first church which Vladimir began at Kiev, was dedicated to St. Basil. The present 'St. Sophia' of Kiev was the erection of a subsequent monarch, to commemorate the defeat and extermination of an army of Petchenagues under the walls of Kiev, A.D. 1036, by the Grand Prince Yaroslav.

Certainly the memory of the Great Vladimir I., still lingers about the Volchovian neighbourhood; and though the completion of the church and its above-ground masonry between the years A.D. 1045 and 1051, was due to his grandson Vladimir Yaroslavitch,* (who filled the post of tributary chief of Novgorod under the reign of his father Yaroslav at Kiev), yet, is it confidently asserted, that the Great Vladimir, with the first Bishop Ioakim, was the monarch who laid the foundations of this very church in the year A.D. 988. Tradition too further asserts that to this, rather than to any Kiev, church did the same Vladimir bring his prize of conquest and of baptism, the brazen gates of Cherson; with which famous gates, what reader of our own immortal Gibbon does not feel perfectly familiar?

After leaving the interior of the church, we had to dodge for a time several showers of rain under divers archways outside; and from one of them, pushing forwards into a court of ecclesiastical buildings to see what might be there, behold—the very first thing that met our eyes, proved to be the western entrance of St. Sophia, with nothing less than the brazen gates of Cherson set prominently therein. They

* This Vladimir never came to the Grand-Princedom of Russia, having died in 1052 A.D., two years before his father; and is therefore to be carefully distinguished from Vladimir II., son of Vsévolod, and surnamed Monomachus, A.D. 1113–1125.

were unmistakeable, the very gates or doors which Gibbon has described; about eleven feet high, by seven broad; two of them; constructed in a half gold-coloured bronze; each door in twelve small compartments, and one large one at the summit divisible Trinitarially into three; minutely carved alto-rilievo figures in every compartment; rich floreated and grottesque divisions running through the whole; and towards the middle, two snake-handles set in the mouths of lions, whose aspect is mournful, and whose manes must have been oiled and curled after the fashion of him of Assyria.

What joy to set up the camera before these famous gates or doors; the only piece of genuine outside antiquity which we had yet met with in Russia; so brilliant in colour, and so admirably preserved. Two glass doors were there to close over those of brass in bad weather, and partly explained the fair surface of the metal. Yet let us confess at once, that local tradition is here, somewhat at variance with antiquarian reading, or rather *vice versâ*. Archdeacon Coxe, in 1783, seems to have been the first English writer and observer who detected a Latin inscription on the doors, indicating them to have come, not from the Greek empire, but from the city of Magdeburg, in Germany; and an old Russian book, though calling them the Korsunskie dveri, or Cherson doors agreeably with popular belief, very

quietly adds, that they were imported by the citizens of Novgorod in the twelth century from Magdeburg. Old however, even in that case they evidently are, especially for Russia, and exceedingly quaint; containing not unexpressive representations of many of the more notable events in both the Old and New Testaments, and some other supplementary symbolical scenes exceedingly difficult of interpretation.*

Yellow bronze of seven hundred years' weathering and on a cloudy day, required long photographic exposure, while the exquisite detail of the figure-work demanded the smallest of apertures; so our

* On recently examining the photograph procured on this occasion under a high magnifying power, many inscriptions were seen in divers of the compartments, and some of them were decided Latin, as the following examples will show:—

S. PETRUS, IUDAS TRADIDITX-P-M.,
HERODES IMP., MARIA · 7. ELISABET,

these being evidently the descriptive titles to as many sculptured figures. I have not been able to verify Archdeacon Coxe's first quotation, viz. *Wicmannus Megideburgensis*, but his second, which he gives thus—

ALEXANDER epe DEBLVCICH.,

can hardly fail to be the following:—

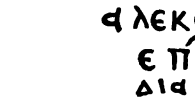
+ALEXAN
DEREPCDE
BLV-CICH

viz., a sentence written on one side of a big archbishop's head, and above a little deacon's, in the compartment immediately under the lion-headed handle of the left door. But it is perhaps worthy of mention, that there are symptoms here, as elsewhere about the doors,

camera was left to its quiet work for nearly three-quarters of an hour, while we made divers efforts to ascend the tall bell-tower, now almost over our heads; and exhibiting, though in humble and provincial architecture, a form as beautiful as the tall Ivan of the South.

Here the isvostchik came out splendidly to our assistance, for he went from door to door, and from chorister boys to priests, until he seemed to have reached the very Archbishop himself; and then in our hearing, spun him such a long and eloquent yarn of our regard for everything great and glorious about the city, that his Reverence gave instructions at last to an out-of-door man-servant, to take us up

of a double set of inscriptions, the second being in a species of Greek-founded characters; and accordingly on the other, or right hand of the archbishop's head, there stands as clearly,—



Elsewhere too, there are letters very like the old Slavonic, and unless we had these types at hand, it would be giving the Latin inscription an unfair advantage in an English book, to insert merely what we could at present print of each of them. Moreover, every pannel or compartment of the doors being a separate slab of metal rudely fastened to the general frame; and the lower right-hand corner panel of the right door, being evidently a modern interpolation; and the inscriptions being everywhere merely little letters punched or cut into the flat surface, just as might be done again to-morrow, considerable judgment is needed in assigning the weight to be attached to any of them.—Edinburgh, 1862.

to as high in the tower as we cared to go. So then camera in hand, and following our leader we passed through several stories of attached buildings, from thence entering the tower about midway in its height; next up by short zigzag flights of wooden stairs past the greater bells, and to a sort of cupola roof under the small final spire where the lesser bells are hung.

Magnificent then the view over all the realm of Novgorod. Round the golden domes and crosses of St. Sophia as a centre, circled the old ruined walls of the Kremle, and round about them again clustered the many houses and not a few churches of the town, even now distinguished by extensive colonnades of a *Gostinoi Dvor*. But then beyond them all, stretched out on every side the *sublimely* flat Russian land, till it ended in a horizon as level as that of the sea; or, was interfered with only in one direction, where a narrow gleam of light betrayed the waters of Lake Ilmen; the very lake Ilmen of our early school-books of geography. And from this same Lake, came down with a sweep and rush as of gigantic, wide-spread power the noble Volchov river, curving and winding with a majesty more like an arm of the sea than a current of fresh water.

The country around was grassy and green, and at first sight quite gay with its sprinkling of isolated churches bearing golden domes. But then what was

their meaning? Why they indicated that old Novgorod of the Middle Ages, once extended so far, and enclosed them all within her parental circuit; and there, through the fields and far in the country we could just trace one of the old circular earthen ramparts of the city.

The position which has once been occupied by a Christian shrine, the Russian people never allows to be forgotten; and hence when the decaying city began to retreat far within her ancient borders, the churches were still kept up; and remain behind now, like the wreck stranded high on a sea-beach, to mark how far the tide once extended.

In a country where the people build their dwelling-houses of wood, and their tombs of wood, a rainy and a damp land, cold and alluvial, how lamentably soon all material traces of men and even of millions of men pass away, and leave not the smallest visible fragment behind: except therefore, for these churches of their better hours, we should look in vain for proofs of the former multitudes who dwelt in Novgorod. The present city too, so small and so smart with its new whitewashed houses and whitewashed barracks on every side, might well claim, to the eyesight only, to be young and fresh and growing; yea indeed, it seems precisely so, and all unconscious of the soil impregnated with humanity around it. In vain then we looked from the height

for old burying-grounds, and cities of the dead. Private burying-grounds have at all times been favourites with the Russians, and Novgorod was even more than Moskva is at present, a city of separate houses, each surrounded by its own garden; but now, houses and gardens and tombs of wood, and even the very bones of their old proprietors, the best and the bravest of Novgorod the Great, have all sunk down and been dissolved again into the earth from whence they came.

The most interesting part of the whole panorama to us, was perhaps, that looking towards the south-west, up the broad surface of the noble river, with its great floats and rafts of wood, and many boats of commerce floating on its breast; numerous churches dotted the neighbouring country, and an unusually splendid collection of golden domes on the northern bank, announced the Monastery of St. George; but the man attendant with us, rather pointed our attention to a humble church and village on the opposite bank of the river, and spoke of it with much emphasis under the name of "Gorod-itsche."

As the camera, however, was taking full account of everything in that quarter, we turned our attention rather to the speaker himself, a young peasant, dressed in sheepskin leather, but with a form of body and a build fit for any hero of olden time. His

thorax exhibited admirable strength and wind; his neck was like a marble column for strength; and his face, rather pale than otherwise, was both firm and muscular; the chin was massive as of cast-iron; the lips were thin, the nose aquiline, and the nostrils like those of a high-bred horse, indicating immense power of activity; while the eyes, not large, and light blue or dove-grey, were vigorous and penetrating; the hair was long, abundant, of a flaxen blond in colour, and worn parted on one side, not in the middle as with the mouzhiks in general. "Well," said we half aloud, "how long we have been asking elsewhere in vain, who was Rurik and who were the Varangians; and here behold is one of them."

At the name of Rurik, the young man again pointed excitedly to the direction of Goroditsche; but we tried to explain to him how the camera was doing perfect justice to that favourite village of his, and we were wishing only, then and there, to take his own portrait in our note book. He was a little surprised, but presently consented with a really gentlemanly air that did him great credit; for, neither careless was he nor conceited; neither annoyed nor inclined to smile; but having just given a regulating stroke to his abundant locks, he took up his position under one of the bells on that lofty tower-top, and gazed forth placidly, with the calm resolve of innate dignity. Conscious he seemed of being treated

with honour, but of having something to give in return; and thoughts of his own appeared fully to occupy his mind, while consenting for a while to stand still, to please strangers ignorant of his language.

From the Kremle, our isvostchik drove us away by its Western gate, and by a bridge crossing the old fosse and gardens of the town, where the burghers of former times used to disport themselves of an evening with wives and children: and where now, the silver-stemmed birch-tree showed leaves that were orange and golden in this advancing stage of a Russian autumn, and the foliage of the mountain ash was flushed with the richest of crimson; the same birch-tree and the same rowan-tree that we have in Scotland, but ripened into these most glorious tints by the severities of a continental climate.

Away again from those scenes of the citadel that was of old, and then to a trahtier's for refreshment to man and horse. We left the choice altogether to our isvostchik, and he took us to an establishment patronized by the gentry of his own craft; several of their vehicles were outside, and though themselves were inside and in considerable numbers, they were only quietly taking tea with each other, and there was a private room up stairs for the strangers. But the isvostchik's hall looked far the more picturesque, and in contemplation for some coming feast, there

was a row of roasted geese, large, plump, and nicely browned, ranged along a side-board, that was quite ravishing to behold.

Away again from these delights, and past barracks, more churches, and then barracks again; then past green fields and through the ancient rampart of earth, that encircled the city, once thirty-six versts in its outward bounds. After that, back into the town and out again into the open country through another portion of the rampart; and then "Gorod-itsche," and "Goroditsche," the driver would discourse about, as if it were more important than Novgorod itself. But evening had by this time arrived, and the decreasing daylight warned us, that distant sight-seeing was now to give way to more polite occupations.

CHAPTER IV.

...NVERSATIONS IN NOVGOROD.

...dly little tea-party in Novgorod proved ... ...rnished forth as gracefully as anything could ... in the modern capital, and the flavour of the Russian tea, was as usual in Russia, imperially fine. yet the tendencies of the talk which accompanied it were decidedly different from what they would have ... in St. Petersburg, and particularly so, when- ... the credit of Novgorod was concerned.

... accordingly, we heard so much in favour of ... that we wondered what the great St. ... ...ggers could have meant by their silence or ... ...story comments. Not even in points of mo- ... ...progress would the Novgorodians give in, and cited their schools, orphan institutions, Bible society, and many manufactories of native products; their extensive military colonies too they claimed to be of extraordinary national importance; and when their

C. P. S. del.

A RAINY DAY IN A RUSSIAN CITY.

See Vol. II., pp 4, 434.

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSATIONS IN NOVGOROD.

October.

THE friendly little tea-party in Novgorod proved itself furnished forth as gracefully as anything could be in the modern capital, and the flavour of the Russian tea, was as usual in Russia, imperially fine; yet the tendencies of the talk which accompanied it, were decidedly different from what they would have been in St. Petersburg, and particularly so, whenever the credit of Novgorod was concerned.

Now accordingly, we heard so much in favour of this city, that we wondered what the great St. Petersburgers could have meant by their silence or depreciatory comments. Not even in points of modern progress would the Novgorodians give in, and cited their schools, orphan institutions, Bible society, and many manufactories of native products; their extensive military colonies too they claimed to be of extraordinary national importance; and when their

conversation diverged to the poetry or history of past or present, then there was no restraining their civic, if not patriotic, enthusiasm.

There had been a St. Petersburg artist in Novgorod, they said, all that summer, and he had vowed to them, that he had never been in so picturesque a city before; every single thing he had seen there he maintained "would paint," and he had returned, only a few days before our arrival, to his home in the Vassili Ostrov, with as many sketches for pictures as would nearly serve him during the rest of his lifetime to work up. He had been for weeks on the top of St. Sophia's bell-tower in the Kremle, and there had painted the entire panorama; and then what scenes he had secured below of pilgrims, and workmen, and good soldiers; with all manner of landscape bits, wherein figured isolated churches, and antique golden domes rising amongst clusters of trees, and crazy windmills on the river's bank.

Then too, how gloriously ruled in his sketches the sun by day or the moon by night. "You need," said our entertainers, "a country with a level horizon on every side, in order to appreciate to their full, the majesty of the diurnal movements of the heavens. Not in the mountains of Palestine, but in the plains of Chaldæa, did astronomy first attract the notice of man; for on such level plains, you learn soonest to eliminate the accidental effects of slopes

and crags of the hills rising up in front of the sky, and to perceive the splendour of the whole earth's eastward roll. What a careful look-out for all celestial phenomena, our old chronicler, Nestor, ever kept up from his cloisters of the Monastery of Petcherski; although too, it was no part of his daily duties to keep such vigils. Yet in truth neither comet, nor aurora, nor haloes round either sun or moon seemed ever to escape him."

"How grandly, moreover, above the plains about Novgorod, do the electric powers of the air meet together at times in terrific combat. No little petty whirlwinds from a mountain valley, ever trouble the scene; but at intervals in our normal fine weather, eager clouds gather together from all quarters under heaven; the influences of the Western sea advance to dispute the aerial domination of an Eastern continent: sighing gusts of wind sweep over the tree-tops, while the antagonistic forces are marshalling,—and then suddenly they clash, lightning flashing and thunder re-echoing so loudly, that you would fancy three volcanoes had broken out into activity close by. Momentarily the tempest grows in fierceness, as it strikes, first on one side, and then on the other; but finally, the wrath of nature is assuaged in copious floods of her beneficent tears."

"These thunder storms of our country," continued Novgorodiensis, "have been as mighty promoters of

military successes or defeats as even the darkest of solar eclipses from the time of King Darius to that of Norwegian Haco. And in this point of view, let me ask you, if any of your great painters in the West, have ever thought of representing on canvas the terrific night aspects of the battle of Litsven?"

We were compelled to confess sad ignorance not only about the said painters' paintings, but respecting the battle of Litsven itself.

"Well," said the Russian, with noteworthy moderation, "perhaps we make rather too much of it, but it was a heroic battle, well fought out on either side, and no disgrace to the vanquished. One of the principals in it was our revered ruler Yaroslav, who is second only to Rurik himself for the good he did first and last to Novgorod. Yaroslav, as son to the Great Vladimir, the Charlemagne of Russia, was endued with no mean share of courageous qualities; but then he who met him on that occasion, was his own brother, Mstislav.

"Now this Mstislav also inherited some remarkable features in his father's character; not indeed the turn for building up a powerful and comprehensive state, or working very hard at anything; but he was endued nevertheless, with even more than Vladimir's genius for wielding the most stubborn of men to work out his own purposes, and leading them apparently without any exertion to himself.

Mstislav was in truth too full of genius to work; while, endued by nature with an immense capacity for enjoyment, his grand care seemed ever to be, to live with ease and comfort, but yet in a certain style of worshipful luxury suitable to one who felt, that if he should at any time choose to labour, he would easily rise above all his fellow men.

"Yaroslav, on the contrary, exhibited whatever there was of the plodding nature in his father's composition; being moreover quiet, studious, and ecclesiastically inclined. Indeed, Nestor sets him forth to have been always taken up with such pious matters as the rules and offices of the church, which was then, in 1037 A.D., quite new in the land; and quaintly describes him as one who had 'a singular 'love for priests, and a *penchant* for monks, and for 'seeing them multiply over the land, that was ex-'traordinary beyond anything; in short, a prince 'whose joy increased exactly with the number of the 'churches. He read too night and day, employed 'an infinity of learned people to translate Greek 'books into the Slavonian language, and excited 'them also to compose new ones.' But being at the same time no mere bookworm, he hastened, on the first news of his brother Mstislav's approach with a large army, to marshal the Novgorodians to meet him; taking care also, according to the traditions of his father's policy, to strengthen his army

by a strong body of Varangian warriors from the other side of the Baltic.

"Well, of course all the world knows that our revered Yaroslav was lame, but so has been many another great potentate; and the chief Iakun at the head of the Varangians, was blind, but he was brave to a degree, of immense genius in conducting war, and made rather a boast of his blindness by conspicuously displaying a bandage which the fair fingers of noble Scandinavian damsels had worked with thread of gold. His Varangian troops too were precisely of that Norman breed, which was then carrying victory wherever they appeared in France and England, Apulia, Sicily, and the East; while the sturdy Novgorodians of those days and for many a long year after, never fought badly. Laboriously too you may be sure, did Yaroslav overlook all the commissariat and marching arrangements for his whole army; so that when at last he came in sight of Mstislav's troops, everything was in perfect order, thoroughly computed out beforehand, and duly supplied, that calculation or precedent could possibly foresee.

"Now Mstislav, you may be equally sure, took no such trouble; or at least if he did, no one had any suspicion of it; and even with his powerful enemies in sight, he was still the same light-hearted, careless *bon-vivant* that he ever showed himself to be at all other times; amazingly fond of good cheer; taking

plenty of it, but always in a pleasant way, for he had an excellent heart and really loved his soldiers and their good, as much as himself, and that they knew right well. But those large eyes of his showed a most transcendent soul of genius, and any one who had the fortune to observe his tall well-made figure, clear brown complexion, and the eagle glance with which that evening, he lightly scanned the enemy's arrangements, or turned for a moment to the dark cloud banks on the western horizon, just beginning to send their thin scud flying hither and thither overhead; and then watched him as he simply indicated to his troops a certain line of bivouac for the night, —might have guessed that something unexpected, was in preparation.

"Well; the night came on dreadfully dark, for not a star could pierce through any aperture between the thick clouds that soon covered all the heavens. The darkness grew appalling; then came howling blasts of wind circling around the armies; while on a sudden, the very flood-gates of the sky were opened, rain came pouring down in cataracts; thunder crashed, and lightning shot forth terrifically. 'This is the moment,' then shouted Mstislav to his army, 'up men and at them.'

"So the whole army rose like one man and moved steadily forward in its line of bivouac; and that turned out from the result, to have been so arranged,

that the Severians, foreign troops of Mstislav, had come to close quarters with the Varangians of Yaroslav, long before any of the others had arrived near their own destined opponents. At that one particular point, therefore, the action commenced, Severian against Varangian; veritable Greek meeting Greek; for they attacked each other 'with an animosity without any 'parallel,' and killed each other in huge numbers. But all of a sudden in the midst of this shock, Mstislav, with a chosen party of his men, fell on the flank of the Varangians who were already so hard pressed in front. Then the carnage grew frightful. Every now and then the lightning blazed forth, and in its blue unearthly light, the arms of the warriors with their ranks of steel reflected a menacing flame, as though they were avengers just risen from the tomb; at the same time deafening peals of thunder reverberated from one side of heaven to the other; in a word, as the old chronicle remarks, 'the battle was beyond all comparison 'murderous and truly fearful.'

"What then, if our Novgorodian hero, Yaroslav, was conquered! Both he, and Prince Iakun of the Varangians had to fly; the former soon shut himself up in Novgorod, but the latter did not stop until he had reached his ships, which carried him to the other side of the Baltic; and he never came again to claim the golden embroidered bandage, which had been dropped in his hurry by the way.

"They need not have run so very fast though, for Mstislav, good fellow, never had any rancour in his heart; no tendency had he to indulge either an Asiatic conqueror's wholesale slaughtering, or a German Emperor's cruelties on dungeoned victims; he merely wanted to do just as much in the fighting line as would suffice to gain him, for that occasion, his comfortable point. He was a perfect epicurean, was Mstislav, and of a high order; weighing to a nicety the toils of any acquisition, against the amount of pleasure to be derived from it when acquired; and having a very exalted ideal too, of the amount of pleasure he could enjoy. To be Grand Prince or *Veliki Kniaz* of all Russia, and throned at Kiev, would not have suited him at all, there were too many anxieties in such a position; but then he must rule over a considerable extent of country, and have the taxation of many people, or whence were the means of his enjoyments to come? So from his victorious position on the field of Litsven, he merely sent to his brother Yaroslav, saying, 'Come and occupy again the 'throne of Kiev, as you are the elder; and retain all 'of Russia west of the Dnieper; but do let me have 'the other half.' So this was agreed upon, and the two brothers continued to live ever after in most pleasant accord; Yaroslav plodding on in his studious ways; and Mstislav attending to his refined and exalted pleasures, until one day, at a hunting, he

took a severe cold and died in the year 1036 A.D., when his kingdom reverted to Yaroslav."

'How happy for Russia that it did not fall out the other way,' said one of the listeners, 'and the whole country get into the possession of a mere pleasure-seeker!'

"That is what the Novgorodians would have thought, no doubt," replied the host, "for they were a peculiar people, and didn't like their Governors to be too clever, at least in the free and easy style. Hence, Yaroslav suited them to a turn; he was always at work, and they could always see him at it, just as if he had been an upper clerk to them, and they with the power of looking at him quill-driving in their office, through their own private peep-hole; for you see they carried their customs of the shop, and they were all shopkeepers, into their political government. They served him faithfully too, as he had served them, fighting for him firstly against that disgraceful Tiberius of a brother of his, Yarapolk; secondly, against Boleslas the Brave of Poland; thirdly against Mstislav; and finally against that provoking scourge of early Russia, the Petchenagues. These savages were besieging Kiev in 1036 A.D. with an innumerable army, while Yaroslav was absent at Novgorod; but he marched off immediately with all the soldiers of the district, reached Kiev, penetrated through the besieging host, entered the town, con-

ferred with the inhabitants, and then with their forces all in company, went out on the hill and fought a pitched battle with the enemy. It was a hard struggle all the day long, but by evening the Petchenagues were utterly beaten, and so cut up in their flight, that they never recovered as a people.

"Yaroslav also subdued many of the neighbouring tribes, and reigned with a deal of wisdom. Russia has to thank him for translating the Bible into her vernacular at that early period, and he also prepared a code of laws still quoted with respect and admiration. His family circle too, appears to have been very refined, and the general *ménage* faultless; all this led to his daughters making distinguished marriages, for the notion went abroad into every reigning family in Europe, that no young Prince could ever go wrong in choosing a wife out of that household. Accordingly, Elizabeth, the eldest, married with Harold, King of Norway; Anne, the second, with Henry I. of France; while Agmunda, the third, became the spouse of Andrei I., King of Hungary. Then too, he, Yaroslav, had given his sister in marriage to Casimir, King of the Leckes; while his son Vladimir, the builder of our St. Sophia of Novgorod, had married the daughter of Harold, the last of your Saxon Kings of England; his third son married the sister of the Prince of Treves; and his fourth son married a daughter of Constantine Monomachus, Emperor of Constantinople.

"Thus there was no end of Yaroslav's royal alliances; and whether it was this sort of success that made him think more of the progress of his family, and less of the welfare of the state; or whether, his continual poring over dusty books of past times, had knocked out of his head all original power of thinking, and of appreciating for himself the rightful policy of Russia, we don't know,—but his very learned and too literary latter-day instructions to his children, instead of a blessing to the country, became a fruitful source of intestine wars and murderous confusion for centuries afterwards.

"Now Mstislav would never have done anything either so foolish on one side, or so selfish on the other; he knew almost intuitively and without studying so hard as Yaroslav would have been obliged to do, what steps ought to be taken in any case even of the most intricate political action; and in all his subsequent proceedings, he never was found at any time very far from the true direction of the Pole-star of Russia, though he had no visible lines for his guidance. How well this quality of his mind was shown on the morning after the battle of Litsven; for, as he paced over the field of the previous night's destructive *mêlée*, and saw all the ground strewed with Severians and Varangians,—'Well!' said he, 'I think 'I ought to be satisfied; the dead on either side are 'all those dear auxiliaries, and my own people are 'perfectly safe.'

"How his old father, Vladimir, would have applauded both the speech and the previous disposal of the line of battle in such a manner, as to bring about apparently quite naturally, the effects that followed; but he would have expressed it in fewer words, for Vladimir the Great was never the man to throw himself away even in the smallest matter. He had had in his time, great trouble also in controlling these fighting Varangian auxiliaries; for as might be expected, they always wanted, after gaining the country for the rightful heir, to rule in it themselves. Hence, after overthrowing Yarapolk, and placing Vladimir on the throne of Kiev, these turbulent spirits came to him one morning with the impertinent statement, 'This city belongs to us, for we conquered it; we 'have therefore determined that you pay us two 'grivnas* as a ransom for each individual contained 'in it.'

"'Wait another month until the marten furs come in,' said Vladimir. But month after month passed away, and in fact the usual winter crop of marten skins never came in at all that winter. So then the Varangians rushed in to Vladimir when the spring was now far advanced, declaring 'that he had deceived 'them; that his people and his city were odiously 'poor, and detestably wretched to them who were

* The "grivna" of Novgorod in later times was thirteen ounces of silver.—L. PARIS.

'Varangian heroes; and that they knew the way to 'Greece, (Constantinople), and there they would be 'treated as befitted their style. They knew the way 'to that rich and imperial city.'

"'Set out for it then,' said Vladimir, and in truth they presently found themselves looking so foolish, that they were obliged for very shame to start off southward to receive the boasted rewards worthy of such lions as themselves. But Vladimir was before them there, and had sent, more quickly than they with their load of dignity cared to travel, a little message by one of his own people to the Greek Emperor:—'A troop of Varangians is coming to you. 'Don't expose yourself to the danger of letting them 'unite in your city, or they will do there as much mis-'chief as they have been doing here. Divide them, 'destroy them; and in any case don't let any one of 'them come back this way.'

"So then had acted Mstislav, and so had acted Vladimir, to ward off a *Hengist-and-Horsa* danger to the Russian state; but Yaroslav had it not in him to see so far ahead, and do so much national good in so few words; he would on the contrary, for ever pore over his old books and gather from thence all sorts of wordy wisdom, suitable to other times and places, never seeing that it did not properly apply to his own case. And therefore it was, that on his death-bed on the 20th of February, 1054 A.D., he not a little

stultified himself practically, by first giving his sons a long homily on the importance and beauty of brotherly concord, and then making each and all of them rival and independent Princes in different parts of Russia; which poor country he cut up for the purpose, into as many fragments as he had sons; giving Kiev to Isiaslav, Tchernigov to Sviatoslav, Periaslavle to Vsevolod,* Vladimir to Igor, and Smolensk to Viatcheslav.

* This Prince, who ascended the throne of Kiev in 1078 A.D., was the first Russian ruler who added the name of his father to that of himself; as, Vsevolod-Yaroslavitch. Probably the distinctive patronymic had become by that time abundantly necessary, amidst the multiplication of sons and grandsons of reigning Princes; for with only a few favourite national names distributed amongst them, they were so often repeated. Not many years later, when only a part of Russia made war on the Polovtzi, the old chronicler, instead of having to say simply, 'Tzar such a one, did so and so,' has the labour of particularizing that 'Sviatopolk-Isiaslavitch, Vladimir-'Vsevolodovitch, David-Sviatoslavitch, and his son Rostislav, David-'Igorovitch, Vsevolod-Olgovitch, and their relatives Sviatoslav and 'Yaroslav-Sviatoslavitch, Mstislav and Yarapolk-Vladimirovitch, 'united themselves anew against the enemy.'

In the course of the next three centuries, the numbers of these sovereign Princes of Russia had so immensely increased, that at the notable battle of Koulikov, no less than 513 of them are said to have lost their lives.

After that clearance, Russian history becomes easier to follow; but previous to it, the study is actually confounding by the multiplication of lines; and we can only compare it, to that question which the little girl asked a great astronomer the other day, and he couldn't do it; viz. repeat off-hand, A.D. 1862, the names of all the minor planets, in the order of their distance from the sun.

"Now whether these well-lectured young men had forgotten all the lecturing they had received before a twelve-month was out, and were already quarrelling; or whether King Bratislav of Bohemia was previously an absolutely wiser man then Yaroslav, it is difficult now to ascertain,—but certain it is, that he, King Bratislav on *his* death-bed on January 10th, 1055 A.D., made a very different disposition of his kingdom. 'God has given me,' said he, 'five sons and I love 'them all; but yet I do not see any advantage in 'dividing Bohemia amongst them, for every kingdom 'divided against itself, will be exposed to desolation. 'And because from the origin of the world and the 'beginning of the Roman empire down to these 'times, the love of brothers has ever been scanty, let 'us take warning from known examples. For if in 'Cain and Abel, in Romulus and Remus, and in my 'ancestors Boleslaus and the sacred Vinceslaus, you 'see what two brothers have been, only fancy what 'five brothers would soon be doing.'

"In fact the confusion amongst Yaroslav's children, soon became horrible; and the case of poor Vassilko with his eyes stabbed out of his head, while four men held him down on the ground by mounting on a plank laid over his breast and pressing on it until they had broken in his ribs,—affords a proof that even among brethren, the most innocent may sometimes fare the worst. Poor blind Vassilko, who

when he came to himself after a long death-like swoon, only asked them to give him back his blood-stained shirt, because he wished to have it on when he should appear before God."

Being little able to enter into full appreciation of these biographical, rather than historical, particulars of indigenous worthies, however interesting they might be to Russians, the strangers took an early opportunity of asking a question or two for their own more particular information and satisfaction in broader matters of fact. For instance, "It is very easy to talk of how great Novgorod was once, but what proofs can you show?"

To this the Novgorodian answered like a Scot, by putting another question, thus, "What idea have you got already in your minds, as to its once reputed size?"

Very indistinct the strangers were obliged to confess. "But we have been told that it was perfectly stupendous, and that Nestor in his chronicles even affirms how the carriers who brought goods to the market place, had on their return to bait their horses seven times before they left the environs of the city behind them."

"And who told you that now?" returned Novgorodiensis. "An Iberian, I'll undertake to say!"

To which the strangers replied, "That is it precisely; no other than a very Iberian."

"Well then," continued the Novgorodians, "we can't prove for you such a size as that tale implies, for it is a pure invention in every way. Novgorod did not reach its prime until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and as Nestor's own chronicle ends A.D. 1113, and his continuators in A.D. 1206, it is not there that you need expect to find any particulars of its extreme vastness. It was growing no doubt, and the continuators occasionally gave it the epithet of 'Great,' towards the conclusion of their labours. But that term is comparative, and there was not, and could not have been, in all the far North in that day any such large amount of agriculture, manufactures, trade, and wealth, as could have enabled a truly Babylonian congregation of houses to grow up and support itself, in one spot of the thinly inhabited wilderness. But then it is a grand cry for a certain class of politicians to get up, 'Oh see how commerce 'invariably withers under the blighting domination 'of Russia; here is a town which in its ancient days 'of independence, was as large as three Londons all 'put together; now behold it reduced under the 'shade of a Upas Government to so scanty a village, 'that merely to see it in its misery and desolation, 'stirs up the grief and kindles the anger of every 'good man; Europe is horrified at a scene so un-'exampled within her borders; and you would 'have absolutely to visit scenes of African warfare

'or Asiatic cruelty, before you could parallel any-
'thing so grievous to all human hopes and ma-
'terial progress.'

"No doubt Novgorod is now a mere ghost of what it once was, and that was probably about as populous as Moskva a century and a half ago; not more, and certainly it could never think of comparing in any of its statistics, with the present duplex-capital system of Russia, viz. Moskva and St. Petersburg combined. So, the comparison must in fairness be made, for when it *was* the capital of the country, Novgorod had to serve the present purpose of both these cities. Of course on the seat of Government, after commencing in Novgorod, being subsequently and after many migrations established in Moskva, and that city also overcoming the long Tahtar oppression, began to grow rich and wax commercial,—Novgorod, no longer the capital of the nation, lost a great many sources of wealth which it once possessed. It still retained however, for a season, the traffic of the Baltic Sea. The final blow therefore to its prosperity, was not given until, as your Archdeacon Coxe justly observes, the founding of St. Petersburg in 1700. And how was the blow dealt? Why simply by the opening up elsewhere of a straighter communication from the heart of the country, direct to the sea; and by having an actual seaport belonging to Russia, in place of an inland port, attainable only by a long and

intricate navigation of fresh-water streams; for we must say that of it, though our magnificent Volchov formed part of the system.

"To raise a howl therefore over the latter fate of Novgorod, and for a man who is a stranger, to feel a sickening sensation come over him on seeing how very small are its circuits now, is simply to bewail an improvement and expansion of the channels of commerce. However, it is not the only example of such a case; for, are there not certain of the old gentlemen in England who lament and groan over there, when they behold nowadays the silence that reigns in the streets of some ancient posting-town on their own North-road; and where fifty years ago, every hour of the day and night used to be enlivened by a four-in-hand mail-coach arriving in all its glory; but long since then, the insatiable railway has swallowed them all.

"It is not though so much for its former mere size that we appreciate Novgorod, as for its great age, and early partakings in the historical events of our country. The circuit, and the number of the old churches, will give you some idea of both these features; but for a more certain illustration of the length of time during which the city stood regarded in a primal light by Russians, we would point you to the number of shrines in the cathedral. The strength of this proof depends chiefly, upon its being such an

excessively rare thing in the course of ages, for any man in Russia, ruler or subject, to acquire that exalted degree of religious fame which would lead his countrymen either to canonize him after death, or to erect a costly shrine to cover his remains, in the Imperial Sobore for the time being. Hence, where you have in St. Petersburg *one* such testimony, there are *three* in the Uspenski Sobore of Moskva, and *seven* in St. Sophia of Novgorod."

This mode of reckoning, though evidently of native repute, was not very intelligible to the strangers, so they presently remarked, as a provocative to something further, 'that the town of Kiev had the reputation amongst learned men, of being much older than Novgorod!'

"Oh, of course," the Novgorodians said, "because a French philosopher, Voltaire, wrote it in a book; out of the depths of his own imaginings, indeed; but then merely because such a statement was written in a book, every other literary man seems to think himself bound to recognize, quote, and refer to it. That is the provoking way with your literary school; great events may have been actually transacted amongst the sons of men, but if they have not been printed also, no one considers himself obliged to make reference to them; the event does not come, say they, within the pale of civilized letters; had it done so, how all the writing genus would have

worried the librarians of every library until they had got hold of the account, pat; but otherwise, which of them would stop the regular delivery of his proof-sheets revised for press, gird up his loins, and run to and fro over the surface of the earth, questioning both men and nature until the real facts of history should be extorted out of the past?

"The case you have put before us, however, is not one of those very difficult ones; for, to begin with it, does not every one know already that Kiev was founded by Kii, a Polish or Leckish chief; whereas Novgorod was Russian."

"Does that necessarily make it older?" asked a stranger, innocently.

"*Cœteris paribus*, you may safely infer that the greater member of the Slavonian family existed before the smaller," replied the Novgorodian; "the stock before the branch. Moreover, Kiev only came to be of importance, after Rurik and his brethren had established themselves at Novgorod; for then it was found convenient for, and subsidiary to, a new purpose in the nation, viz. plundering the Greek Empire. The Russian people of themselves had been ever the most peaceable under the sun, or frost either; but when they got Varangian rulers over them, of a verity they were taught how to suck eggs; and for establishing the operation on that grandest of all eggs, Tsaragrad or Constantinople,

the more southern position of Kiev, on the banks of the mighty Dnieper, flowing with a broad navigable stream straight to the south, was the most suitable that could be imagined. To Kiev, accordingly, the Novgorod-born descendants of Rurik soon found it expedient to migrate, and once there, quickly raised the town to importance; but before that arrival of theirs, there were certainly 'no churches, no caves 'of saints or hermits dug, with penance and watchings, in the dry soil; no great walls of Voltaire, hundreds of feet high, and covered with inscriptions.'

"What, too, says so early an authority as the sacred St. Andrew, brother of St. Peter, according to the faithful testimony, eight hundred years old now, of Nestor, monk of a Kiev, not a Novgorod, monastery! Why he says, that 'when St. Andrew 'came northward on the Dnieper from his well-'known tour on the borders of the Black Sea, he 'disembarked, in his river voyage, at the foot of a 'certain mountain, and said to the disciples who 'accompanied him, "Regard this mountain, for it 'is here that in a future day the grace of God will 'burst forth; here will shine an immense city, 'where the Lord will have numerous altars." Then 'having ascended to the summit of the mountain, 'he made the sign of the cross, and prayed. This 'was in truth at the same place where was after-'wards founded and built the city of Kiev.'

"But when the Apostle, continuing his voyage, had at length reached the Volchov; 'there,' it is added, 'he disembarked amongst the Slavonians at 'Novgorod.' Not only so, but he evidently found them firmly established, and he sojourned some time amongst them, studying their manners. 'He 'visited,' says the ancient chronicler, 'their baths, 'and saw with surprise this exercise, which amongst 'these people consisted chiefly in scourging them-'selves with little twigs. After that he betook 'himself to Varangia, and from thence to Rome, 'where he spoke of the people whom he had in-'doctrinated, and related what he had observed in 'his travels. "I have seen," said he, "the admi-'rable country of Slavonians, and I was much taken 'with their stove-baths; they are constructed in 'wood; and the men are at great pains to make 'them as hot as possible; then they throw off their 'clothes and pass all naked through soapy water; 'they have twigs with which they mutually flagel-'late each other, in order to promote perspiration; 'after which they plunge into cold water. It is an 'exercise which they repeat many times a day. 'Behold then, how, sheltered from tyranny, the 'Slavonians torment themselves, and make of the 'bath, not a pleasure, but a veritable punishment." 'This account surprised every one.' So it may have done, but does it not describe the national Russian

bath with its inevitable accompaniments of birch twigs; and can you now retain any possible doubt, but that Novgorod was built and inhabited by true Russians, at a time when the site of Kiev was still merely a wilderness, of which better things were hoped?"

"Well, you may be a little older than Kiev," answered the rather pertinacious stranger, "but then you yourselves, by the very name of *Novgorod*, or the *new city*, confess that you are outdone by some other place, with regard to whose superior age, Novgorod is but a stripling."

"Certainly," replied the Russian, "exactly so. And the city you refer to was here also; so close by, that you must in justice consider Novgorod to be a continuation of its life and fame. Slavenko was it called in the days of its glory; but the site is now known chiefly as Starai Goroditche, or the site of the old little city."

"Goroditche," exclaimed the listeners, "why that is the very word the isvostchik was always hammering away about; and the sheepskin-dressed man on the bell-tower, also got so excited about it; a little village down by the bank of the river towards Lake Ilmen, it seemed to apply to."

"It's small enough now," said the Russian, "but it was still respectable when Rurik came over; and he established himself there in a sort of Windsor

Castle residence, or a Camelot of King Arthur, with all the halo of antiquity about him; while he only visited the London-like business place of Novgorod occasionally, or as often as needed to keep order amongst its busy and turbulent traders.

More the Novgorodian would have added, but there was no occasion; for from that moment we only thought of how we might visit next day the remnants or traces or former scene of that most loyal order of things in Russia, which Rurik the Varangian established so successfully, almost exactly one thousand years ago.

CHAPTER V.

WAYS AND MEANS OF LIFE.

October.

An utterly rainy morning, with east wind too, cold and complaining, and under an oppressive leaden sky! We look up the empty High Street of Novgorod, and down the length of the same, but there is nothing else of interest or activity than merely the water pipes of all the houses, spouting their supplies at mid-leg height along and over the pavement, (see Plate 3, Vol. II.,) and while thus mischievous and even vicious below, not a little ludicrous above.

Is it that the Russians, accustomed in general to see water only in its frozen condition, hardly know how to deal with it when fluid; or, are they so proud when once in a way their climate relaxes in rigour and allows them to see moisture in a pourable state, that they therefore wish to show off the happy fact as extensively as possible,—we wonder! But verily to see the round-about processes by which

they contrive to get the rain from a roof to run down a wall-pipe to the ground below,—truly, the machinery is most surprising; the twisting hither and thither of an elephant's trunk before he puts a gingerbread nut into his mouth, is nothing to it.

At the upper corners of public buildings you see strange things going on; queer long metal arms sticking out and shaking hands with each other for want of something more exciting to pass away the time. But the reality of it is, that there, the drainings of the roof are carried away by an almost horizontal pipe, right away from the corner of the house, about three feet or so. And whereas the said drainings would be then and at that point poured out like a free libation into thin air before the eyes of all beholders, were it not for some other contrivance,—behold the ingenuity with which the wall-pipe comes up, and away, from the wall; and then with an elbow bend and making a long arm, presents an ornamental cup just underneath the projecting roof pipe's termination, to catch whatever the wind shall not succeed in blowing sheer away. So before the operation is all over, these roof-drainings must get as well aerated, as does the milk which a Hindoo servant pours backwards and forwards from one jug to another, both of them held out at arm's length, and with the express object of producing a frothy refreshing beverage for his nabob master.

Another sight, and even more remarkable, because utterly un-Russian, presently passed before our eyes this dismal morning; nothing less than a man with a kettle in his hand. Not a samovar, proper or improper, such as we had alone been seeing for months, whenever hot-water was wanted; but a regular Western kettle. A trifling sign, no doubt, yet pungent in its indications of a something somewhere wanting in the nationality of Great Novgorod; a thorn in their sides which all real Muscovites know a great deal more about.

The windows through which we were looking at these portents were double, and they successfully kept out both the whistling blast and driving raindrops; the room too was pleasantly warm, for the stove had been lit the previous afternoon; and though its supply of wood had all burnt out in an hour; or, as we would have said in the West, had gone out almost as soon as it was lighted,—the heat had been flowing off from the brick-work in a continually increasing degree ever since,—was now at its summit of genial glow, and would not cease altother for two or three days to come.

So great a thermotic effect from so small a consumption of fuel, and such a human labour-saving effect too, from the remarkable length of time that one exertion of the servant continues to warm the

house,—is a feature of Russian stoves that well deserves more attention than it has yet received amongst ourselves; where, though economy both of fuel and of attendance is so continually and earnestly prosecuted in our factories of every kind and degree, it has not yet attained much place in the warming of our private dwellings. Hence, while an English house in winter is, at night, and in the small hours, cold and dreary, without a fire at all; in the early morning, a scene of ashes and turmoil, dust, bellows-blowing, and black coals smoking; and later in the day, cheery and warm, if the fire be attended to every few minutes,—in a Russian abode, on the contrary, an equal temperature reigns both by night and by day, an Italian temperature in every room and every passage, dust is unknown, bustle and work are rarely heard, and the assistance of a servant never wanted in the private apartments at all, to keep up to the full their desirable warmth, be the cold outside whatever it may.

"But how close and choky their rooms must be then," says the lover of open English fires; "for how could we exist comfortably in our houses without the free ventilation secured by our liberal consumption of fuel, and large-sized chimneys to carry away the used-up air of the rooms, together with all the products of combustion."

True no doubt, we own, that there is not so much

ventilation in a Russian as an English house; but then again there is not so much in an English, as an East or West Indian house; and we may add, that so much is not required; the amount demanded, evidently being for all people, in inverse proportion to the outside temperature at the place. Take an example. With all our doors and windows wide open, and the wind blowing through and through as in tropical fashion, but during an English winter, what English fire-place could keep our rooms warm! The notion is plainly absurd; and Englishmen would never allow themselves to be dictated to at home, as to what amount of fresh air was required for each individual in their houses, per day, per hour, or per minute, by any of the natives of the torrid zone from their experience in that region; judged by which alone, the present English practice would be thoroughly condemned as unwholesome, uncleanly, and uncongenial to the human constitution. Yet notwithstanding that the theory of the equator be thus completely against us, the life of man is better in England than there; and society, to say the least of it, not less advanced or refined; so that in truth British houses of solid build, and their grates of open coal-fires, and the moderate amount of ventilation determined on by Englishmen,—have much more than made up for British want of sun, and have enabled a prosperous empire to flourish where In-

dians, with their too breezy rooms, could only have existed in misery.

Do then let us, when claiming credit for ourselves on account of our practical results, be just and reasonable with a nation, which is further removed still than we are, from a tropical condition of comfortable natural warmth. The Russians are in that state; and they, in their winter temperature of twenty degrees below zero Fahrenheit, are much more likely to be better judges of how much ventilation their rooms need, than inhabitants of Britain's oceanic isles, who think twenty degrees above zero unusually cold; and who would be perfectly perished in their best houses, if only one-third part of a Russian winter were to fall upon them. All that we are entitled to demand of the Russians to show on their side is, that their civilization is advancing, and their longevity good; and if they can prove these two points, we must leave them undiminished the great human honour, not only of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but of causing all the fairest flowers of human progress to blossom and multiply in snowy deserts, which would have been altogether untenanted, but for their hardy race and ingenious contrivances.

In place of reviling them, then, because their country is cold and naturally untoward, we cannot help thinking that they deserve the thanks and

praise of all the rest of the more comfortable world for increasing the inhabited area of the earth. The more that can be said naturally against the country of the Russians, the more is really established, we humbly deem, in their favour; and thus inveighs against the Russian country "a German nobleman of thirty-three years residence" there. "Spring, sum-"mer, and autumn, concentrated into June and July. "Even then, how frequently a deception! Hu! and "the winter, I freeze in the dog-days, when I merely "think of the icy cerecloth. The whole creation is "frozen, and the entire firmament, by day and "night, looks down without any feeling of com-"passion upon the misery beneath. After nine "o'clock the daylight grows dim, and by midday, "the sun has sunk far beneath the meridian, and "consoles itself with the idea that there is a brighter "world beyond. When spring has long ago opened "the buds in northern Germany, and the trees there "are studded with white blossoms, like swansdown, "the October and November snow is still quietly "slumbering in the unawakened pine-forests of "Russia."

Lamentably true! and the worst of it is, that six weeks only of such a winter, were it to befall our cities, would burst our water-pipes, freeze our gasometers, render streets impassable, annihilate canals, impede railways, frost-bite the British farmer's root-

crops, kill his stock, and fill our towns with frozen-out masons, gardeners, and workmen of divers crafts; bringing, in fact, all the chief machinery of our civilization to a perfect standstill.

Yet in Russia, a period of seven months of the same severity produces no stoppage, no distress. At the same time, that Muscovite city-civilization is high and its luxury illustrious;* and that they are still advancing with extraordinary rapidity,—a comparison of what is now, with the style of things described by Dr. Clarke at the beginning of the century, will abundantly demonstrate. While finally, that Russian longevity under all these circumstances is good, the number of old persons seen actively walking about the streets, sufficiently indicates. "Now let me introduce you to a lady who saw me on the day I was born," said an old gentleman of about seventy to us in a Russian city, and straightway he presented us to a lady of the age of above ninety years, whose complexion was quite fresh and clear, her cheeks rounded and muscular, and her eyes brilliant and vigorous still.

In an institution for "incurable diseases, octogenarians, and widows," several women were pointed

* Dr. Granville describes the library in the mansion of Count Potochi, at St. Petersburg, as magnificently fitted up, one hundred feet in length, and forty in width; while the ball-room had a vaulted ceiling about sixty feet high.—Vol. ii. p. 359, Granville's 'St. Petersburg.'

out to Dr. Granville as being above one hundred years old; and a Report, which he quotes, of the Imperial Academy, states that out of "606,881 "males who died in 1827, 2785 had passed the age "of ninety years, 1432 that of ninety-five, and 818 "that of one hundred. Among the latter 38 were "more than one hundred and fifteen years of age, "24 more than one hundred and twenty, 7 more "than one hundred and twenty-five, and one was "one hundred and sixty years old at his death."*

Now then evidently the desired data have been arrived at; for though the country of the Russians is proved cold beyond example, yet their practical results in dealing with it are both socially and biologically successful in the extreme. Are there any hints then that we may usefully derive from their methods of proceeding?

If we could bring about, in the warming of our houses, the cleanliness of Russian firing, the little labour called for, and the long steady heating given out,—advantages would evidently follow to both master and servant, mistress and maid, over the whole extent of Great Britain. Now the Muscovite firing is performed in stoves, generally brick stoves, but that is not their national peculiarity. We have stoves in our own halls, and Germany has them in every apartment, sometimes of metal and sometimes

* Dr. Granville's 'St. Petersburg,' vol. ii. p. 455.

of earthenware, sometimes small and sometimes large, and serving two or more rooms or passages; but in all these cases, the fires in them are fed just like our open fires, *i. e.* by coals, or billets of wood, kept in the room, or wherever the door of the stove is, and thrown on the embers from time to time, whenever the fire would otherwise be in danger of dying out for want of fuel.

Now that is not the essential principle of a Russian stove at all, either of the largest or smallest size, and whether they be cased externally with metal, china, brick, or stone. With it, on the contrary, the burning of the fuel is merely a short preliminary operation, and the proper or chronic action of the stove is that of a large fixed chafing-dish, without combustion, but with heated matter cooling inside it, and giving off its heat in a graduated manner to the room or rooms requiring it.

Every such stove has three doors,—1st, the fire-place door, for introducing the fuel; 2nd, the hot-air escape for the room; and 3rd, the chimney. The servant begins by religiously closing No. 2, and opening Nos. 1 and 3. The fire-place is then filled with faggots of young tree-trunks cut to a suitable length, and all prepared for blazing fiercely at once, by a due distribution of dry birch-bark amongst them. The lighted match is put in, and in an instant the fire crackles and roars with fury, and

the heat of the chimney during the few minutes the fire lasts, is such, that the smoke *must* ascend and escape. Hence comes advantage A, viz. little trouble with smoky chimneys in Russia; for you only want their use for a few minutes each day, or every other day, and during those few minutes you are laying on such a tremendous heat-power, that the outside wind can by no means prevail against it. Russian chimney-stacks have seldom therefore any occasion for extra height, or wonderful cowls, the art of cunning tin-smiths; and are, on the contrary, low, clean, bright-white blocks of masonry on the dark roofs of the houses; so that in a stereoscopic view of Moskva from the Sparrow Hills now before us, it is interesting to note how the brilliant and sparkling character of the city is assisted by the hundreds and thousands of those shining little elevated cubes; the only case of black about any chimney-top, being at a factory where they are burning coal in the English manner.

When the first blaze of the wood is over, say in some ten minutes, the ashes are raked up, and everything that is combustible made to burn off during another ten minutes; after which, only red-hot ashes, perfectly innocent of noxious gas or volatile odours, are left. Then doors Nos. 1 and 3 are closed, all use of the chimney is dispensed with for the next day or two; but little door, No. 2, is opened, and

then begins advantage B, by the cold air of the room falling down into the hot stove-chamber and rising again warmed, in a gentle, almost imperceptible current for days together.

During that time, or at least the earlier part of it, let no incautious stranger throw in amongst the hot ashes anything that will burn; for if it does burn, then he will infallibly get all the carbonic acid it produces, for himself and friends to breathe. A native would never do anything so unscientific: but, on finding the room getting cold and wanting more fire, would at once send for the servant, and begin from the beginning methodically; viz., by closing door No. 2, opening Nos. 1 and 3, and then proceeding with a new fire, as already described with the former one.

Thus far, evidently, it is a case of principle in use, and not of size or material of the stove. Indeed, on board the river steamer on the Volchov, the principle complete was applied to a little cast-iron stove, with a thin metallic chimney; but the result was then, as might have been expected, that one firing did not produce such long heating calorific effects as with the ordinary massive brick stoves of the houses. Considerable economy of fuel is obtainable there, by increasing the surface and substance of the stoves; and there, too, we ought to mention, that they do not waste *all* the heat of the inflamed wood during the

few minutes it is burning, by throwing it at once out into the air by a short straight chimney; but make it travel about up and down winding and labyrinthine brick passages before its final escape. In this manner the light wood flame is made to give out a considerable portion of its excessive heat of ignition while it lasts, to large brick masses; and these are afterwards compelled to radiate, only into the room requiring to be warmed.

Size and substance then are plainly important adjuncts to the principle of the Russian stove, and it is not uninteresting to observe, that these features appear to be most appreciated among the great mass of the lower order of Russians; or those who, though stigmatized by Western schoolmasters as "barbarians," because not versed in their rules of grammar, are nevertheless self-cultivated on traces of an ancient Oriental civilization, which is often pregnant with remarkable wisdom, and has deep significance for the whole human race. Accordingly, while in the palatial residences of St. Petersburg, Moskva, and our own dear Novgorod as well, there is a lamentable tendency to multiply the number, but decrease the size, of the stoves, and to tamper with their true indigenous principle, by offering half-open fire-places in imitation of the West,—in the cottages of Russian peasants on the contrary, the stove is one and indivisible. It is there, a huge structure; a

vital heart, about which the whole house is formed as an envelope; and calculated in its arrangements to be worked with the utmost economy of wood and labour; and thus, indeed, in its all in all, vividly impressing on the minds of the rising generation, their all-essential fact of Russian climate, viz., that low temperature is the first, and grandest, and most urgent natural defect to be corrected by Muscovite man.

Agreeably with the characteristic humility of cottage architecture generally, the Russian peasant's stove is long rather than high; not unlike a reverbatory furnace, or a locomotive boiler; but cooler, and fitted with reclining surfaces; so no wonder when the mediæval Tsar, called to his privileged servant Ivan Ivanovitch to take off his boots, the said Ivan Ivanovitch found it so comfortable to be lying on the warm stove, that he did not stir, and merely told the stove to take him, I. I., to the Tsar, and then awaited the stove's own convenient time for performing the order. But when the first locomotive was seen in the land,—and that is a sight which usually calls forth something racy, and of the nation in every country, as witness that wickedly transcendental American colonel down South, who declared it was the "d—l in harness,"—why then the loyal Russian peasant beheld in the same first rushing railway engine, only a sign of constitutional law triumphant after ages, and exclaimed, "There goes Ivan Ivanovitch on his stove at last to serve the Tsar."

But whatever the defalcations of the rich in the north-west, from indigenous practice in heating science,—in the east of Russia, the increased severity of their seasons keeps them truer to their national faith; and in the heart of Siberia, the stove is, what it should be, in every house large or small. Should there be for instance a dwelling of two stories, and four rooms in each story; every one of these rooms is made to abut on one internal tower of massive masonry, extending from bottom to top of house, which tower is the stove or *Amossor;* the little things in St. Petersburg, being called *Peitch.* The *amossor* has but one fire-place, and that for convenience of feeding, is on the basement floor; and it is fed but once a day even in the severest Siberian winter, with the outside cold no less than 60° below zero Fahrenheit; and the feeding, or rather the whole and total burning away of the feed with the attention of the servant thereto, is all confined within one hour. But yet, the fire-door below, and the chimney door above, or Nos. 1 and 3, being then closed, and each room in the house having a No. 2 door or a valve to let the heat from the internal stove chamber issue in quantity as desired,—behold the entire house warmed to as high a degree as pleasant to any one's feelings, by merely one hour's burning of one moderate fire.

The usual time for lighting the *amossor* is the evening, because not only does the actual burning of the

wood necessitate a using up and carrying away of the old and breathed air of the rooms, and consequently leave them purer for the night; but as the full heating effect of the fire only comes through the *amossor* eight hours after it is lighted, the night is left the coolest part of the twenty-four hours; and when the inhabitants get up in the morning, they have a stock of heat ready formed under the valves to their hand, and prepared to issue forth hither or thither as they may turn and adjust the appropriate screws. So completely too is the whole thing effected, and precisely as desired, that sundry persons have declared they felt the cold less in a Siberian house in a Siberian winter, than in an English house during a season when snow was never once seen on the ground.

To secure the whole of this economy of fuel, the Siberians do, as indeed already mentioned, keep their chimney passages closed during twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, and in that way prevent the shocking waste of heat which takes place in every British parlour chimney; and they also prevent that greater waste which tropical manners would introduce, if open windows and doors were allowed; for in place of that, they establish double and even treble windows, and as many reduplications of the doors.

Thus are effectually cured both mechanical disturbances, and temperature influences, from without; but with considerable liberty still to wholesome chemical changes; for when the air outside is so low as

60° or 70° below zero Fahrenheit, and that inside 65° or 67° above the same point, the power of the former dense oxygenated medium to penetrate and ooze through the pores of even thickest wood, and to commingle with the gas inside, is exalted to a most astounding degree. Hence there is found in practice to be, on the whole, such a decided though gentle current upwards of old and warmed air all the day and night through, that every Russian householder finds the loft or space between their highest ceiling and the actual roof, to make through the long winter time, a famous drying-ground for all the laundry work of the family; and where the wet linen is never frozen like a board, as would instantly be the case were it exposed even in the sun outside.

Equally, water-pipes, gas-meters, and other such arrangements once brought within the walls by a *deep* trench, never freeze or burst inside a Russian house; because the interior thereof never descends for a moment, throughout all the trying seven months of winter, to any temperature at all near the congelation of water.

"But the surface ground outside must freeze," a worthy friend reminds me; "and how, therefore, can Russian gardeners and farmers too, fail of being most miserably frozen out; or how can the masons and bricklayers prevent their occupation then being gone"?

The answer is, that of course they cannot prevent the earth being frozen, and cannot fight against nature; but by observing her ways, and directing themselves accordingly, they can prevent much of the alleged misery befalling themselves. Herein may you see the peculiar wisdom and brave self-support of the Russian common people. They know that there is a suitable time for everything, and that the only real mode of overcoming nature is by obeying her; so the man who is a gardener in summer, takes up the trade in winter of a carpenter and joiner, or a sledge-driver, or anything that flourishes in winter, and asks help from, and shows off his distresses to, no one. He is thus a self-supporting man both in winter and summer, and through all the severely varying phases of the cycle of a year in Russia.

Every labouring man there, has in consequence, two trades at least, which he can work at; and if, by not keeping all the year through at one thing in particular, he is not so finished in his work, as a Western craftsman,—he shows the other almost necessary result, of being less of a boor or a mere machine; not being rude or ungainly in polite society, or out of his element except when engaged at the identical work which he was apprenticed to from his youth upwards. The Russian peasant has little or none of these things, but is polished in his language, not a little gentlemanly in his bearing, and always

capable of taking up new ideas, and adapting himself to unexpected circumstances or novel currents of events. His foresight is remarkable; and his prudence and economy as much beyond that of most other Europeans, as theirs is beyond the *ménage* of inhabitants of tropical islands with the equivalent of bread growing on the trees before them, every day of the year. What months of savings must the poor mouzhik accumulate, before he can purchase a sheepskin coat; and how much more, before he can provide himself with his big boots, his fur cap, and his gauntlet gloves; and yet when winter breaks forth, what mouzhik appears without all these important accessories.

We speak here of the genuine Russian peasant, rich in his traditions and his native education; not of those whom Europe chiefly knows, viz., the peasants forced to become soldiers, and kept at one profession summer and winter, and all their life through; or, with the very pith and marrow of all their native ideas of work and living, violently broken through; broken, too, so generally, by foreign task-masters, and they insisting sternly on passive obedience. So what surprise then, if the soldier-Russian becomes at last a mere machine; for, the very fineness and many capacities of his temperament cause him all the sooner to lose his natural elasticity, and fall utterly shattered under circumstances that would

not perhaps have had any very pernicious effect on a coarse-grained Saxon hind.

Yet in early times, the Russian soldier was not stiff, or formal, or slow; on the contrary, the chief feature in many of the battles described by Nestor and his continuators, is "the extraordinary impetuosity of the shock;" or perhaps, the ingenious and daring manner in which a small body of men would suddenly fall on the enemy, disconcerting and routing him at last, by astonishing activity and never-ending resources in plan and manner of attack. All this, ages of routine and pipe-clay have wellnigh obliterated from sight and memory, but have not altogether destroyed; for Suvorov partly lifted the veil, and found these admirable natural qualities of the Russian men existing still. Yet, since his time, the pall has fallen denser than ever; and now, collegiate institutions and universal competitive examinations are fast converting all the upper classes as well as the lower, into dull regimental wheelwork.

"The real hope of the country, therefore, and the kernel of future progress are in that great mass of the poorer population, which forced government regulations can never fully reach; for their liberal ideas are even more than European; they are American rather, or as much exceeding us, as we transcend Asiatics. Among true Asians, the hereditary principle is overwhelming; and the son must always follow the trade

of his father: but Europeanism first manifested itself, by insisting on the right of every soul that is born into the world, to choose its own sphere of action. On this principle therefore, one son of a ploughman may become a sailor, another a carpenter, and another a blacksmith, or whatever he has the power to undertake. But there, old Europeanism stops; and after the boy has once made his election, he is expected to abide by it; apprentice laws and trade regulations confine him thereto, and society itself frowns on him if he abandons whatever he was brought up to; he is a waif and a stray, they say then; a rolling stone which gathers no moss; there is a screw loose in that man; he is an uncertain and dangerous character, and is not to be trusted even though he makes ever so specious an appearance.

"But in America it is not so. There, it is positively considered a favourable trait in a man's character, that he should some time or other have changed his profession; that a once merchant should now be a lawyer, or *vice versâ* to any extent. Such too would seem to be the native Russian opinion; manifesting itself however in a more organized and deeply-rooted manner; for the principle is there formally maintained, that every soul has not only a right to enter any, but every, profession, trade, or occupation; and that no apprenticeship at all, as a proof of what a man was brought up to,

ought to be demanded. This accordingly is an organic belief in every Russian village; and will be in a future day the leaven which, in the then greatest nation of the earth, will qualify the constitution of society, and prevent the whole world becoming a mere Manchester mill of born machines.

"The Asianisms and the Anti-Asianisms of Russia are impressive and difficult of study. She has some Asianisms, and so has every nation of Europe; for what are they all according to the best ethnologists, except Indo-European, originally from the high lands of Asia, near the north of India, as a common centre of divergence. Yet though they all come from a common stock, time and circumstances have produced such a growth and persistence of special features in different races, that hardly any difference amongst the minds of men can now be better acknowledged or more easily distinguished, than Asiatic and European.

"The Russians are probably the last offset from that central Asian stock; but yet have within them seeds of the most advanced Europeanism. Surely, therefore, as with language itself, there is something more than human invention and school cultivation in the tendencies of any national mind. These institutions may cultivate to a fair head and full growth whatever was originally implanted by a higher power, but where and when the seed was sown, none knows

but God himself. The early sproutings of the future Russian tree are, however, most signal of their kind; and Bonaparte never made a greater mistake, than in enunciating his shallow remark of 'scraping 'a Russian and finding a Tahtar;' for there are not two races of men more antagonistic in their lives, their histories, and their mental ideas; while, that 'Moskva is the Tahtar Rome,' according to a learned French lady, is very much like declaring Paris to be the abode of the King of the Cannibal Islands; and clenching the assertion with a '*Voilà!*'

"The Russians are undoubtedly a young people; and while all Chevalier Bunsen's researches in Egypt have shown that nation to have been a highly civilized people at the very earliest date up to which he was able to ascend,—every inquiry, on the contrary, touching the Russians, carries them back most rapidly to a very rude condition of society, with some well-marked Indian customs. Thus, in their pre-Christian times they had widow-burning amongst them, and admired a funeral pile for their dead more than any other mode of sepulture; 'for see,' said they, 'how effective our plan; when you bury 'a man, you leave him for months and years to be 'the earth-worm's food; but when you burn him, he 'is off to Paradise in a moment. Heaven itself sends 'a wind to urge the flame, and make his translation 'more speedy.'

"Judging too from recent Russian poetry, some lingering feeling of the same kind still exists, a late poet seeming so impressed with the notion of his remains 'lapt and shrinking in the spicy flame;' rather than being buried in the manner of any existing civilized nation, and with any sort of monument erected over his grave, marble, stone, or bronze; public, private, or ecclesiastic.

"But if the civilization of the Egyptian began so early, where is it now?—Gone as completely as the early created mammoths of Siberia. First come, first go. And if the civilization of Russia commenced so very recently, what a long continued future may be expected for her; and how magnificent a one, when we look to the unexampled numbers of the Slavonians as a human family, their rapid advance in refinement and learning, their remarkable unanimity, appreciation of loyalty, and innate vital vigour.

"Herein how favourably they contrast with the German races near them. It is for these western denizens of St. Petersburg, that all those innumerable dentists' shops, which abound there, exist; the Russian mouzhiks having magnificent dentition. Civilization may furnish false teeth, and render all sorts of food easy of mastication, to a certain extent; but through how many generations has any family lasted on the earth, after all its members, male and female, had lost every tooth in their heads before

the age of twenty? What amount of learning can bear up against such a break in the natural laws of life, or against statistical returns of a decreasing progeny? In a matter of living and prospering in future, what University distinctions can make up for health that is always breaking down, and muscles that soon tire. After the ordinary style of rapid driving which all Great Russians delight in, the "German nobleman" writes, 'at length the Russian, with his 'bones of steel, jumped down actively from his box. 'My entire system seemed threatened with collapse.'

"These are only small items in a nation's qualities, but more important are yet to be told; and though the Germans themselves boast their 'many-sided minds,' there is one side they absolutely want, and which is ominous of their fate. They have no notion of colonization. They must have had once, or they would hardly have come from their Asian highland home to where they are at present located; but now they have not the faculty, and never have had it during all the period of European history.

"So there, are the Germans now, without any colonies; though British, French, Dutch, Danes, and Russians above all, have theirs in abundance. The Germans would like colonies too, but have not vigour to establish them; they merely creep miserably into other nations' colonies, into the United States of America and Brazil, Australia and the Cape of

Good Hope, trying to get the material advantage for awhile, without any of the higher responsibility; and then returning to their loved Fatherland. Their Fatherland is like the mansion of an old and decaying family; it is the height of their establishment upon earth, and they cling despondingly about that possession, which they may never advance or extend; and which is merely to be their honourable grave.

"The Russians, on the other hand, with even more nationality than the Germans, have got none of their love-sick sighings about Fatherland. It is not the land, it is his relations, his friends, his countrymen; not the houses, but the laws, traditions, and religious beliefs, which make up the national feelings of a Russian; and these feelings are so eminently and perfectly portable, that he can and does carry them with him to any part of the world; to the furthest colony, for instance, in the ocean-broad steppes of Asia, and there makes himself quite as much at home as in old Russia itself. In a future day, when Russians have filled their appointed boundaries, they may *then* get up a cry about Fatherland; but now, beyond a 'Mother-city' or two, they know it not; and in its place, there is an active impression, which exists without any school cultivation, that they are in the youthful condition of a nation; that it is their duty at this stage of their national life to go out far into the open world, and carve out new

homes and houses for themselves. They have the strength and the spirit for it, and they are carrying it on every day, to the astonishment of the world in a coming age.

"If the Russians be unlettered as compared with Germans, the main reason is, that their faculties are otherwise employed in colonizing and governing half the nations of the earth, and preparing for their own magnificent future. The Germans, on the contrary, who are now existing only on sufferance between France and Russia, have no prospect but to perish; no duty left them in this life, but to cultivate learning and teach it out to the real rising generation, before their place knows them no more. Every German schoolmaster therefore, found in another European country, is an additional proof of the latter age of Germanism being arrived, and of the nation following its appointed course. A young man, is inclined for work and action; but an old man, becomes garrulous and a teacher to the vigorous growing children around him; and well for the stock of human experience in the world, that it should be so. With propriety then and dignity does Germany obey the laws of life laid out for the races of men."

Thus had discoursed to us a Scandinavian in Novgorod, but a German screamed at him; and declared 'that everything good and great in Russia, was all

'owing to the German residents: only look,' said he, 'at their superior learning and refinement.'

"Yes, indeed," retorted the Scandinavian, "only look at them and see, together with that superior refinement and delicacy, the paltry national part which they fulfil; merely paid servitors for the purposes of a Russian Bureaucracy; and always endeavouring by miserable shifts and deceptive contrivances to avoid becoming standard men of Russia. There, in every Government they go on propagating, generation after generation, scheming to live on rich Russian pay in the opprobrious civil service; but never to have any Russian responsibility of defending the country of their adoption by arms. Every few years a ukase comes out, ordering all these long resident, and even Russian-born, Germans to become naturalized, and range themselves with Russians for furnishing the quota of military service,—but then to see the hurry-scurry with which they fly away to hiding, and do not re-appear till matters are quiet again. Thus they manage to go on from father to son, and even the son's son, natives of Russia, and living on the fat of the land, but anti-Russian in their hearts and souls.

"Some few amongst them, are of noble and honest dispositions; these do naturalize and make in the end most valuable subjects of Russia; but precisely because they do act thus honestly, are they abomi-

nated in turn by all the outstanding mass of Russian-dwelling Germans in the land. Says 'the German nobleman of thirty-three years' residence in Russia,' 'one of the most disgusting creatures in existence is a Russified prosperous German artisan; and the most *outré* a literary German who has joined the Russians body and soul.' He would always rather hear such a one saying, I am a Mecklenburger, or I am a Prussian, though the creature was never in those countries in his life, nor even his parents' parents before him for many generations. But yet in the eyes of impartial observers, the said Russified German, by his generous sympathy becomes a man and a brother, and acquires a right to think as one of a great nation; while his un-Russified companions have after all no real German nationality, and remain nondescript animals, with the form of a man and the employment of a boy, all the days of their life; their children grow up without national virtue, and their women rise not above the level of attending to mere household affairs."

"Atrocious!" cried the German; "why all the superiority of the Great Russians over Little, Red, White, and every known colour of Russians, is entirely owing to their early alliances with Germans; the beginning of the very Russian monarchy itself, was only when Rurik the German came amongst these rude Slavonians."

"Rurik a German!" returned the other; "why all the world knows that he was Scandinavian."

"And what is that but German?" tauntingly replied the Teutonic champion; "everything good and improving throughout Europe is German; the civilization of the present day is entirely German; its learning is so too; and the Scandinavians are so completely Germans, that it is waste of time to call them anything else."

"Then what's the meaning of all that fighting the German Fatherland is carrying on just now, or wants to carry on, in Schleswig-Holstein?" asked the Scandinavian; "they are there repelling the notion of anything Danish, as being utterly strange and antagonistic to the German mind and the German constitution. There, too, stands that awful King of Prussia: when he rages again with all the sons of Fatherland armed and ready at his back, he will never rest content until he is wading up to his knees in Danish blood. His natural antipathies to a Dane are something frightful to behold. And it is precisely because he wants now to be enclosing and completing the German House, that he is breathing forth burnings and slaughter against those of his neighbours, who, by the very gifts of nature to them, can never combine in his family circle. Don't fancy that Scandinavia was colonized from Germany; for the inhabitants arrived there by quite a different

road, a Northern one; and not until they had marched by it to their extreme South, and begun to cross over the Straits and spread into Zealand, did they come into contact with any specimen of a German man.

"The Danish language, you say, is Scandinavian Germanized. Well, let it be so: the Danes, an outpost of the true Scandinavian people, have been partly altered by contact with the Germans in modern times. But cross over to Sweden, and if there is any influence on Scandinavian language there, it is the French: and go on further still to Norway, and then you will find the noble speech of the Northerner pure and unadulterated: at least, amongst the lower classes; for as to the upper, from long subservience to the rule of Denmark in their land, they all think it polite to know nothing but Danish. A new feeling, however, is just beginning to spring up among learned Norwegians, and many of them are now studying the peasant language; find it to be the genuine medium of the Scandinavian Sagas; are astonished at its beauty and richness; and are translating into it Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, and the greater of the manly poets of the world, to test its grand capacities.

"Together with this inquiry, Norwegians have also been pursuing that of the early migration of the Scandinavian races; and all their archæological dis-

coveries, especially the greater amount of bronze and flint memorials in the North, incontestably prove them to have come from thence Southward; though it is now in the fertile South that their chief cities are found. Through the Russian land then, the original Scandinavian must have come, and many ethnological similarities would indicate them an adventurous offshoot of the Russian People;* who boldly struck out in primæval ages to penetrate the darkness and mystery of the North. Wandering for long periods in these snowy deserts, schooled by adversity and ever-present danger; left to trust in their own strong arms, and clear understanding alone; conquering the wilderness step by step as they went on,—they gradually became those chiefs of unheard-of fortitude, who "sighed in the laziness of peace, and smiled in the agonies of death;" whose superiority in arms, discipline, and renown, commanded everywhere the fear and reverence of the natives; and when at length they had penetrated through Lapland and round into the Scandinavian peninsula, they suddenly burst on maritime Europe in the eighth and ninth centuries as Varangians and Normans.

"When they, the mere freebooters of the North, had in a few years established themselves in Normandy of France, and then turned their attention

* Compare Gibbon, vol. x. p. 220.

quickly to agricultural pursuits; or became feudal lords in stone-built castles in England; 'Oh! see 'how versatile is the Scandinavian Norman,' said many beholders; 'for how soon he abandons a sea-'faring life and actually excels the natives of other 'countries in their own inland pursuits.' But the 'versatility' had already begun long before that, or, in the Scandinavians being a seafaring people at all; for that only commenced with them, when they had attained after long ages of continental explorations, to the convenient coast of Norway, having previously been regular inland continental Russians: though they then had, by very reason of such an origin, that which still distinguishes the pliant Russian peasant, as separated from the stolid German workman.

"When Rurik the Varangian Scandinavian therefore came to Russia in A.D. 862, he was only coming again to his own original people; and amalgamated with them easily, as his countrymen have ever been able to do since; and if there were want of any further data, the archæology of that peculiar institution the Russian bath, might be referred to, for at once establishing the original connection of Scandinavians with Russians, by way of Lapland and Finland, and cutting off the Germans as an isolated Southern people. Baths are many and various in the world; but for daily use, and amongst all classes of people,

Germany has none. The Germans, in fact, are the great unwashed among the nations."

Fearing at this point, some dire explosion of unforgiving nationality, we suggested to the speaker very quietly, "Never mind about the baths just now, if you please; let us rather hear something of Rurik."

CHAPTER VI.

RURIK AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

October.

"RURIK," said the Russianized Scandinavian, on mounting his historiographic hobby, "the Great Rurik, was what we would call a 'respectable' man; a most respectable man. We don't mean here, by such a word, that he had so many thousand rubles, or *grivnas*, or any other quantity or description of money a year; though, no doubt, being a king's son, he had plenty. But we intend by the phrase to indicate that he was an honest, honourable, and fully trustworthy man in every relation of life. Some ambition he had unquestionably, but he never let it run away with his better sense; he had *not* more brains than ballast; and whenever he took any one of his sage political steps forward, mature consideration had prepared the way before, while the destinies of a great nation budded and blossomed behind, him.

"Still you ask, who was Rurik? and you want to know something more than that he was a Varangian. Well then, Rurik was the son of the Swedish monarch Ludbrat and his consort Oumila, and was born at Upsal, A.D. 830. There too, or thereabouts, he might have remained but for the peculiar call which he received from Russia. Bloodless revolutions have always been favourites with the true Russian people; and if the matter in hand is capable of being reasoned out, why should not a whole nation of reasoning beings be guided by argument, rather than the sword; by reason rather than brute-force? Not but what brute-force is a useful thing enough in its way,—to push a stranded vessel off the rocks for instance; but a vast deal better that the crew had previously brought up in time, and had taken a pilot or a captain on board, if they had not one already.

"That now, was precisely the position of this Russian people about the year A.D. 860; they were then bowling along with all their canvas spread, enjoying the sweet air of republicanism; and,—in the midst of the abundant material prosperity, which that form of government often brings with it for a time,—they were fast nearing the rocks of political confusion, when their old white-heads met together, and arrived by peaceful and theoretical discussion at the same result, which other countries

have only reached through the rude practice and cruel inflictions of war.

"You *must* have a governing race to make a strong country. All workmen, will not do. And it was a truly merciful dispensation of Providence, which sent abroad the Norman races in the ninth century, to every sea-coast of Europe, to supply the then new countries forming thereupon,—and hitherto peopled by a popular material only, or the embers of a decayed civilization,—with a higher order of humanity. France, England, and Russia have received most largely of this Norman infusion; and what nations of Europe hold any position in the world comparable with theirs?

"The Germans do indeed say, that they are Germanizing every reigning family in Europe, and converting all peoples to believe in the superiority of the German mind. And there can be little doubt, but that the existence of their innumerable little 'High Mightinesses' and 'Serene Grand Dukes' assisted by the laws of other countries against their princes marrying subjects, *is* turning all the rulers of those other European powers fast into pure Germans. But then that is to a certain extent what we want in these times. Constitutional kings should be poor spiritless creatures, without either the head or the heart to originate anything new or great; but very good and docile withal, eating, drinking, and sleep-

ing with due regularity and decorum; for then their subjects can go on with the business of government, self-government too in their own way; and I can warrant you that in Russia, whatever it may be elsewhere, the *people* is not becoming German.

"No, no, indeed, or where were the hopes for an advancing future to Russia! Whenever the destinies of our country need a special step in development to be accomplished for them, it is always brought about by giving the national will, the Slavonic element, more play. How powerfully this is effected by the reigning family marrying with a subject, is shown by the example of Peter the Great, Queen Olga, Sviatoslav, and Vladimir the Great. Perhaps it may be politic not to have recourse to that method too often; its spiriting should be done gently. It must have a beginning, too; and at that particular epoch, A.D. 860, of which we are now speaking, the very groundwork of such a line of policy for future times to profit by, had still to be laid; for a line of kings was to be established in a hitherto republican and patriarchal government.

"Where, then, was such a line to be sought? Not in the country itself, for that would have resulted in merely raising one family against another; but from abroad somewhere it must be procured and as in those early times heroic, rather than constitutional kings were required, the Russian people

turned them at once intuitively to the Scandinavians.

"Our city of Novgorod had the merit of first bringing these discussions to a practical conclusion; but her citizens were soon joined warmly therein by deputies from all the Slavonic races around, not only those who were then already called Russians, but the Tchudes, the Slaves, and the Krivitches. These all sent a powerful embassy to the court of King Ludbrat and to the princes his sons, setting forth in few and simple words, 'Our country is great, and everything is there in abundance, save only order and justice; come, then, and take possession of the soil, and rule over us.'

"Then in the year A.D. 862 did Rurik and two of his brothers, together with a large party of their friends, Varangians, Normans, Scandinavians, or by whatever other name or synonymous term you may prefer to call them, accept the invitation; and at once became possessed of Russia, as completely, or much more so, as though they had been military conquerors. The people agreed to obey them; and they, the Varangians, agreed to execute the ruling; Rurik being appointed supreme chief, or *Veliki Kniaz*, equivalent to King, and indicating much more than the Teutonic term of 'Grand Duke,' which we do not like at all.

"Now in that position of trusted honour and responsibility it was, that what we would call Rurik's

'respectability,' appeared most conspicuous. He was a man who was loyalty itself; and when he had once accepted the charge of Russia, there was with him no looking back; but on the contrary he became a Russian entirely, without having any other thoughts than for the full and perfect welfare of his adopted country. His old friends of Varangia were all wanting him to find nice places for them, in the country they half considered they had conquered; and they tried to instil into his mind the idea, that unless he had a *plebs*, as well as an aristocracy, of his own nation, he could never control the Russian multitudes. Nor was this all, or indeed the least part of it; for besides his friends and followers, there were whole tribes of *unruly* Varangians; who, owing no allegiance to him, but seeing what a good thing he had got, prepared either to get for themselves as good by force, or to eject him from his possessions.

"These troublesome spirits were ever ready for any adventure; and a whole race of chivalrous chiefs is not to be produced, but in a country, where warriors of a free and independent turn of mind are the growth of the soil; occasionally, too, in crops rather over abundant and rank. With these wild heroes, ancient Varangia swarmed at this time; and they looked very innocent, no doubt, with their blond hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, but awful fellows, I can assure you, when it came to blows, either in a

land or sea fight; and, besides going off warfaring on their own account every now and then, they had a terrible notion of marrying king's daughters, generally without asking the parents' consent, and sometimes against the idea of the young lady too, if she was so foolish as to think more of rank and wealth than warlike deeds.

"Of such a school were the chieftains Oskold and Dir; who, as Nestor relates, were not of Rurik's family; and though they came over with him, yet, without asking his permission, went off with a number of companions, prospecting for empire in the South, A.D. 863. When, besides establishing themselves at Kiev, they went down the Dnieper, crossed the Black Sea, reached the neighbourhood of Constantinople during the absence of the Greek Emperor, and began to slaughter and pillage in the environs of the city, until both the Emperor's return and a sudden storm made them fly Northward again, with the loss of most of their ships and people.

"Now Rurik did not like that style of thing at all, but he could not effectually interfere, having as much as he could attend to on the Volchov, in looking after the consolidation of his power. He had first established himself near Ladoga, but on the death of his two brothers he chose Novgorod as a more central situation. It was not indeed at that time on precisely the present site, but was a little higher up

the river, near where Goroditche is now and Slavenko was then; but the situation, as you may yourself see, must have been unhealthily low; there had been many pestilences and contagious diseases to thin the number of the inhabitants, and, above all, it had no military qualities for defence. So Rurik did not allow much time to pass, before he had removed the mass of the city to the present site of Novgorod, where not only is there the same river and same fine commercial strand, but the broad Kremle hill.

"What is a 'Kremle,' do you ask? Why, it is an extensive fortification, which the Varangians were always expeditious in building at every town where they established themselves. In France and England some surprise has been expressed, at the rapidity with which the pirate sea-captains learned to build land-castles for themselves—amazing strong ones, too, and not unornamental. Well, then, it was exactly the same with our Normans or Varangians; for they had the same versatility of genius, and the same talent for doing always the right thing in the right place. By reason of that, too, it was, that the castles they built in Russia, were at once expanded from the 'Falaise' type of Normandy to the *Kremles*, suitable to the broad and flat country which Russia so sublimely offers to the view.

"Attending thus to the solid interests of the central district of his government, Rurik laboured

until the year 879, when he died. 'What killed him so soon?' do you inquire; and you say 'that he was only forty-nine years of age, and must have been carried off by poison?' Not at all though does that follow. The accusation of poison is far too readily indulged in by historians of early times, as a means by which to account for all sudden or premature deaths. Are there no deaths of princes now occasionally occurring in their younger or middle life? Have all great geniuses been very long-lived? Surely you must know that it is quite the contrary; for, how many are cut off by consumption;—consumption a peculiarly Varangian malady; and its next most fatal age after eighteen or nineteen, is precisely about forty-nine or fifty.

"But Rurik had lived to excellent purpose for his adopted country, and not only left behind him a little son, Igor, nearly three years old; but a brother-in-law, Oleg, who became Regent during Igor's minority, and was loyal and true to the uttermost degree.

"Oleg was, however, either a bolder turn of man than Rurik; or, thought the latter's process of consolidation had been going on long enough, and that it was time to commence the next step for the establishment of a great kingdom. To this end, he said, that trade must be secured and its channels protected; but then how was that to be accomplished with those rebels, Oskold and Dir, seated on the only river of communication with the then great

centre of all the civilized world, Constantinople. So an army was collected, Smolensk and other small towns on the road, taken possession of, and Kiev finally gained; by much that description of *ruse* too, which served the Scots to retake their castles more than once.

"Novgorod, with its many merchants, was all well enough as a counting-house; but Kiev, Oleg soon saw, was fitter for the seat of an Imperial Government; round that city, therefore, as a centre, he made his military expeditions of conquest or organization, reforming there and greatly extending Rurik's original domain, so as to include, besides Russians, other Slavonians, the Krivitches, Meriens, Drevliens, Severiens, Tchudes, Radimitches, Polaniens, Viatiches, Chrovates, Doulebes, and Tivertses.* The due subjugation and firm amalgamation of all these peoples, occupied the whole attention of the Regent, until his charge Igor had grown old enough to be entrusted with the governorship of Kiev; but then, Oleg started off with a large army and fleet, gathered from all his various Scythian subjects, to extort both

* As indicating the antiquity of law and order in the Slavonic lands, we may mention, that when Oleg met any race new to him in one of his distant journeys, his first question was, not "Whence "from?" or "How long have you been governing yourselves and "taking possession of the wilderness?" but "*Whom do you pay tri-*"*bute to?*" and in no case was there found any tribe, even then, unvisited by some tax-gatherer.

an acknowledgment from the proud Greek Empire, and a commercial treaty for the benefit of his subjects.

"Passionately did the Greeks resist in their fortifications along the coast, approaching the mouth of the Bosphorus; but Oleg was so ready with all manner of resources for every difficulty, that the legions of the Emperor were soon driven from each place of strength; and after trying and failing in that last resource of an enervated nation, offering the enemy poisoned food, they were compelled to receive the Northern conqueror's own terms, craving only that he would spare their city. This, however, he was ready enough to do, with his views of the really profitable for his own nation in the long-run; and while he was therefore arranging a treaty to such effect, the proceedings of his energetic men of a new race outside the walls of great Byzantium, read much like the doings of the English army at Canton or Pekin only the other day.

"Firstly, there was to be an 'indemnity,' and in silver, just like the Chinese; twelve grivnas or about nine pounds' weight to every man in the fleet, there being two thousand so-called ships, and forty men in each of them. Secondly, there was to be a commercial treaty for the future; and the wily Greeks wanted amazingly to enter at once into the intricacies of its paper regulations, to the shirking of their

first stipulation. But when they had applied for deputies to discuss this matter, and Oleg sent them his friends Karl, Pharloff, Veremond, Rulov, and Stemidov, they brought only the words, 'Oleg says, Pay me the indemnity.'

"Then the Greeks saw that there was no escape, so the silver was paid; and that being done, the heads of the treaty were soon agreed to; the hostile fleet induced to return northwards, and the completion of the articles of stipulation left to a small diplomatic corps, who drew them up afterwards with every formality, securing great advantages in trade for Russian merchants; while both parties declared, on paper, their desire to love each other exceedingly and keep their treaty for ever and ever.

"It is worth your while, too," continued the Scandinavian, "to note that Oleg and the Russians did keep the treaty, and prosecuted its commercial provisions diligently; the same, too, did they with all their other surrounding nations, indicating thus early, A.D. 912, how peaceful and improving are the natural inclinations of a true Slavonian monarchy.

"Things in fact went on so smoothly after this, that Oleg soon had little or nothing to do; so then he bethought him on a morning, as the old chronicler has duly recorded the story, of a certain horse which he had given out to be kept, but without wishing to mount him again; and that was because, seeing a

sorcerer one day, he said to him, 'How shall I die?' and received for answer, 'Prince, this horse, which thou lovest so much, and on which thou art mounted, will be the cause of thy death:' whereupon Oleg said to himself, 'I will neither mount the horse nor see him again for a long time;' and accordingly gave him to an old servant, with orders to feed him well, but never to bring him near the palace. Several years had thus passed away, without Oleg seeing or thinking about the horse, when at last on this particular morning it occurred to him to ask his old servant, 'By the way, how is that fine horse getting on, which I gave you to take such good care of?' 'He is dead,' answered the man. 'Dead!' exclaimed Oleg, 'and I in life! why, what abominable liars all those sorcerers must be! Saddle me a horse quick, that I may go and look at the creature that was to have been my death.' So they saddled him a horse, and away rode the Prince to where lay the skeleton of his old favourite, bleaching in the sun and wind. 'See there,' said he, 'the animal who was to have caused me to die!' and with that having dismounted, he struck his foot on the white skull, but instantly a venomous snake darted out, bit him in the instep, and he died."

"Died from such a little matter as that?"

"Yes, indeed," said the Scandinavian, "and greatly to the grief of all the Russian people, who lamented

his demise exceedingly; for he had ruled them most admirably, and for their peaceful good during thirty-one years."

"Thirty-one years!" exclaimed a listener, "why I thought he was only a Regent during the minority of young Igor, son of Rurik? Had he disposed of his tender charge in summary Oriental fashion?"

"You run on a great deal too quickly, and not over kindly," returned the Scandinavian, "for Oleg and Igor were excellent friends to the last of the former's life; but the truth is, that while he, Oleg, was possessed of such remarkable ability, Igor, though the son of the Great Rurik, was just a little deficient. Indeed he was not all that he should have been; but then he knew it himself; and being happily of an excellent good disposition, he was only too happy to let his accustomed guardian, Oleg, manage everything for him, and indeed be the very sovereign. But when this most worthy man and great hero died, Igor had to govern the land for himself, and got into all sorts of trouble; for every one who came near him, could turn him round their fingers; and thus he was drawn into many unprofitable wars, as that with the Ouglitches and other neighbouring tribes. Then too, led away by certain designing men, he must presently break the treaty with Greece, and go on a plundering and massacring expedition to the coasts of Asia Minor; from which

however he was soon very ignominiously expelled, being beaten both by land and sea, with the loss of almost all his ships and men.

"In a second expedition indeed, Igor was in better luck; for the Greek usurper on the throne at the time, was only too happy to come to terms without any fighting, so as not to risk his own ill-gotten position. Whereupon these worthies made up a new treaty of peace between Russia and Byzantium; and they said "that it was to endure for as long as the sun should shine, or the earth exist; and that any Russian or Greek who should seek to break it, if a Christian, should be damnèd for ever; but if a Pagan, he should in vain implore the name of Perune, should find his shield no protection, should fall pierced by his own arrows and his own sword, and be for ever and ever a slave, both in this life and the next." Then followed some curious particulars for the day (A.D. 944) about the passports and seals of gold or silver, to be shown by the different envoys or merchants from Russia on arriving in Constantinople; the particular custom-house regulations their trade was to pass through; and then, the chief terms repeated, of Oleg's old treaty.

"Whenever he followed Oleg's advice or instruction, Igor generally went right; and never better, than when he married Olga,—originally a young country damsel of lowly birth, and in charge of a

ferry-boat on a broad river; but a damsel of bewitching beauty, and, better still, an indomitable idea of doing what was right; exactly fitted indeed by nature, to supply whatever was most wanting in the vacillating character of her high-born husband, heir of many failings. An inestimable blessing accordingly she proved to him, with her love, her wisdom, and her admirable firmness; for as long as she was near him, though the world saw nothing of her at all, and it seemed still only Igor who was doing everything, she contrived to keep him constant to his traditions and the laws of his country.

"But after the birth of their son Sviatoslav (seventeen years subsequent to the marriage), Olga could not be so constantly with Igor as before; and then, on one unhappy day, in the year A.D. 945, he let himself be over-persuaded by some discontented troops, to go off on very slight pretence, and levy extra imposts for their, the soldiers', benefit, on the Drevlien people; when he began that foolish expedition, which ended in his being taken in an ambuscade by the townspeople of Korosten; and they, after divers minor tortures, fastened him to two young trees and rent him asunder.

"When this sad news was brought to Queen Olga,*—but you would rather hear, do you say, what sort of a young fellow the son Sviatoslav

* See pp. 374–378, Vol. II.

turned out. Well, if ever a mother's affectionate care in overlooking the growth of the mental faculties and forming the character of her son, from infancy up to youth, could of itself have secured a good result, Sviatoslav should have been the greatest of princes; but he was in reality a curious mixture, and united all his mother Olga's resolution of character, to not a little of his father Igor's want of full capacity to know, very exactly, what to employ that resolution upon. Yet as they, the parents, had no bad qualities, either of them, so there was nothing of evil tendency in Sviatoslav; indeed, he was almost carried away in spirit, by self-denying enthusiasm for the right and the noble way, as it seemed to him; pity therefore that his ideas of what really constituted that right and noble walk for kings to move in, were not always of the most capacious order.

"At first, no one remarked anything very decidedly wanting; and it seemed indeed a fine trait in a young prince of a new nation, that he should scorn luxury as effeminate, and daily be practising himself and his chosen companions in miniature battle. So he did; and thus grew up brave, warlike, and 'active as a panther.' He had too a great notion at all times of making himself tough, and on his expeditions would have nothing to do with tents, luggage, or cooks. His saddle was his pillow, the

horse-cloth his covering, and the meat of any freshly-killed animals, just passed through the fire, was all the food he thought a real soldier should wish for.

"Perhaps in secret, though a most affectionate son, he did not quite like so very much of his mother's attention whenever he was indoors; and besides that, with his quality of mind, he never could see a question in all the many bearings which it might really have, and which she could set before him. 'If a man is a fool, why not tell him so straight, and knock him down too?' was his argument. This would grieve the Lady Queen: and then Sviatoslav would try back, and say, 'Well, but my dear mother, I didn't mean that exactly; but really, so far as I can see, you have such a roundabout way of doing anything you take up; I do believe that if, for example, you were merely going out of the room, you could not go straight for the life of you; you would first bend round this stool, and then curve round that table, and all to get at the door which is right in front of you the whole time.'

"But then it would begin to glimmer upon him all of a sudden, that he had rather trespassed on the propriety and soberness of description, though he did not exactly see where; and he would then sally out hastily to quiet his confused thoughts, in

the open air, most probably by having a wooden sword combat with one of his strongest soldiers.

"At last however, Sviatoslav having attained his majority, Olga retired from the regency; and then her son was able to carry out all his straightforward notions to his heart's content. His army was in excellent trim for active work, and he kept them at it. There was with him no manœuvring, no plan of a campaign deeply laid; nothing but a fair stand-up fight. 'Hoh!', he would send to some neighbouring tribe or people, 'I am coming against you, prepare for the battle;' and then he would arrive quick as fate, with his lithe and vigorous warriors; when, every arrow they shot was sent with such superior speed, and every sword fell with such increased weight, that the victory always in the end remained to his side.

"Years and years passed away thus, in constant fighting. The warlike young King descended the Oka and the Volga; overcame the Khozars, the Yases, and the Kasogues; and then transferred the war to Bulgaria, on the banks of the Danube. Meanwhile he had both married and become a widower; but three little sons remained, and they were kindly taken care of by his good mother, Olga; who, day by day, fervently prayed that she might be enabled to lead them in a better way, and see them grow up somewhat wiser and more cautious,

though not less valiant, than their too adventurous father.

"While the venerable Queen-mother was thus quietly occupied in Kiev, and Sviatoslav far away in the South, the first great irruption of the Petchenague people from their Asian steppes took place; and they lost little time in laying siege to Kiev (A.D. 968). The inhabitants defended themselves with vigour for several weeks; but, completely blockaded by land and water, would have been obliged to yield, Olga, Sviatoslav's children, and every one in the city, by famine,—had it not been for a desperate *ruse* at the last moment, inducing the invaders to depart.

"The moment they were gone, the Kievians sent to Sviatoslav, saying, 'Prince, you prefer the country of foreigners to your own, which you have abandoned; and it has very nearly happened that your mother and children have fallen into the hands of the Petchenagues. If you do not hasten your return, we shall be again attacked. Who will then protect us? Will you have no pity either on your country, your old mother, or your children?'

"On hearing this message, Sviatoslav instantly mounts his horse, orders his attendants to imitate him; and returning quickly to Kiev, throws himself into the arms of his mother and children. The recital of what they have suffered works him up to such a pitch of frenzy, that he immediately collects his

troops again, pursues the Petchenagues, overtakes them, kills great numbers of them, and then returns peaceably to live at Kiev.

"But hardly had a year elapsed, when Sviatoslav said one morning to his mother and the Boyards, 'I can't stand this style of life in Kiev any longer; it is so wretchedly tame and quiet. I must be off to the Danube again; that is the real centre of my dominions; and there, there is always something exciting going on.' His mother was grieved to the heart at this speech, but concealing her disappointment as well as she could, she answered him, 'My son, do you not see that I am ill; would you abandon me at such a moment?' She was indeed suffering severely, and presently added, 'At least bury me first, and then go and do whatever seems good to you.'

"Three days after that, poor Olga died, lamented bitterly by her son, her grandsons, and all the Russian people. She has been canonized by the Russian Church, and is sainted in all our memories. Great effects, we believe, will still be produced by her example, and her history and life will even yet originate many fine poems; but I doubt if the world is at this moment quite ready either to produce, or receive, them; for, how it comes I don't know, but the latest style of poetry is a strangely diseased production: the almost angelic nature of woman is denied; and you have men plighting vows of friend-

ship with men, declaring themselves moreover to be David and Jonathan over again; whose love, it is so easy to say with a glib tongue, was surpassing the love of women. And then these modern poets, bedecked with each other's gift jewels in their neckties, sing great praises of mankind; but delight to bring in *per contra* such examples of womankind, that man in his majesty shall be enabled to arise and say, 'Frailty, thy name is woman.' There may be a deal of propriety in English poets having so much to versify about their Queen Guinevere; but we would much rather have *our* poets studying the character of Queen Olga, mother of Sviatoslav, or 'sacred glory,' as she fondly named her son; patriotically, too, in the vernacular of her own Russian people.

"That son, on having dutifully buried his mother as she had wished, and having then established his three children in as many Northern appanages, set out with an army of hardy soldiers to indulge his whole soul once again in fightings on the Danube. First, he had a series of battles with the Bulgarians; and then came the Emperor, John Zimisces, with hosts of Greek Romans. They attacked Sviatoslav by land in the present Silistria, while a fleet of triremes came up the river in his rear. The fights which then ensued from morn to dewy eve, and day after day, were to the Russian Prince, so devotedly fond as he was of real hard fighting, the most mag-

nificent feasts that could be prepared. Times and again he had to rush in amongst his soldiers, and cry to them, that 'to die was no shame;' that 'when *he* had lost his life, would be quite time enough for them to seek to save theirs;' and other such patriotic addresses, as quite inflame with enthusiasm the monkish chronicler who records them; and then he, the Prince himself, would dash into the thickest of the fight, and thwack and hew with his reddened sword till he was tired of the slain.

All this was very splendid work no doubt in its way, but then there appeared this drawback to it all, that though the honour and fame were increasing every day, the army was diminishing; and no other result seemed to come of it. So before long, to prevent his forces evaporating altogether in these continued acquisitions of renown, Sviatoslav had to beat a retreat out of the enemy's country, with the hope of replenishing his ranks at Kiev, amongst his own, the Russian, people. But these he never reached. What he might have done for their good during his reign of twenty-eight years,—had he possessed, together with his own bravery, a little more of Olga's wisdom,—his youngest son, Vladimir, was destined to exhibit brilliantly before the next generation."

CHAPTER VII.

ST. ALEXANDER NEVSKI, AND THE END.

October.

RAIN, still rain, and more rain than ever, marked the later days of October in Novgorod's ancient city. Little though, did the well and thickly-dressed peasantry, seem to care about the quality of the weather. They indeed attended the market-place abundantly; and there, hale old men of sixty and seventy, with beards whiter than snow, stumped about as lustily as if they were barely turned of forty. Open air refreshments too were being indulged in at many a stall, the rain notwithstanding; and my wife's feelings were greatly moved for some little boys, who, she was absolutely sure, must be making themselves ill, so over-rich was the food they were indulging in, viz. long and juicy lumps of beef,* fished up all

* Novgorod, being situated just on the cattle-drover's road, from the beef-raising countries of Little Russia to St. Petersburg, must know much of that species of meat; of which kind, too, the market

smoking hot out of a cauldron of something like pure boiling fat.

But the boys as well as their elders knew perfectly well both what they were about, and of the coming winter which they had to strengthen themselves for. Appropriate food therefore, clothing, and, above all, baths, occupied their most serious attention. With reference to this last institution, we had not been able to make out at first, what the lower orders of people were continually carrying along such quantities of twigs and branches of the birch-tree for; but the first Saturday evening did not fail to show them streaming with their prizes towards the public baths, just as they used to do in St. Andrew's* time of

returns both of Moskva and St. Petersburg are said to show a greater proportional supply than of any other.

At a dinner in St. Petersburg an old gentleman had said to us, "Have more beef, have more beef, because you know when you sail "away from us westward, you will be leaving the land of beef;" and when we had replied thereto, that we should surely be rather approaching such land, in nearing England, "Ah!" he said, "I think "Britons have a notion of theirs being the country for roast-beef; "but they have not half as much of the raw material as we have. "Besides which, we think they don't understand what good beef is; "for the best in England is always so very *hard*, and overloaded "with abnormal masses of suet; now our beef, on the contrary, is "tender as a coursed hare, and wholesome as wild venison; for the "good reason, too, of its being driven a thousand miles or more "from its distant native plains, before it comes to the hands of "the butcher; so by all means have more of our Russian beef, while "you are still within reach of it, and in abundance."

* See p. 431, Vol. II.

eighteen hundred years ago, on the banks of this very same Volchov river, and for the same identical purpose.

Now the word bath, at once excites in the British mind a notion of water in abundance; and where British baths for the million are located, water must be laid on in immense quantity. Englishmen, therefore, visiting the ruined baths of ancient Rome, where twenty thousand individuals are said to have bathed daily, look in vain for traces of the vasty waterworks they themselves would require; and a recent Scottish author, describing the ruins of a Roman villa in England,—the picturesque landscape, which the site was evidently chosen to command; the fertile gardens for fruit; and the meadows for milk,—also mentions the magnificent bath-room, a "hot bath," from the traces of fire beneath the floor, but "large enough to swim in;" for he jumps at once to the conclusion, that the large room with solid masonried walls, and with furnace flues beneath, must have been filled with water, three, four, or more feet deep, like a tank.

But what if the said room was never intended to hold, or contain, a particle of water! Why, then, he would probably answer, that it could not be a bath at all; that is, at least in the light in which he and his countrymen understand bathing. There, too, and in that latter reservation he would be quite right; yet

the room might form all the time a very perfect bath on the Russian plan; and this same Russian plan of bathing, is of extraordinary beneficial influence on the human system; is as ancient almost as the Slavonic language itself; and is based on a very nice appreciation of certain hygrometrical qualities of air at different temperatures, which have not been fully recognized by Western science until very recently. The matter therefore has long been worthy of study; and a certain other Scot, a physician, whose professional residence in Moskva entitled him to speak authoritatively,—publicly declared, in 1823, that the proper nature and value of the Russian bath was, up to that time, entirely unknown in Great Britain.

There had indeed been an attempt to transplant it, but the effort resulted only in producing a "vapour bath," and that is, or may be, as different a thing from the true Russian bath, though in another direction, as is "a water-tank, in which a man could swim." Vapour there is, no doubt, in a Russian bath; for, clouds of it roll forth in summer; and, in a severe winter, it falls congealed and congealing around; thereby converting the exterior of the building into a fairy-like abode of crystal stalactites; but in the interior, where this hot vapour is produced, it is only allowed as a minor feature of the whole operation; and in so far only as it may prove subservient to the one grand purpose in view, or the same for

which the classical birch-twigs are also admitted; a purpose, too, next to impossible with either a pure vapour, or a total water, bath; for it is nothing less than abundant and wholesome perspiration,* under suitable circumstances and in its proper place.

When this is attained, and that is by means of, first, an artificially hot atmosphere, 120° to 130° Fahr.; second, just so much steam as shall act kindly on the microscopic tube-mouths of the skin, but at the same time by no means destroy the air's capacity, at that high temperature exceedingly great, for absorbing more moisture still; and third, by strenuous muscular exercise,—then instantly, any headache or languor previously experienced, vanish; vigour of mind and elasticity of frame return or are generated anew; and the inhabitant of the polar regions may for a brief time experience such a feeling, as could otherwise only be imparted by a taste of a Syrian spring-time, or the exhilarating atmosphere of an Arabian desert in the golden age of the world.

But in the midst of this heated atmosphere, comes to the Russian bather, a strange alternation every now and then, of buckets of cold water thrown with violence over him;—a disagreeable and dangerous practice, one would think, at first; but one which nevertheless proves actually agreeable to his feelings

* See Dr. Erasmus Wilson for the medical and physiological arguments demonstrated and duly enforced.

all the time; and, more important still, is found to be eventually the chief secret for invigorating and strengthening the constitution. Only first pass through sufficient heat, seems to be their maxim, and then water cannot be too cold for full enjoyment; while, again, if the water be very cold and you take enough of it, then no previous amount of heat undergone, has any tendency to leave the skin tender or susceptible to atmospheric influences of even an Archangel-coast winter.

With the Russian bath, in fact, enjoyed at stated intervals, the natives of that most Boreal country can bid defiance to its severest climate; and Siberia itself becomes an abode in which existence can be enjoyed quite as much as in any other lands more favoured by nature; much more healthily, too;* for almost all unwholesome humours are thrown off in the torrents exhaled: every organ of the body, even the most deeply-seated, is cleansed by the passage of limpid fluids from within outwards to the skin; and from there, they are finally washed off in the only really effective manner of washing; viz. with streams of pouring water, just as every photographer cleans his collodion plates after the fixing operation. Whereupon, at last, behold the Russian bather far

* Compare Dr. Clarke's 'Travels,' pp. 188–190, vol. i. ed. 4; Dr. Granville's 'St. Petersburg,' vol. i. pp. 491–6; Dr. Lyall's 'Character of the Russians,' p. 112.

cleaner and in a more wholesome condition of body, than though he had been kept soaked for hours or even days in whole tanks of water, either hot or cold, fresh or salt, with soap in abundance or no soap at all?

"Most peculiar, then, and important, you must allow, is our Russian bath; indeed, a veritable national institution," said the chief Russian speaker.

"But one you have copied from the Turks, and they from the old Roman establishments in Constantinople," put in an incautious observer.

"*We* take our baths from the Turks!" indignantly exclaimed the whole tea-party at Novgorod. "Pray where were the Turks when St. Andrew took such a deal of interest in looking into the construction and arrangement of Slavonian stove-baths? Why, Europe never heard of the very name of a Turk even, until a thousand years after that event. Did the Turks, too, ever pass Northward all through Russia, and establish the bath, with birch twigs and steam all complete, in Finland, Lapland, Sweden, and Norway; for it is there now, and has been known there from almost primæval times? Did even the Romans ever do as much? What legion of the Cæsars ever penetrated to the North Cape, and left their hot-air baths amongst the inhabitants of its icy mountains and snow-covered plains?"

When this outburst for Russian antiquity had sub-

sided, a Norwegian-born guest confirmed the chief facts enunciated, but finally grew rather melancholy over the historical and geographical part of the case. "Ah!" said he, "my country has of late years been forgetting the bath. Of old times and glorious, it was not so; and even still, if you travel towards the north of our land and visit the poorest of the distant rural districts, where old institutions still survive, and in the chief track of the ancient immigration, there every small farmer, and even the mere peasants, are never happy unless they can construct their little stove-baths. Rude wooden hovels, you don't know how clumsy and tumble-down they look, yet always with some sort of a furnace built into them below, and capable both of heating the air and supplying steam. But as you travel Southward again, you find the baths decreasing, especially in those parts of the country long ruled over by the half-Teutonized Danes; and at last, when you reach the extreme South, where Norway looks across Baltic waters to the German shore, the bath has entirely vanished as a popular custom, before the peculiar influence which radiates from that unwashing land.

"When distress however visits our proud Christianians, or when sickness prostrate their souls in trouble, then they do remember them somewhat of the bath of their ancestors. Hence it is, that their chief hospitals have been recently fitted up with

air-bathing arrangements. But our citizens had so fallen out of the habit of constructing their once national baths, that they had to send the other day to St. Petersburg for both workmen and apparatus; and they call them now 'Russian baths.' We might no doubt, and do indeed, claim their use for long ages past; but the centre of vitality of the system is so evidently far Eastwards in Russia, that perhaps we must allow its origin to have been in that quarter also. Yet call it by what name soever you will, it is a most *heroic* remedy in many and many a malady that affects the human frame; and I myself, as with many other young men in Christiania, on feeling a cold, catarrh, or rheumatism coming on in the winter time, have often gone to the hospital bath, and been cured at once."

Thus spoke the modern Varangian; and when he had presently quitted the party, a Russian, in reply to some further of our queries, began: "You ask how it is that the Norwegians are not now the same exciting, thorough-going, and world-astonishing geniuses that they ever were throughout the Varangian and Norman periods. Well, if our Christiania-born friend had not left us just now in such a hurry, he would probably have taken a deal of trouble to assure you, that his country is at this moment one of the most rapidly-advancing on the face of the globe; that its shipping ranks third among all nations; that

its sailors are all educated men, the best seamen of the age, and much more besides. But, notwithstanding this, *we* do see a something somewhere wanting about the Norway of the present day, and think that it has long been so.

"The rise and spread of the Norman race in the ninth century was most remarkable; but its decline and disappearance in the beginning of the thirteenth was no less a phenomenon. The intervening period would seem to have been given to it by Heaven, as a time in which to spread through the earth, to go forth conquering and to conquer new kingdoms, and to add an important human element in the forming mixture of many a young people, then rising on the ruins of the past Roman civilization. When that period therefore was expired, their divine mission ceased; with it their prestige departed; and to whatever country they had then found their way, from that moment the heroic Normans ceased to exist visibly and independently, being lost 'either in victory or servitude among the vanquished nations.'* A people of pirates was allowed to be, for a time, a disseminator of ultimate benefits to Europe; but such a system of things was not always to last. Happy therefore were those of the race who had made good use of their opportunity while it existed; and were on a fair road of peaceful settle-

* Gibbon, vol. x. p. 332.

ment or improving civilization, when the progress of time brought the inevitable change; when a new vial began to be poured out on the seas; a new trumpet to sound over the earth.

"With our Varangian chiefs, it was a very narrow chance in which category the sounding of the angel should find, and fix them for ever; whether with the utterly wrecked remnants of the Norman chivalry of Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily; or, with the honoured companions of William the Conqueror in England. A question of the highest gravity; for, therewith must have gone both the fate of Russia, and the future of the civilized world. A merciful Providence ruled it to the best and most beneficent end; for the Varangian chiefs had certainly not done all they might or should have done, while it was yet day; and the night was already commenced, the eleventh hour was actually past, when Alexander Nevski stood up and saved the nation, then just balancing on the verge of destruction."

"Oh, you don't say so! what, St. Alexander Nevski!" remarked a fussy little stranger, "do pray tell us what he did. Archdeacon Coxe* says, that he fought the Tahtars in gallant style, and beat them in battle after battle, relieved his country of a disgraceful tribute, imposed by the successors of Zinghiz Khan, and showed incredible feats of va-

* 'Coxe's Travels,' vol. i. p. 277.

lour. But then again, Dr. Granville* assures us, that Alexander Nevski never had anything to do with the Tahtars; that he fought one battle on the Neva against Swedes and Livonians; but after that, became a monk, and lived a life of such astonishing piety that he was canonized for it after death."

The Russian listened to all this froth as calm as a statue; and when it was entirely exhausted, began, "Alexander Nevski had much to do with the Tahtars, but fortunately for the poor of his land, never in the way of fighting them; and though he died in the monastic habit, he never wore it professionally in life; for he was only invested with the robes just on the eve of death, according to the custom then usual with all the chief rulers of Russia. He was a great warrior nevertheless; as not only his victory on the Neva testified, but many another battle fought with success, against the Swedes, Livonians, Lithuanians, and Teutonic knights of the sword, for the defence of Novgorod, Pleskov, and other towns in the north-west of Russia. He seldom drew the sword without completely succeeding in the object of his enterprise; and one reason was, that he never attempted impossibilities, or acts either of injustice, folly, or oppression.

"For all this was his country thankful; but he bound not only his existing compatriots, but pos-

* Granville's 'St. Petersburg,' vol. ii. p. 188.

terity to him as well, and with still stronger cords of gratitude, by his life-long and often painful struggles, peacefully and teachingly to enforce a sense of justice among the rulers, truth amongst the people, and combined national feeling among all classes of Russians in every part of the empire.

"Born in A.D. 1220, or only three years before the first Tahtar attack on Russia, the several subsequent steps of that dread subjugation passed before his youthful and observant eyes; and when at the age of nineteen he was appointed by his father, Yaroslav Vsevolodovitch, then ruler of Vladimir, to the princedom of Novgorod, the humiliation of Russia was complete. The several independent princes had refused to assist each other, were beaten in detail, their cities were taken, burned to the ground, and the inhabitants massacred on the spot or carried into Tahtary as slaves.

"No native soldiers were then left in the Russian land; and wherever Tahtar warriors advanced, there was no longer resistance; but they killed nevertheless many peaceful peasants, though these had neither means nor thoughts of offence. From unprotected towns and villages, the rustics would pour forth with crosses and emblems of Christian faith, as marks of submission and respect, but were cut down where they stood by the Shamany-worshipping Asiatics. For one town therefore by itself, even Novgorod the

Great, to have attacked the Tahtars then, or even within a hundred years of that time of the culmination of their power, would have been simply in opposition to unnumbered odds to have drawn direct destruction on itself, and entailed additional calamities on the rest of the land speaking the same tongue and professing the same religion with its citizens.

"There were not wanting those amongst the Russians, who looked on these overwhelming national misfortunes, as a punishment from God; and at the siege of Vladimir, which ended so disastrously for them, their arms were tied to their sides by the idea, of the uselessness of attempting opposition to the decrees of Heaven.

"Alexander Nevski seems also to have held the opinion, that his nation was suffering from the just anger of the Most High; but then he did not remain stupidly inactive; on the contrary, he diligently examined into the nature of the sins committed, repented earnestly their commission, and strove without ceasing to prevent their repetition for the future. On two different occasions the Tahtars had been grossly outraged, by their peaceful ambassadors being killed by Russian princes in false bravado; and this manifest injustice and cruelty so horrified Alexander, that when in 1258, and again in 1259, the Tahtars sent a mere handful of tax-gatherers to collect a tribute from Novgorod, he went with them from Vla-

dimir, where he was then Veliki Kniaz in succession to his father and brother, to ensure the safety of so small a detachment of unarmed men from the turbulent and unthinking populace of the Western demagogic city.

"Not only too did he thus save the Tahtar messengers from insults and the violent death, which would have certainly brought calamities, that there were then no means of opposing, on the whole nation,—but he proceeded to read the Volchov's opinionated and faithless citizens a lesson on their national duty as Russians; a duty which, according to his teaching, called on them sacredly to assist in relieving the more oppressive burdens of those of their brethren, whose abodes had the misfortune to lie nearer than their own to the storm-track of Asian invasion. Next, too, this incomparable chief gave his brother Varangian princes an example, and duly enforced it, to the effect of the time having then fully arrived, when they should cease to think only of the interests of their own families, as sovereign despots; or as Varangian lords ruling a subject Slavonic people; but should merge their ancestral Varangianism into the nationality of the people they presided over; striving to be guided always and only by the greatest good of the greatest number.

"Loyalty, and a high ideal, religious, chivalric, and political, were what the hero of Nevski preached

to all, besides exhibiting in his own person, on many and many an occasion; and his last public act, was a formal offering of himself, as the single victim, to appease Tahtar vengeance for the murders committed in 1262, by several Russian cities which had secretly combined in a wicked and ill-arranged conspiracy of their own. The dignity of his features, together with their gentle expression, his majestic stature, the graceful appearance of his muscular frame, and the persuasive sound of his voice so eloquent and musically harmonious, chained with astonishment and respect even the Mongol victors; yet from that propitiatory journey our Alexander Nevski was doomed never to return to his city and grateful people——."

At exactly this point of the Russian's discourse, just when he seemed about to enter into the very pith and marrow of his country's history, and had arrived at the precise period of transition of its Varangian princes into Russian nobility, at the foundation of the grand unity of the people, and the collection of the prestige of each of its once governing capitals, as Novgorod, Kiev, Vladimir, Suzdal, and many others, into the more central and modern Moskva of almost our own times,—a sudden interruption was occasioned by the entering of a veteran soldier-messenger with letters. Amongst these was one for ourselves, and on hastily breaking it open,

we found the half-expected and half-feared news, that the 'Edinburgh' steamer had arrived at Cronstadt, was unloading her British cargo, and loading a Russian one, with all the violent expedition that three hundred stout Mouzhik porters could assist her to; and there was barely time therefore for us to fly by steamboat and rail to catch her, and save our passage home. Fly, too, instantly we must, for one of our host's letters further told him of the winter having already set in at Archangel, and that messengers just arrived from thence had travelled the first seven stages over the snow by sledge.

Arrived therefore on the following day in St. Petersburg, we found that truly there was no time to spare; but our astronomical friends from Pulkova were present, kindly ready to assist, as well as bid farewell. Under the good care accordingly of M. Hintze, the able intendant of that Observatory, our baggage went off one afternoon, and we ourselves left next morning by an early steamboat; the last object seen on the red granite quay being the warm-hearted Professor of Astronomy in the University of St. Petersburg, shivering, poor man, in the cold east wind and damp freezing air, but waving his hat continually aloft in token of an earnest adieu.

Swiftly darted down the broad, clear, Neva river the sharp-bowed steamer, with favouring wind and stream; but when once out on the surface of the

Finland Gulf, what a contrast was presented there to that which we had seen in July! Then, west wind driving up the waters from far beyond, made the waves run high and show deep blue tints, indicating, too, one felt inclined to think at the sight, that the largest of vessels might have sailed up safely into the very mouth of the Neva; but now, after a long-continued east wind, behold the waters swept out again from the head of the Gulf, and to such an extent, that yellow sand-banks were appearing on every side, and the waves of the steamer's motion broke in surf-ridges nearly the whole way along.

Then, too, in July, the shores were green, oh! so green! and all green! but now, while the northern are dark under rain-clouds and with fir woods, the southern coasts, even at two miles distant, are glittering golden-yellow or rich orange in the northern birch-trees' tints of a Russian early autumn.

Several officers of the Finland fleet now on board, discussed much the enormous orders for naval timber given that summer through all the Baltic ports by the French Emperor, and the vast preparations which one of their number had just been seeing in active progress throughout all the French dockyards; and their (the Russian officers') confident belief, of these being preparations made long beforehand, for the invasion of a country then at perfect peace with the said Emperor. How the peace was to be rup-

tured at a suitable time, according to the strictest interpretation of traditional Napoleonic diplomacy, they began to explain and illustrate by past example; but there was a sudden end to this, when we had once touched the Cronstadt pier, for there were both M. Hintze and the Cronstadt astronomer M. Hubner, with droshkies ready to convey us to our still further destination. So off we drove with them, through the fortified lines, past acres laid out with cannon, carronades, shot, and shell, through the town of Cronstadt, and down to the inner merchant mole; then by boat, M. Hubner steering, through trading ships almost as thick as they could lie together, touching yard-arm and yard-arm, and stem and stern, with all their bowsprits shortened and their booms rigged in, until we reached the well-remembered and goodly 'Edinburgh' screw-steamer of Leith.

Poor Captain Steele was there, ready to receive us. As quick, as obliging, and as sailor-like was he as ever; especially delighted too to see M. Hubner again, for that July upset in the droshky,* which they both bore so well, had made them from that moment warmest friends for ever. But the Captain was not quite prepared yet to sail; for tons upon tons of tallow casks, and myriads of hemp parcels had still to be stowed, with bales of rags and bundles

* See p. 54, Vol. I.

of lath-wood; corn in profusion, and boxes of the marble-like Russian stearine candles, intended for Australian markets. He was progressing however vigorously; both of the steam-cranes were at work, screeching and rattling and throwing out volumes of steam; while the air, thick with mist, and the wind blowing from the north-east, made the whole scene most Scottish like. So was it also, even to the effective activity of crowds of porters. But then they were here mostly dressed in sheep-skins, had mits and gauntlets of the same bulky material on their hands and arms; wore tall knee boots, and displayed fur caps, various in shape, as, flat, round, peaked, and square; in fact, we felt tempted every now and then to try them with words picked up about Moskva. From that neighbourhood too they had come, under a head man of their own, to make such summer-gain by hard work among the shipping, as should enable them to spend the long subsequent winter comfortably with their families at home.

Next morning, by ten o'clock, this strenuous labour had completed his loading, and the captain was prepared to warp out of the harbour mouth; but yet had to wait awhile, according to orders from shore, because a brilliant little steamer, the 'Alexander,' on impressed service, was just about to enter from Peterhoff, by the same opening. In a few

minutes, this same 'Alexander' arrived, with several staff-officers, and with two splendid horses of Arab breed, most luxuriously cared for in woollen clothing, on deck; while a rumour presently came to us in some manner, that Schamyl, the Circassian Chief, at whose recent capture all St. Petersburg was moved with joy when we were passing through there the day before, was also on board.

The water-gate being clear once more, the 'Edinburgh' was hauled through; but had again to wait, near the pile-formed shore outside; and this time, for the arrival of certain Custom-house papers. Close to us lay a row of men-of-war, but so different now from the trim in which we had seen them three months previously. The large American frigate too, the 'Grand Admiral,' which in July had soared ambitiously to the clouds with its tall, shapely spars, and filled half the panorama before us with its display of taut-pulled roping,—now there was nothing visible above deck, except the lower masts, the main yard, and a dozen or two of the lower shrouds; while a rude wooden housing covered the engine compartment. In this condition too, like mere superannuated hulks, have all the ships of the Baltic fleet to remain for six long months, until the next summer enables them again to bud and blossom after their manner, putting forth all those shapely terminal spars, and finer rigging, which

shall establish them as actual ships in appearance and effect, delighting to a sailor's eye with their symmetry and practical air.

Yet despite the present deserted look, no small numbers of showy uniformed men seemed to be on duty in every one of the hulls; something unusual too was evidently transacting that particular morning, and soon we were told, "Schamyl has just gone on board this line-of-battle ship over against you, the 'Menzikoff;' if you land quickly, you may have a good and close look at him as he comes out."

An opportunity not to be missed: so a select party out of the 'Edinburgh' at once landed, and its members had not been standing more than a few minutes on a heap of canister-shot, just at the foot of a great wooden staircase leading up the vessels' side from the quay,—than down came a procession of several Russian naval officers, then a Circassian of the Guard, and then Schamyl himself with two country attendants: Schamyl conspicuous in a huge white turban and a white under-dress, his dress proper apparently and plentifully garnished with pistols and daggers, but with a grey Russian cloak thrown over his shoulders. A man, too, above the common height, and exceeding the ordinary strength of men; of a complexion white, as the whitest of Europeans, but loaded with a massive red-brown beard, and something of a troubled look too, as if

his conscience must have been ill at ease. About sixty years of age he appeared; but upright, vigorous, determined, and with a deal of fighting capacity in him still.

Though changed in dress and religion, yet are the Circassians of the present day the same race as those "Kasogues" whom Nestor described eight hundred years ago; and Schamyl himself is more particularly even, like that sturdy chieftain of them, "Rodedia;" with whom Mstislav Vladimirovitch wrestled, A.D. 1022, for the prize proposed by himself, of his life, his wives, his children, and the right to levy tribute on his subjects. A man of immense height, this same Rodedia, and robust at the same time; as are all his countrymen still, without change, and without mixture in their mountain home. For while indeed the Ougres, Khozars, Petchenagues, Polovtsi, and Tahtars have been so many successive waves of migrating nations, who have swept over the level Eastern plains, age after age, destroying or mixing with, and changing each other,—the Circassian mountains have ever successfully opposed the entrance of such floods into their fastnesses. Hence it comes, that the descendants of these old Kasogue inhabitants, still remain there to our day; and are practically testifying, in the superior height, strength, and nervous temperaments of their mighty warriors, that though the oft-lauded "mixture of

races" in other distant countries, consequent on wars and migrations, has sometimes produced improved varieties of men,—the doctrine is not infallible, and may be either pushed too far, or worked in the wrong direction.

At length the Edinburgh's papers being brought off in due order, she steamed away past guardships many, past granite forts three-tiered, and then into the broad open waters beyond. Once and again we had to stop the engines and go half-speed for a time, to prevent the screw-shaft from heating, suddenly put, as it had been, into rapid motion and hard work after a week's perfect rest; but by sunset, things were got into complete working trim, and the good vessel was making permanent way homewards at the rate of nine knots an hour; with either shore of the Gulf faint in extreme distance, dark leaden-coloured clouds on every side; drizzling rain falling, and a cold north-east wind blowing somewhat lazily and thick: all this, the autumn of the Eastern Baltic, whose present fluid surface is so soon to be sealed up in the solidity of plains of ice.

Similar dark weather on the next day. The sea, dull in colour, and in its motion, too; no fish, no birds, are visible. Our ship meanwhile ploughs on her uniform way with the ever-whirling screw, occasionally passing an island, parti-coloured with

dark fir, and, at this season, *yellow* birch-woods. The saltness of the water is gradually and steadily increasing; and now,—profiting so soon by what he had seen in the summer, and with the obliging assistance of Admiral Fitzroy, the very able and considerate Superintendent of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade,—behold Captain Steele also become a meteorological observer, zealous and striving to the utmost after regularity and extreme accuracy. He has an excellent way of taking the hydrometric observations by the rise and the fall combined, (taken in a tubular vessel of such slightly different diameter to the hydrometer's own bulb, that the usual bobbing up and down of the scale in an open bucket, is changed into one slow and almost uniform movement of upwards or downwards, according as the instrument was put in too deep or not deep enough); and his results at every successive fourth hour in our direct Western route, come out 2·7, 3·0, 3·2, 3·7, etc. He stands astonished before them himself. "Why," says he, "at this rate, when there is thick weather in these parts and no celestial luminary visible, I could get my longitude by a mere observation of the saltness of the water." (See Physical Map, facing page 1, Vol. I.*) "And then to think, he adds, "how

* Compare also pp. 35 and 37, Vol. I., the scale reading of the instrument in the open North Sea being somewhere between 28·0 and 29·0.

long and weary the days at sea always appeared before I began to observe in this manner. Now, there is always something to do, either looking after the thermometers to see that they are in a proper exposure, or trying to keep a note of everything remarkable taking place in the clouds, the air, or the water, so that it may be duly entered at the next observing hour. How I wish you had been with us last voyage; there were clouds of such an extraordinary colour." And so he was happy to go on, at any length, in these matters of newly and rationally acquired interest.

Then, too, he would also regret that he had not begun to record his Baltic experiences earlier, having witnessed in that sea so many remarkable storms and hair-breadth escapes. In those days, though, what he had looked to most, and remembered best, was always the danger more or less to the ship, rather than any abstract feature of meteorology: the enormous deck-loads, for instance, which Baltic merchants will crowd on their Baltic ships; cotton bales standing on deck as high as haystacks, and forcing therefore any sea that may break over the vessel's stern to rush straight down into the engine-room at once, stop the engine, make the ship lie like a log on the waters, get swamped, and then go down; or, enormous masses of cast and wrought iron, such as gigantic boilers and frames of colos-

C. P. S. del.

REEFING TOPSAILS IN THE NORTH SEA.

See Vol. II., p. 412.

sal steam-engines, which, in spite of all the fastening they received from the riggers must [illegible] loose when the vessel begins to roll in a heavy sea, and then carry death and destruction with them. They cannot be thrown overboard by the crew, these monstrous masses,—they are too heavy for that—and the bulwarks prevent them falling overboard of their own accord. But then no bulwarks can long continue to stand the thundering blows of these tons of iron rolling from side to side every few seconds; and if the storm lasts long, the bulwarks and the whole sides of the vessel are actually beaten away from its deck, so that when a wave breaks thereupon, the water enters everywhere, battened hatches notwithstanding, and hull, and [illegible], and all go to the bottom; all, except the rich shipowner, who, remaining safe on shore, insures the precious vessel for as much as will build him another and a better, and then insists on his captain loading the [illegible] above, as well as below deck, with all that extra cargo which will bring him, the owner, extra freight and profit, if it arrives safe; and no loss, if it should unhappily founder in the open sea.

The third day shows similar dull weather; but [illegible] the valiant, well-built, and well-found 'Edinburgh' steaming steadily on its Western course [illegible] the profitless water of this really sublime [illegible] and sluggishly smooth. A poor goose [illegible]

C. P. S. del.

REEFING TOPSAILS IN THE NORTH SEA.

sal steam-engines, which, in spite of all the fastening they received from the riggers in dock, break loose when the vessel begins to roll in a heavy sea, and then carry death and destruction with them. They cannot be thrown overboard by the crew, these monstrous masses,—they are too heavy for that,—and the bulwarks prevent them falling clear of their own accord. But then no bulwarks can long continue to stand the thundering blows of these tons of iron rolling from side to side every few seconds; and if the storm lasts long, the bulwarks and the whole sides of the vessel are actually beaten away from its deck, so that when a wave breaks thereupon, the water enters everywhere, battened hatches notwithstanding, and hull, and goods, and all go to the bottom; all, except the rich ship-owner, who, remaining safe on shore, insures the present vessel for as much as will build him another and a better, and then insists on his captain loading the one he has, above, as well as below deck, with all that extra cargo which will bring him, the owner, extra freight and profit, if it arrives safe; and no loss, if it should unhappily founder in the open sea.

The third day shows similar dull weather; but with the valiant, well-built, and well-found 'Edinburgh steaming steadily on in its Western course through the profitless water of this really sunless sea, dark, and sluggishly smooth. A poor goose on board, one

of a pair shipped at Cronstadt, being pelted to make him get off the coal-heap, flies overboard, and is expected to go floating about for weeks, starving miserably, until he dies; for no kindly shark exists in this brackish expanse, to terminate quickly the days of those poor helpless creatures, who can no longer find the means of keeping up a vigorous existence.

About mid-day the indicator of a "metallic" barometer hanging in the chief cabin began to descend; a most unscientific thing though, the metallic barometer; so no more notice is taken of it; especially as the new Board-of-Trade mercurial barometer, duly approved at the Kew Observatory, remains steady. At tea-time, mercurial barometer still steady; but metallic, going down. What can it mean? Oh! its temperature correction is changing, or something of that sort, comes the ready answer.

At eight P.M. metallic barometer is down to 29·30 inches; mercurial still at or near 29·82 inches. It is tapped, therefore, shaken, set swinging vehemently in its gymbols, and kept steady in them, and all sorts of means used, first by one observer and then by another, to make it overcome any internal resistance, if such there be; but its reading is not permanently altered by any of them. At nine P.M. metallic barometer has sunk further to 29·27 inches. What can be going to happen? The answer given out

as it were *ex cathedrâ*, is, "nothing particular; or, this new, scientific, and highly approved Board of Trade model mercurial barometer, which has hitherto worked so well in the voyage out, as well as in this one home, would be sure to show it too."

So, on that official assurance, we retire to our berths; and there, listen for awhile to, and almost go to sleep over, the measured beat of the propelling screw-blades which tells precisely and perfectly the speed wherewith the ship is pursuing her way through the quiet, mere mill-pond water, without sensible disturbance of any kind.

But presently, and the time turned out afterwards to have been only 9 h. 30 m. P.M., a hissing begins, growing louder and louder every minute, until it is developed into an actual roaring, quite drowning the sound of the vessel's screw. "Are they blowing off the steam?" we at first ask ourselves, and then immediately answer, "No, it cannot be that, for it continues too long; and then only see what an uneasy sort of motion is coming over the ship, and increasing every moment."

With that, we run out on deck, and find a suddenly risen wind blowing violently from the north-west. The ship is positively staggering under it, although too, the watch has hastily clewed up, reefed, or taken in, the chief part of the sails; but this soon proves not to be enough, so all hands are

called up about 11 P.M., with the metallic barometer at 29·25 inches, to make everything there is above deck as snug as possible. They do wonders of work in a short space of time; yet, nevertheless, the decks are swept over and over again, by the waves which rise up confusedly on every side.

Then it is, that the non-sailor on board again examines the scientific mercurial barometer, taps, and swings, and plagues it extremely; but can get very little other response, beyond its being extremely comfortable, and not far different in its indications to what it was showing at noon; no danger, it says, is at hand, and nothing at all particular to be feared in the weather. The little metallic barometer however, now shows symptoms of rising out of the sharp-angled pit, into which its readings had fallen; and presently it actually does rise somewhat; while the wind gradually veers to north-north-west, north, north-north-east, and finally, about one A.M., with greatly abated strength, leaves a steady breeze only, blowing at north-east; when sails are spread once more and everything goes on with propriety.

Sunrise next morning, shows, with fine weather, though of that "grey" description so well understood in Scotland, the metallic barometer completely recovered from its marked depression of the previous evening; but the mercurial has just sunk one-tenth of an inch, as to the height of its column;

and, as to the estimation of the sailors, utterly; for, spite of its scientific reputation, and the badge of approval by the central Government office, it was tried by Nature herself last night, and found miserably wanting.*

By the afternoon of this day, both the Swedish and Danish shores came into view, and showed the mild influence of the West, in their deciduous trees being still green, so unlike the yellow and orange we had just left behind, about St. Petersburg and the eastern Baltic shores. Lo! too, the churches! "actually

* This case was altogether a very remarkable one, and its chief facts were, I believe I may say, well and closely observed. It is rendered, too, all the more noteworthy, from the mercurial barometer in question being found by us two days afterwards, when we were crossing the North Sea, to be, at that time and in that place, very nearly, if not quite, as sensitive as the "metallic" (a variety of the aneroid); for, together with that one, it then clearly indicated several atmospheric variations which were no less transitory in their duration, and sub-cyclonic in their character, than the storm or squall just described. One friend to whom I have mentioned this experience, thinks that there are, though he cannot prove his idea, certain atmospheric disturbances depending on causes which do not act on the fluid, though they do on the solid, metal barometric indicators; but another, suggests, that there was merely a bubble of air in the twisted and contracted part of the fluid one's glass-tube; that it, the bubble, had got into the corner, he thinks, just before the Baltic storm, and got out of it again, by passing upwards, immediately after. That such accidents not unfrequently occur with marine mercurial barometers; and render a single one,—though tested, and found excellent both before and after the voyage,—dangerous to trust to alone, on any intervening occasion. On either explanation, *verbum sap.* to every sailor.

like churches," some of the beholders are inclined to say, because they see white buildings with tall pointed steeples. Adieu, then, from this date, the multitudinous golden domes of Russia! The country houses also have altered: but somehow not for the better, for their smart and bright painted red roofs and staring white walls, excite in one's mind none of the deep feelings, the respect, or the awe which gradually yet inevitably affect one's soul on beholding further East, those dark, nature-stained, and most solemn-looking dwellings of Russia's earnest millions of deeply believing people.

Vaulting over the waves, from Drago, now comes the grass-green boat, with red-striped sails, of the Danish pilot; and though it is near sunset and the weather dark, he begins to conduct the ship through the narrows. Soon it grows quite dark, and small faint lamps are all that remain to be seen in heaven or earth. Some of them turn out to be distant light-houses; but others, which we pass amongst and away from mysteriously, mark in many a place, where lies close by at anchor the three-masted ship, which we cannot see, or otherwise even suspect the existence of, so utterly black is the night.

Reaching Elsinore, however, safely about 8 P.M., blue lights are burned, the whistle sounded, a boat comes off for the pilot; and then away we go, confident in the captain's skill, into the Cattegat Straits,

though wind and sea are every moment increasing, and both barometers falling.

A night, and a day, and another night still, were spent in battling with winds often dead ahead, and with waves that rolled along like giants at play, but making the poor ship labour and pitch from end to end, more even than she rolled,—before both Cattegat and Skager-rak were left behind, and the North Sea fairly entered.

Its appearance was wild and somewhat mysterious.

Notwithstanding a low barometer, the wind was first east, and then north-east; and though blowing out of that quarter with most extravagant force, yet the sky there was clear, pellucid, and even illumined with a remote sunshine. But along all the south and south-western horizons were piled the darkest of cumulo-strati banks, and terrific squalls seemed to be raging near them. Continually through the day, did these treacherous and threatening signs seem to retreat before our advance, as if to induce the ship to venture further and further from human aid, and into the storm's own region of fury and domination. The more we looked at, the less we liked, those veritable forms of meteorological darkness; great slate-coloured clouds, which from time to time separated from the dense ranks behind them, and amidst discharges of gigantic torrents of slanting rain, strode over the sea in curving paths, as if or-

ganizing their forces for the fatal embrace that must ere long come upon us. By evening grown bolder, these advanced masses began to surround the ship, shutting out, even on the north-east side, the last low sheen of heavenly sky, with their mystic circle; while at the same time the waves rolled in larger and more confusedly; the barometers sank to 29·1 inches, though the wind was still north-east; and occasional lurches were given to the ship, which almost caused the ends of her yards to touch the water, first on one side and then on the other.

We could not escape much longer, that was evident; two waterspouts, omens of ill, were seen; and presently, when the whole sky blackening over, suddenly anticipated sunset, a squall broke on the ship in fullest violence; hail and snow partly swept, partly covered the decks in swirling streams; and the wind, cold to almost lifeless numbing, made the masts like to crack again with its force.

Before long, however, the sun, then very low, broke out from under the torn edge of a heavy cloud, and with its diverging rays made all the West a centre of crimson glory; in front of which the great foam waves went flying past and surging in sheets of spray; while the bowsprit of the poor 'Edinburgh,' was sometimes pointing high up above all the focus of radiating light, and again at the next moment, down, down, towards a dark watery depth.

But by this time the hail, with all the bitterest of the cold wind had passed by; when immediately, "this is the moment," seemed to say our sharp-eyed little captain, like another Mstislav-Vladimirovitch; and calling to his brave but scanty crew, he ordered the last reef, of the already much reefed, fore-topsail to be taken in.

Out, at the call, came the stout-hearted seamen, trampling in their Wellington boots through the heaps of hail laying thick about the whitened deck, —in boots, and outside boots too, almost like Russian mouzhiks; for Baltic and North-sea winter tars soon learn to drop those thin low shoes which characterize their class in warmer latitudes, and make little boys at school think the life of a sailor must consist in wearing pumps through the livelong day, and dancing perpetual hornpipes,—out then came those devoted men, and before we, who were wretchedly shivering and almost helpless in the angry blast and tossing scene, can fully comprehend the whole occasion,—there are they, after having swarmed emulously of each other, up the sea-swept weather-shrouds, distributed along the upper topsail yard, in strong relief against the windy sky, pulling and hauling at the appropriate ties or points, and rapidly decreasing the depth of the sail. That powerful sail, which at this instant, from the particular angle at which it stands, is pictorially a centre of blackness;

contrasting vividly with everything else, all round about, reflecting, or transmitting the last rays of the ruby sun,—that wearied sun, just in the act of descending to his happy rest, which he so well may reach, beneath the vexed horizon of rolling waters and breaking spray. (See Plate 4, Vol. II.)

The captain's orders to his men are soon proved salutary, for other and still more violent squalls, with hail as well, strike the vessel again and again in the course of the night. The rolling and pitching of the ship, and washing of the waves over her deck, become more serious than ever, with the advancing hours; St. Elmo's lights are for a time seen on the mast-heads; and, at two A.M. comes another squall, wherein, and all in the course of a few minutes, the wind veers from north to west-south-west, and then to north-east. But after the passage of this circling blast, the barometer shows a rise of 0·05 of an inch, and morning brings a comparatively steady, but still rather violent, north-west gale.

How well both sailors and engine-men worked through the whole of that trying night! Never did they allow the action of the steam-driven screw to cease; and never, when the appointed hour for making his meteorological observations had arrived, was the excellent captain sensibly behindhand; for his periodical call of "bring a bucket of water here," for the hydrometer, reached gratefully the

occupants of the inner cabin, during lulls in this many-sided storm; giving full assurance, that whatever nerve, and presence of mind, and seamanlike skill could do outside, would there be done.

On this and similar topics, I should be glad, were there opportunity, to enlarge more; as well as to describe how the ship, directed with skill, and energetically worked, again baffled fierce winds and long crested waves next day: how chronometer sights were cleverly obtained during a chance opening in the clouds, and when the deck was rolling fifty degrees; and how, towards evening, the higher Scottish mountains were faintly caught sight of in the west, white with snow; and, by the last of evening's twilight, the vessel's head was found placed as exactly as could be desired for entering the very middle of the Firth of Forth. How also, by the assistance of the Bell-Rock light, the Isle of May light, and others of the admirably planned works of our truly national *Scottish* "Board of Northern Lights,"—whose engineers have been the Stevensons for two generations,—the ship was navigated boldly on, and stopped not until her able captain had brought her safely, at the hour of midnight, not only into Leith Roads, but up into Leith Harbour, and the very Victoria Dock of Leith. I could wish to do this, because, if it were at all effectively and truly done by an actual eye-witness, the account

must inevitably tend to show how gallant a captain, and able a crew were lost to their beloved country, when the poor 'Edinburgh,' victim to a terrific storm, foundered at night with all hands on board, just outside the Firth of Forth, and within only twelve short months of this mercifully concluded voyage.

Want of space, however, and consideration of the subject, warn me not to make the attempt. Suffice it therefore, perhaps, to say in conclusion, that if my readers should determine also to visit and make their own acquaintance with that remarkable empire and people of Russia,—then, whether they journey by sea, or by the railway which is to be open this year, (1862, *i.e.* exactly one thousand years from the advent of Varangian Rurik into Slavonic land), from the western edge of the Continent right on the whole distance to Moskva itself,—they will have to travel far and wide, both at home and abroad, before they may succeed in finding any more worthy, brave, and devoted body of God-fearing, Christian men, or who deserve to be more kindly remembered by those who survive, than the modest Captain David Steele, and the officers and crew of the late 'Edinburgh,' iron trading steamer out of the port of Leith.

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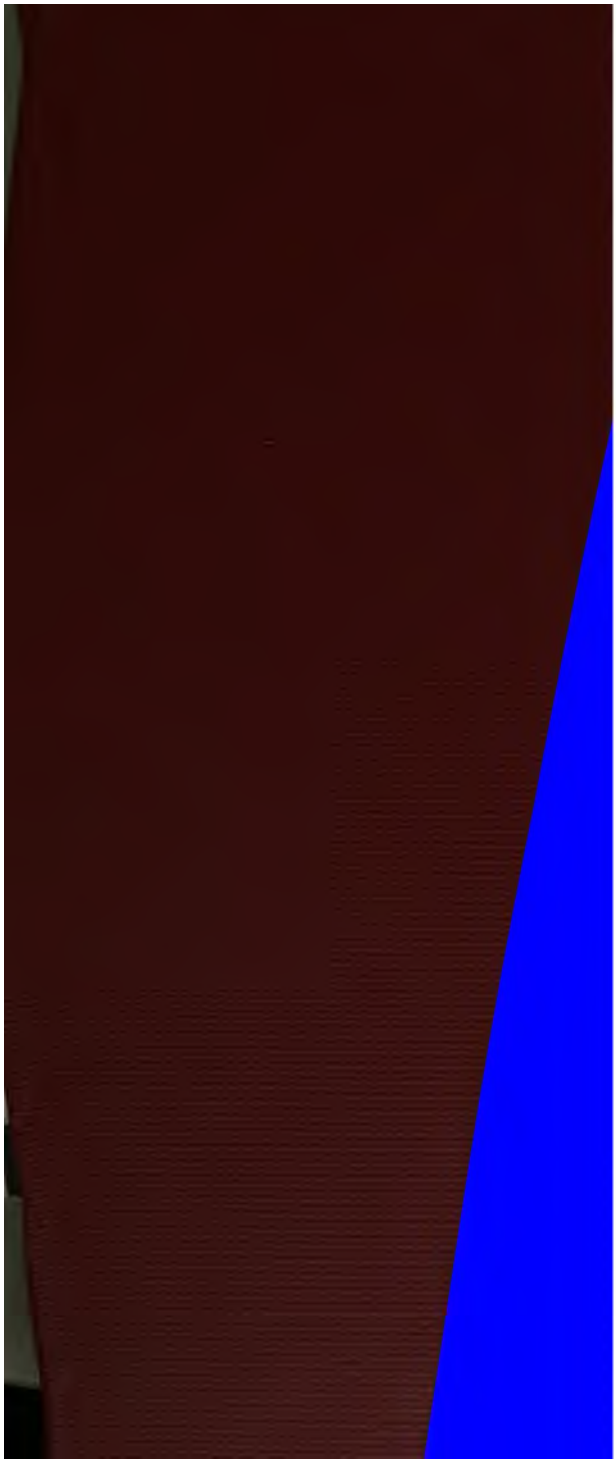
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